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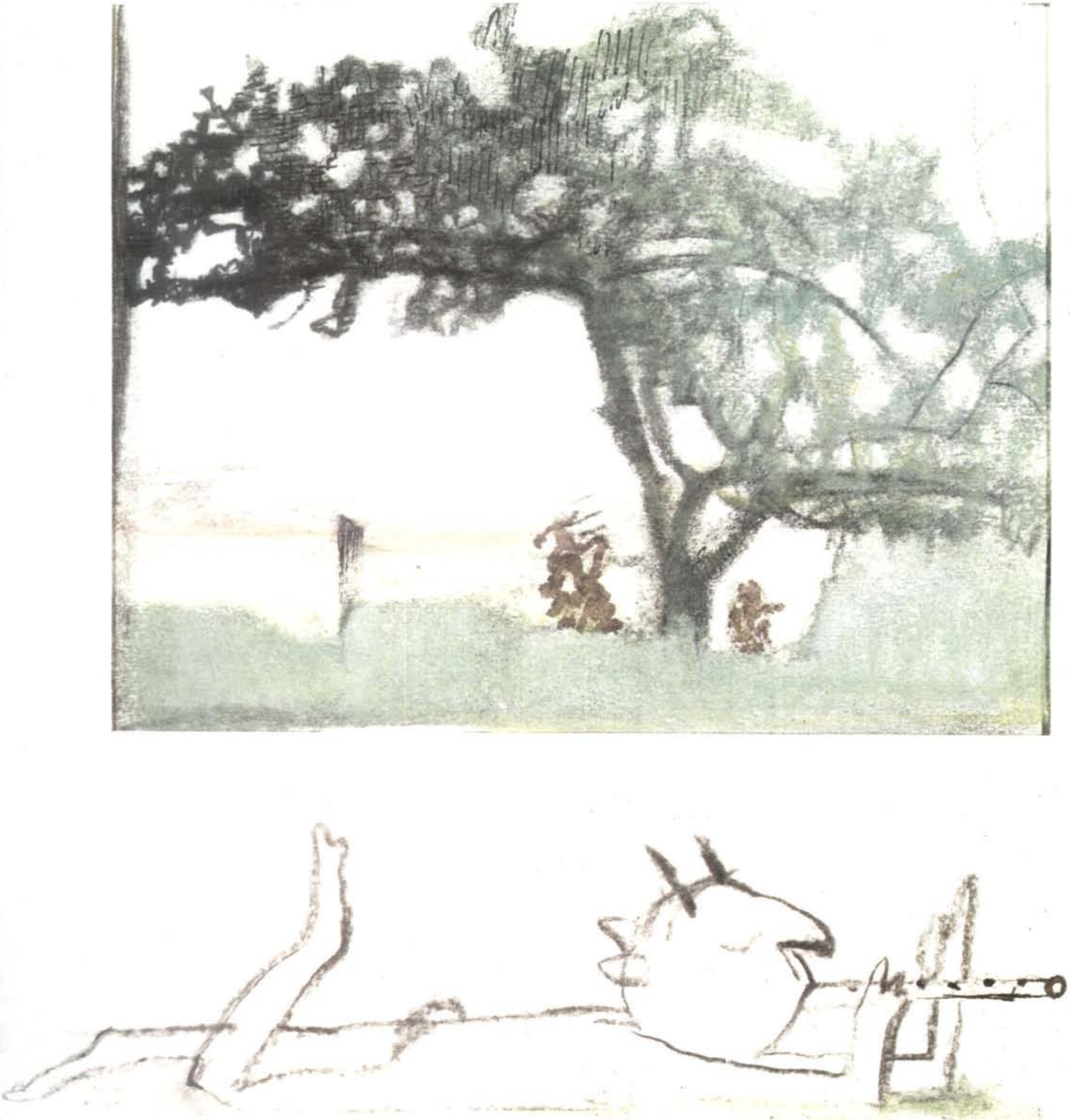

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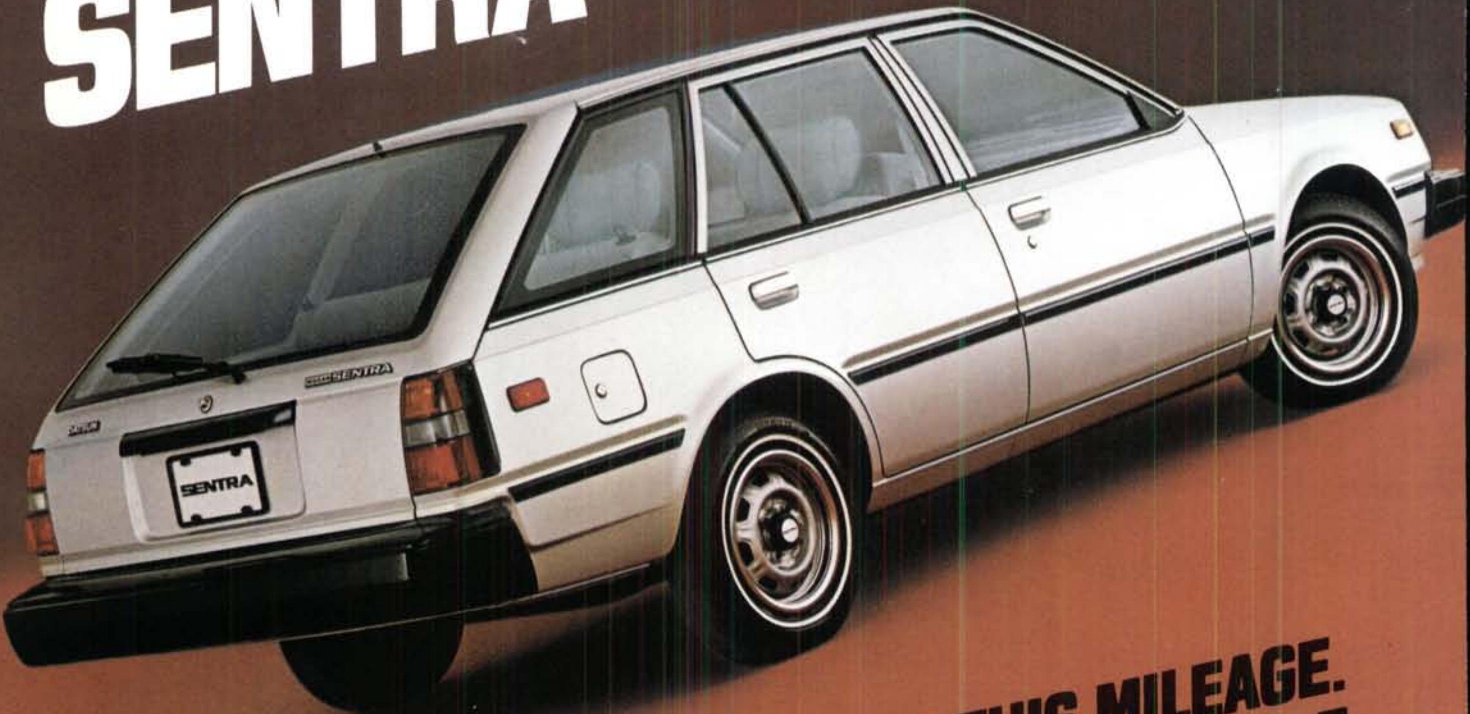

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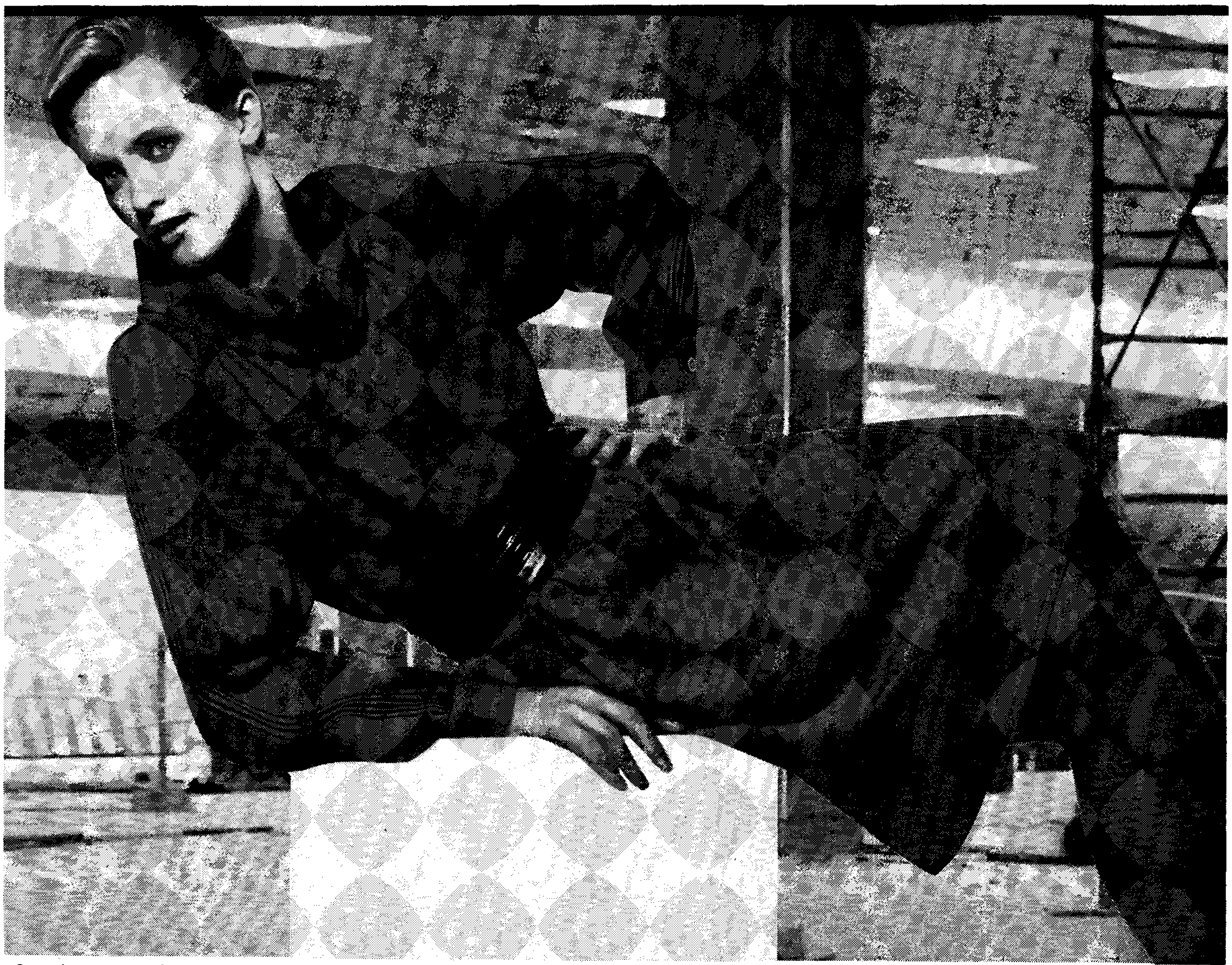

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Agnes of God**—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Broken Toys!**—A musical conceived by, and starring, Keith Berger. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Browning Version** and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Crimes of the Heart**—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Holly Hunter, Lizbeth Mackay, Peter MacNicol, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Dining Room**—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Patricia Wettig, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Dreamgirls**—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Geniuses**—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Herringbone**—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone; score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Jane Avril**—A comedy centered on the nineteenth-century dance-hall star and model immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. The author is Jane Marla Robbins, and Kevin O'Connor, Miss Robbins, and Richard Council are the entire cast. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 25.)

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**Jazz Set**—A play by Ron Milner, with music by Max Roach. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

**Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat**—Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Learned Ladies**—Philip Bosco, Rosemary Murphy, and Richard Kavanaugh star in a new translation, by Richard Wilbur, of the Molière play. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 563-1555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, July 25: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 28: **RUDDIGORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Livingstone and Sechele**—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Master Harold . . . and the Boys**—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age writer's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Music Keeper**—A play by Elliot Tiber and

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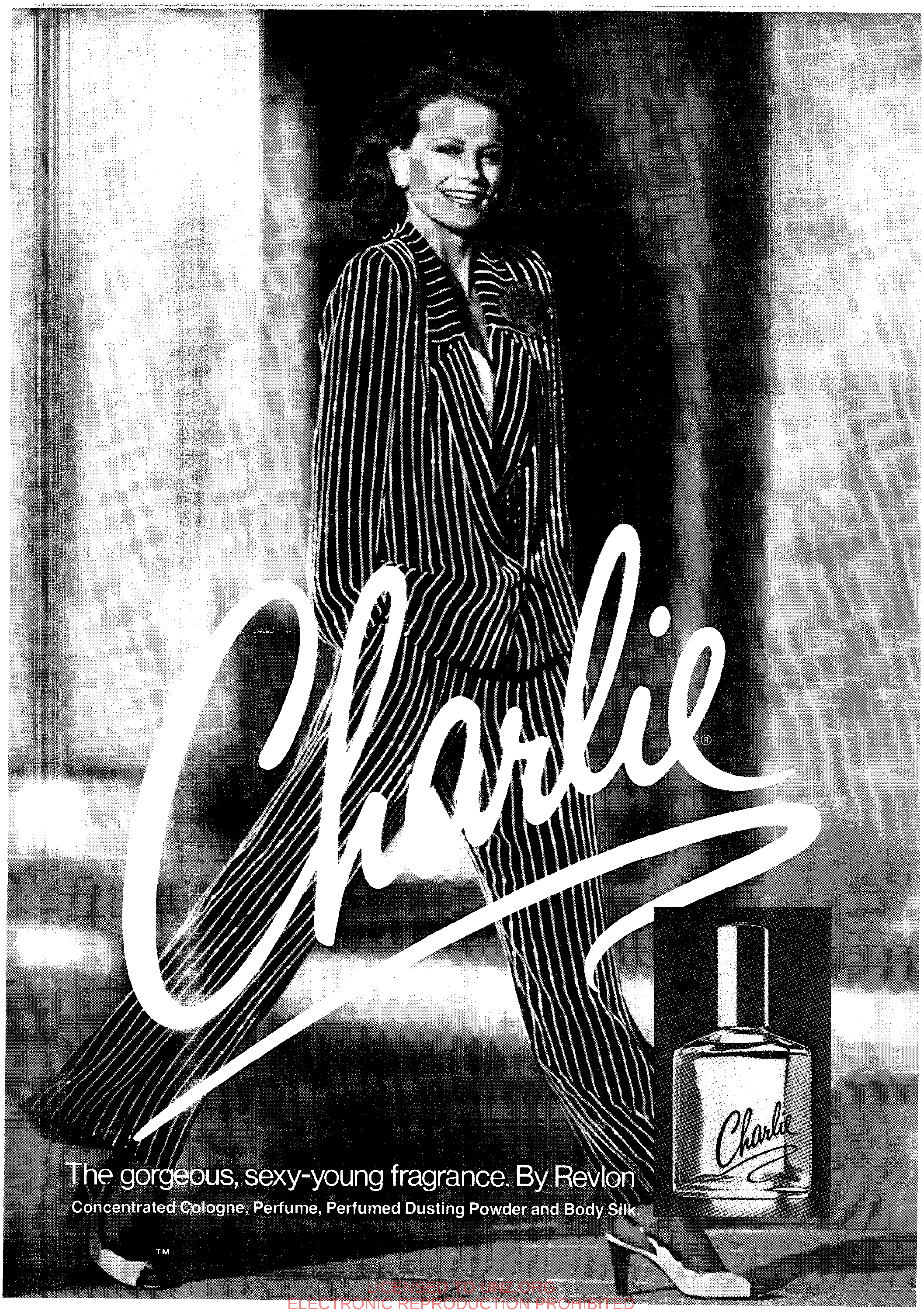
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 23, July 26, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

André Ernotte, starring Jan Miner. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Nine**—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Present Laughter**—Noël Coward's somewhat autobiographical comedy stands up very well after almost forty years, though the production, directed by and starred in by George C. Scott, takes gross liberties with the spirit of the play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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**Pump Boys and Dinettes**—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

**The Regard of Flight**—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael McCormick. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You** and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction. Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Torch Song Trilogy**—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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**Long Runs**—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,248 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursday and Friday, July 23, at 2:30 and 8; on Friday, July 23, at 11 and 2:30.)

**Forbidden Broadway**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

## DANCE

**Netherlands Dance Theatre**—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday, July 21, and Friday, July 23, at 8, and Saturday, July 24, at 2: "Say Bye Bye," "Dream Dances," and "The House of Bernarda Alba." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8: "Children's Games," "Nomads," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8: "Symphony of Psalms," "Nomads," and "Sinfonietta." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

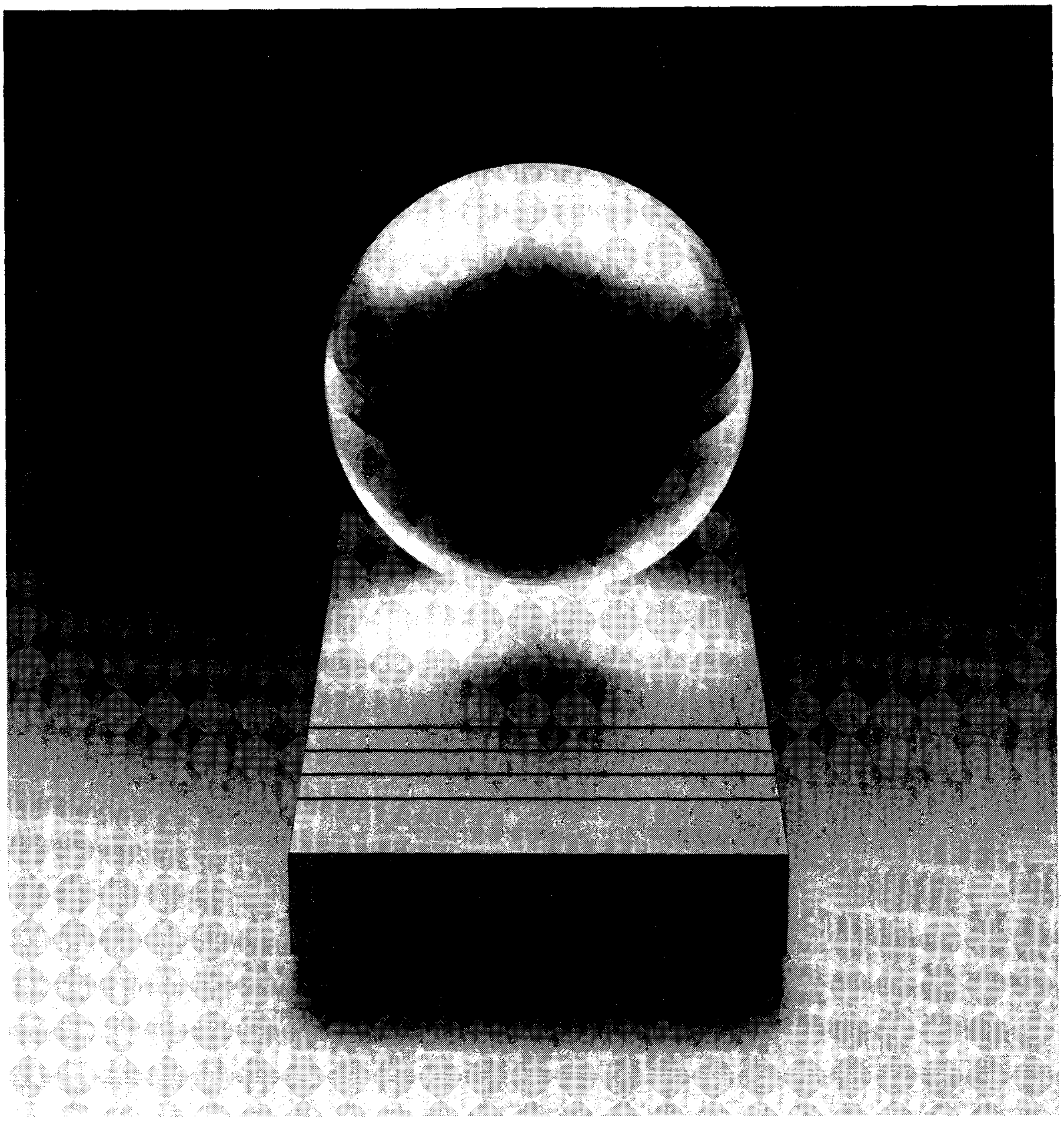
**Bart Stuyf Dance Company**—Seven performances of "Spiegels" by this troupe from Holland. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Friday, July 21-23, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, July 24-25, at 3 and 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Pianist **HUGH LAWSON** and his trio will be present on Friday and Saturday, July 23-24; Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, will be turned over to pianist **JAKI BYARD'S** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **JOHNNY HARTMAN** is singing here through Sunday, July 25; on Monday, July 26, singer Carla White



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STEUBEN GLASS

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and trumpeter Manny Duran's band will appear; and on Tuesday, July 27, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON**, trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ**, and pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** will move in. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Through Saturday, July 24, Gary U.S. Bonds; Sunday, July 25, the Smithereens and the David Leonard Group; Monday, July 26, percussionist **AIRTO**, singer **FLORA PURIM** and their Brazilian-jazz-rock band, with saxophonist **JOE FARRELL**; Tuesday, July 27, Rob Grill & the Grass Roots; Wednesday, July 28, **DOUG SAHM** and his **SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET** and blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND**; and Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, two evenings of doo-wop, with the Clovers, the Angels, Fourteen Karat Soul, and Johnnie & Joe. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist Mike Melillo works with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, July 24; starting Sunday, July 25, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will play with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Broadway Joe's,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON**, who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

**Cachaça,** 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from *carnaval*. Dining and dancing.

**Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and her bassist, **STEVE LA SPINA**, provide summer music Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ**, a positively Tatum-inspired pianist, is here once again performing Mondays through Fridays from nine to midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, July 21, the King Pins, the Olians, Starlight Oops, and Royal Baby; Thursday, July 22, the Cucumbers, Jump Street, Moot, and Ground; Friday, July 23, Single Strings and Egyptians; and Saturday, July 24, Band of Outsiders, the Donny Fury Band, and Unknown Gender. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

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**City Limits,** 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Jazz singer **SYLVIA SYMS** is performing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays are the property of singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, July 21, Dan Milner and Paul Friedman; Saturday, July 24, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his band, **SKYLINE**; Wednesday, July 28, Charlie O'Hegarty; and Saturday, July 31, Diamonds in the Rough. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two nightly, except Sundays. Wednesdays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, July 25, the Zottola Brothers quintet will perform from about nine-thirty. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Trumpeter **CHARLES TOLLIVER** will direct a foursome through Sunday, July 25; beginning Tuesday, July 27, the premises will be occupied by the Great Tenor Saxophone Summit—**CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **CHARLIE ROUSE** on tenor, **JOHN HICKS** on piano, **WALTER BOOKER** on bass, and **JIMMY COBB** on drums. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, July 21, Jody Stecher and Mac Benford; Thursday, July 22, Frankie Armstrong; Saturday, July 24, the Floor Models; Sunday, July 25, Ibis; Tuesday, July 27, the Will and Bill Fern's Rock Jam; Wednesday, July 28, the Joan Carol Band; Thursday, July 29, Priscilla Herdman and Bill Staines; Friday, July 30, Susan Osborn & Friends; and Saturday, July 31, the **DANNY KALB** band. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

**Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Miles Jaye will sing on Wednesday, July 21; singer Tina Fabrik has the floor Thursday through Saturday, July 22-24; on Sunday, July 25, pianist **JORGE DALTO'S** band will play; Monday, July 26, will be given over to bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, dancer Ronnie A. Bratt, and singer Ulysses Slaughter; Tuesday through Thursday, July 27-29, singer Evelyn Thomas will be onstage; and Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, are reserved for singer **MAXINE BROWN**. Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays and Tuesdays, **CHUCK WAYNE**, whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**, bassist **JAY LEONHART**, and pianist Lou Forestieri are on hand. Both groups begin playing about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly except Sundays from five to ten; on Sundays Graham Forbes fills in at the keyboard.

**Griff's Plaza Café,** Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. **MAJOR HOLLEY**, the bassist who hums while he bows his bass, is here with pianist **HILTON RUIZ** Tuesdays through Fridays from eight to midnight and Saturdays from nine to one. Mondays, from seven to eleven, are given over to pianist **NINA SHELDON**.

**Hanratty's,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist **JOHNNY GUARNIERI** will be performing through Saturday, July 24; pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will move in on Monday, July 26. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

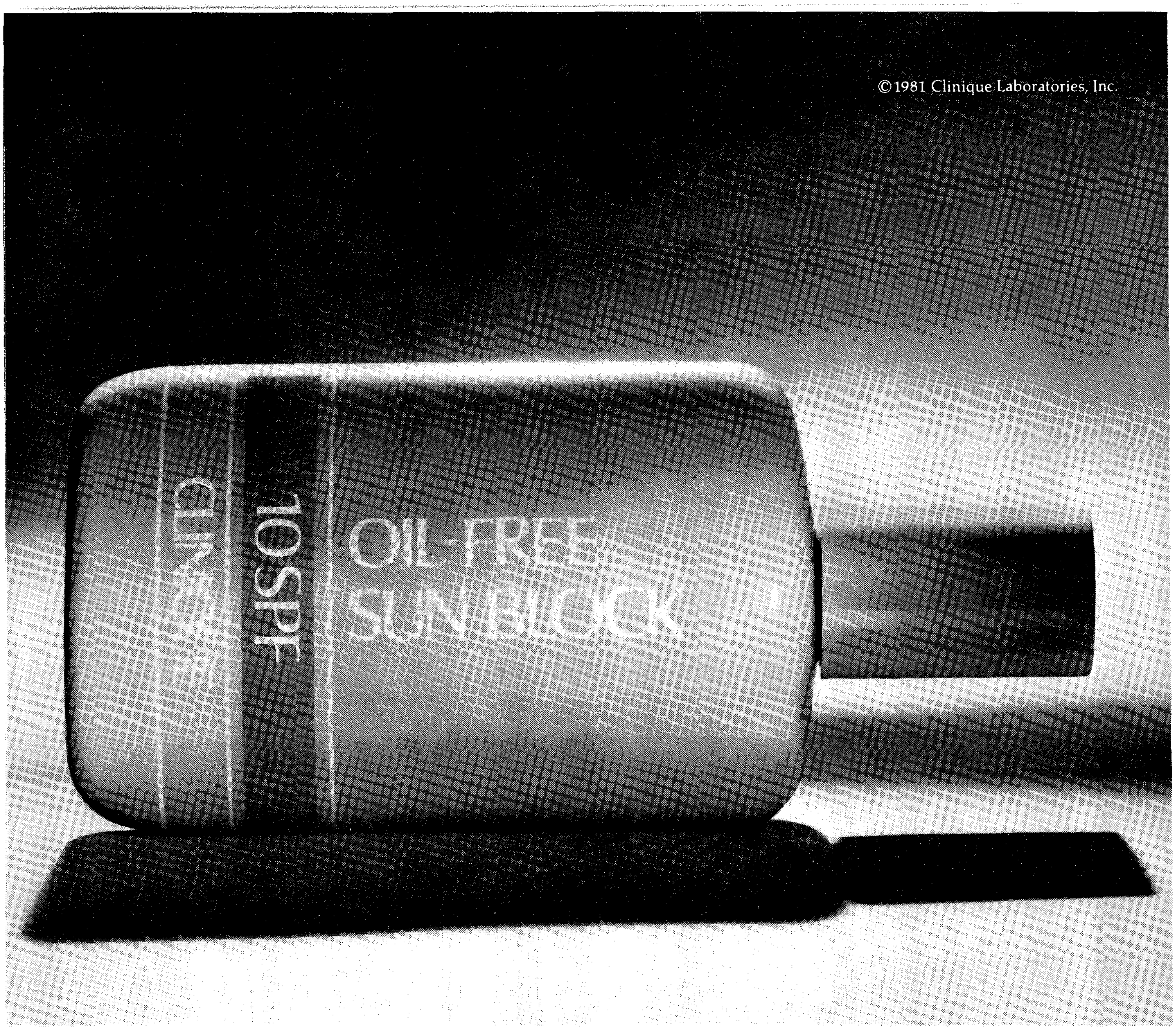
**Jazzmania Society,** 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** leads a combo on Fridays and Saturdays beginning at nine. On Thursday, July 22, **HERMAN ANGEL** and his big band, with alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA**, will drop in.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** will be on hand through Saturday, July 24; starting Tuesday, July 27, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** will team up with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN**. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** provide the piano-bass music on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, July 21, blues guitarist **ALBERT KING**; Thursday, July 22, Reba McIntyre; Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, Black Water and Old Salt; Sunday and Monday, July 25-26, Clifton Chenier; and Thursday, July 29, **DR. JOHN**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

**Lush Life,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively. Saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, drummer **AL FOSTER**, and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** work together through Saturday, July 24, and on Tuesday, July 27, singer **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family will take over. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty,



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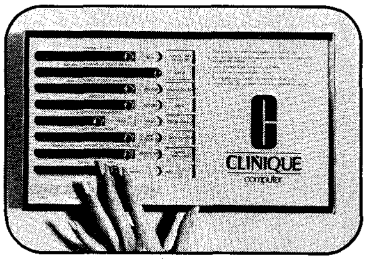

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sunday and Monday, July 25-26.

**Marty's,** 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of Freda Payne. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL are doing an all-Sondheim program through Saturday, July 24. Starting Tuesday, July 27, ragtime pianist MAX MORATH will commence a six-week engagement. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, July 21, Urbanity; Saturday, July 24, TITO PUENTE and his Latin-jazz band; Monday, July 26, Thom Rotella; Wednesday, July 28, singer Carmen Lundy; and Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, guitarist ERIC GALE'S R. & B.-and-reggae band. Music from ten until two.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, July 21, saxophonist DENNY MOROUSE'S quintet, with pianist ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS and bassist WILL LEE; Thursday, July 22, Schriener-La Pierre and STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY; Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, R. & B. singer BEN E. KING; Tuesday, July 27, Last Tango and Razmataz; Wednesday, July 28, the Treble Boys Band and Swollen Monkeys; Thursday, July 29, Roomful of Blues; and Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, the Long Island All-Stars. Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

**Peacock Alley,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. GROVER MITCHELL and his orchestra play for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Red Blazer Too,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, July 21, the Villains; Thursday, July 22, ERIC BURDON; Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, Fashion; Monday, July 26, Psi Force; Tuesday, July 27, Tommy Keene; Wednesday, July 28, the Kid McClure Big Band; and Thursday through Saturday, July 29-31, DAVID JOHANSEN. Shows usually begin after midnight.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: The players: Wednesday, July 21, guitarist JACK WILKINS; Thursday, July 22, DEUCE, a funk-jazz septet co-led by trumpeter ELLEN SEELING and tenor saxophonist JEAN FINEBERG; Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, electric violinist Noel Pointer; Sunday and Monday, July 25-26, guitarist Kazumi Watanabe; Tuesday, July 27, a band called Gallery; Wednesday and Thursday, July 28-29, drummer RONNIE BURRAGE; and Friday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 1, guitarists JOHN TROPEA and DAVID SPINOZZA and their band. Music from nine-thirty.

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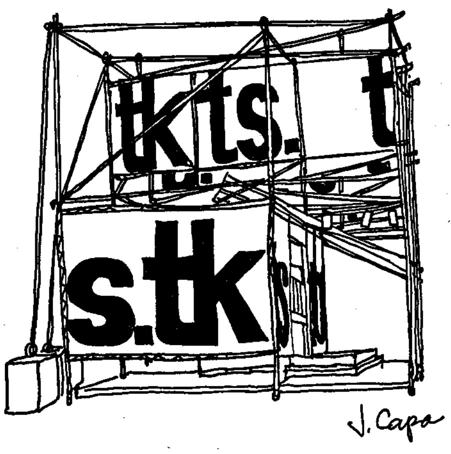
**Star and Garter,** 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, singer Lillias White and the Dave Hopkins trio will supply the music; guitarist Jonathan Kalb will bring in his band on Friday and Saturday, July 30-31. Music from ten. Dining.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Trombonist SLIDE HAMPTON and tenor saxophonist JIMMY HEATH will head a foursome through Saturday, July 24; Sunday and Monday, July 25-26, will be turned over to singer YOLANDE BAVAN; and Tuesday through Saturday, July 27-31, tenor saxophonist and bassoonist ILLINOIS JACQUET will direct a quintet that features bassist SLAM STEWART. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues club with the only amenity that counts—blues players. The Chicago-blues festival continues on Wednesday and Thursday, July 21-22, with Lefty Dizz & Shock Treatment, and on Wednesday and Thursday, July 28-29, with the Hip Linkchain Blues Band. Shows begin after nine-thirty. BIG JOE TURNER, a real live history of Kansas City blues and a festival all by himself, sings here on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays, from five to midnight, belong to Irish fiddler Willie Byrne and his Irish Ceili Band.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, July 21, the André Morgan band and Staff; Thursday, July 22, ELLIOTT MURPHY; Friday, July 23, Cookie Watkins and Hard Beats; Saturday, July 24, Knucklehead Smith and Jean Beaudoir; Monday, July 26, Phil Garland; Tuesday, July 27, Jana Jillio; Wednesday, July 28, Amaranth and Shady; Thursday, July 29, El Camino and Pə-dant-iks; Friday, July 30, John Galt and Point; and Saturday, July 31, the Sound and Full Hand. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on July 26, HECTOR LAVOE and his band and TIPICA '73 will be present, along with jazz violinist MICHAL URBANIAK. On Wednesday, July 21, at eleven, the room will accommodate conga drummer DANIEL PONCÉ, alto saxophonist PAQUITO D'RIVERA, and others, and on Friday, July 23, at ten-thirty, there will be a tribute to Symphony Sid by TITO PUENTE, MONGO SANTAMARIA, and Celia Cruz. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN and her trio are on duty after nine.



**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this, the most famous jazz club in the world. Alto saxophonist LEE KONITZ leads his nonet, featuring trombonist JIMMY KNEPPER, through Sunday, July 25; on Monday, July 26, drummer CHARLI PERSIP will direct his nineteen-piece band; and on Tuesday, July 27, GEORGE RUSSELL and his fourteen-piece New York Band will begin a six-night stand. Music from ten.

**Village West,** 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Pianist EDDIE HEYWOOD and a bassist are in residence here nightly, except Mondays, from about nine.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Kuni Mikami Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist GEORGE KELLY leads his JAZZ SULTANS nightly from nine.

**Zinno,** 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, you could find a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the club is a sleek, spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. Pianist DON FRIEDMAN and bassist HARVIE SWARTZ will collaborate through Saturday, July 24; on Monday, July 26, pianist RAY BRYANT and bassist JIMMY ROWSER will begin a week's visit. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. On Sundays, from six-thirty to eleven, guitarist JOE PUMA provides the music.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Air Supply**—With Livingston Taylor. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 22, at 7:30.)

**George Benson**—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, July 23, at 8 and midnight.

**Queen**—With Billy Squier. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27-28, at 8.)

**Black Uhuru**—With Sly and Robbie. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, July 30, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

**Jazz Forum**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8: Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Chin Suzuki. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Curtis Fuller quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 10 and midnight: Evelyn Blakey and Celebration. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, July 29-31, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Philly Joe Jones quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Myrna Baez**—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

**Robert Donley**—Recent paintings and drawings. Through Friday, July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Chet LaMore** (1908-80)—Abstract paintings based on landscapes and dating from the early seventies. Through Aug. 6. (80 Wash-

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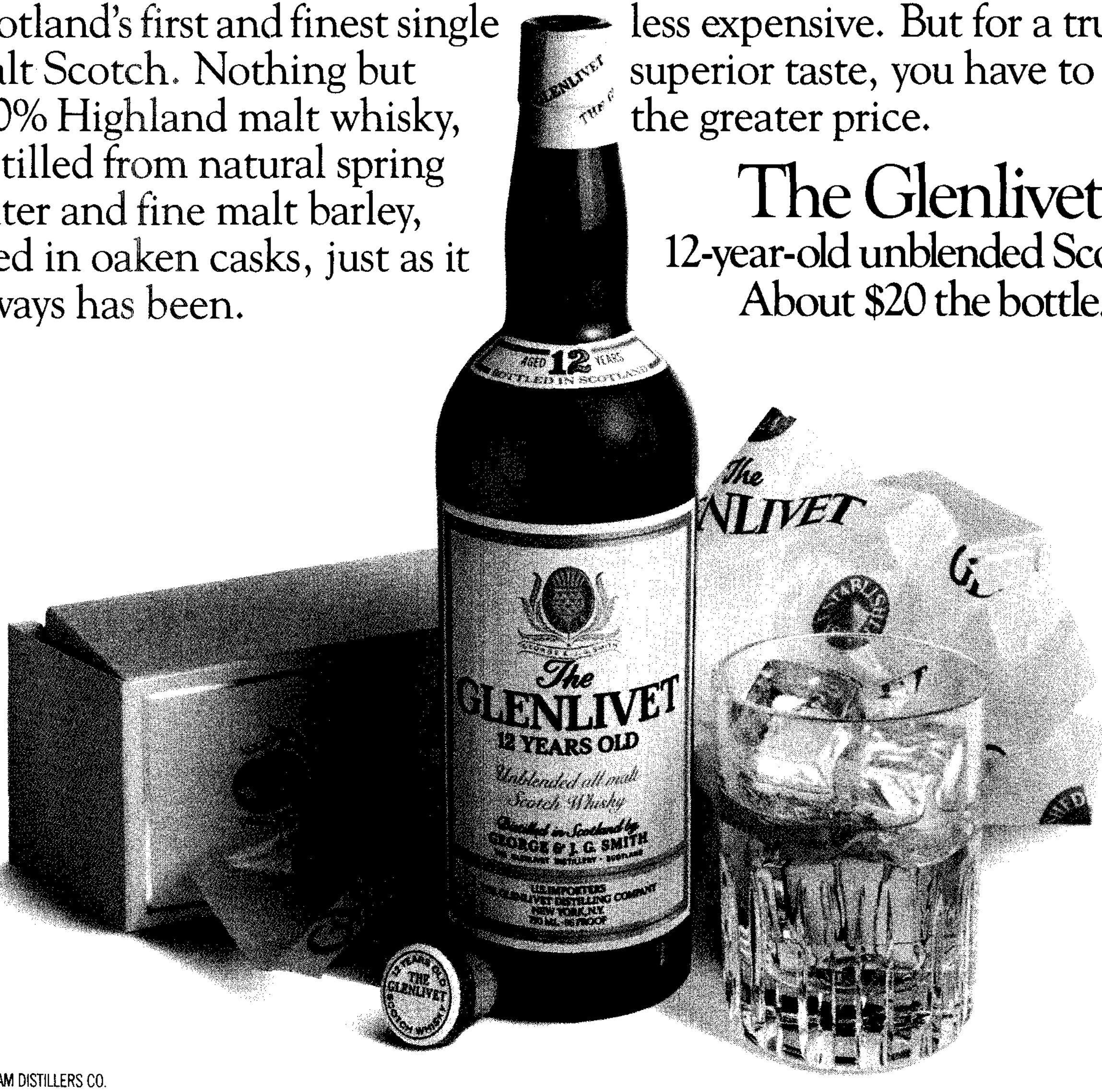
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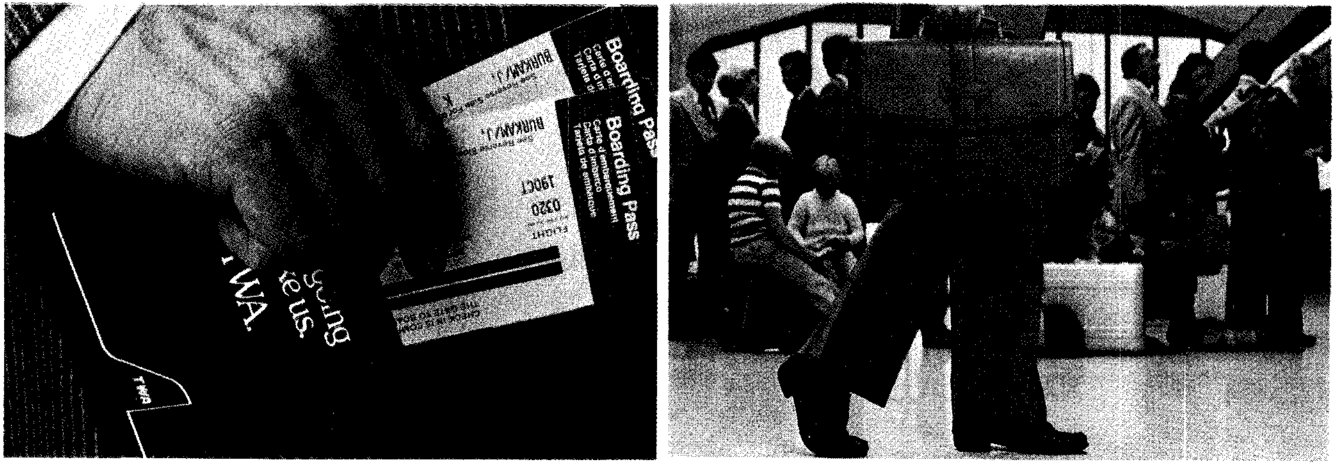

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ington Square East Galleries, New York University.)

**Alice Trumbull Mason** (1904-71) **and Emily Mason**—Abstract paintings by a mother and by her daughter. Through Friday, July 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Ed Mayer**—A large circular structure with a tunnel that leads to another, smaller one; the whole piece is constructed solely of stacked wood laths. Through Saturday, July 31. (Gallery Annex, formerly the Central Park Zoo Birdhouse, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

**Diane Mayo / Susan Eder**—Oil paintings and colored-pencil drawings of still-life and narrative subjects. / Works using commercially printed color photographs. Through Friday, July 30. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ The Goodman Gallery, 25 W. 56th St., is also showing works by Eder. Through Friday, July 30.

**David Milne** (1882-1953)—A show of paintings and drawings by a Canadian artist who lived in New York from 1903-16 and absorbed numerous modern influences here, notably from the work of Cézanne, Prendergast, and Matisse. Through Aug. 15. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Elie Nadelman** (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through Friday, July 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Edward Ruscha**—Two shows by this master of the rhetorical flourish which coincide with his larger exhibit at the Whitney Museum. New drawings. Through Friday, July 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Prints. Through Aug. 27. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Anne Ryan** (1889-1954)—Color woodcuts by the collagist. Through Friday, July 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Al Souza / Mary Stoppert**—Boxed assemblages incorporating color snapshots, and works on paper. / A sculptural installation entitled "The Queen's Ring." Through Thursday, July 29. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens daily, except Sundays, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**Old Master Prints**—Including the complete set of Dürer's woodcuts, "Apocalypse;" the complete set of Callot's etchings, "Varie Figure;" and a Rembrandt etching, "Landscape with a Cottage and a Large Tree." Through Aug. 6. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

**Art on the Beach**—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) populate the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Bill and Mary Buchen, Grace Williams, and Steve Wood. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

**Sculpture**—A bronze model for a large outdoor piece, "Seated Woman," by Willem de Kooning; and another bronze, this one of two figures (one in the round, one in relief), by William Crozier. Other works by Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, H. C. Westermann, Tony Berlant, and Tony Smith. Through Sept. 17. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Cynthia Carlson, Ira Joel Haber, Jeff Way, and others on the gallery roster showing new material. Through Friday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a dozen artists, including Yvonne Jacquette, Richard Haas, and Martha Diamond. Through Aug. 27. . . . **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: An invitational show of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by almost two dozen artists. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a number of artists, including Elizabeth Murray, Hap Tivey, and Grover Mouton. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Central and South American artists, among them Amelia Pelaez, Armando Morales, and Joaquín Torres-García. Through Aug. 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **the dairy,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings and drawings by Lennart Anderson and Robert M. Kulicke are among the works by contemporary artists. Through Aug. 20. (Closes at 4.) . . . **del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: A triptych in oil by Richard Pousette-Dart and a single painting or drawing each by Frankenthaler, Tooker, Tworkov, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A wide variety of styles and techniques appears in the works of a dozen emerging artists selected for the current show—the center's eighteenth. Among them are Aura Rosenberg, who makes small paper cutouts representing animal pelts (buffalo, jaguar); Hilda O'Connell, who has large colored-pencil drawings, often of Irishmen in groups; and Joseph Schactman, who makes three-dimensional dog heads of painted cardboard. Through Aug. 11. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings in a medium of pigment and plaster by David James; elongated, painted-wood wall pieces by Otis Jones; and large drawings of highways and landscapes by Ursula Schneider. Through Friday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **grand central art galleries,** 24 W. 57th St.: Realist paintings of the forties and fifties by about sixty artists who are either identified with this mode or who experimented with it—Isabel Bishop, Robert Brackman, Philip Guston, Loren MacIver, Andrew Wyeth, and others. Through Wednesday, July 28. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20. . . . **lerner-heller,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that the gallery terms "interpretations of life and death." Contributors are Alfredo Bustinza, Chris Deboschnek, Thomas Lawson, Margaret Wharton, and Daisy Youngblood. Through Saturday, July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **miller,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Landscape paintings, some reduced to abstraction, by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **sachs,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by six artists in a new-talent show. Through Friday, July 23. . . . **salander-o'reilly,** 22 E. 80th St.: A selection of drawings by the sculptor Gaston Lachaise and a small painting each by a dozen or more artists (Motherwell, Olitski, Hughto). Through Friday, July 30. . . . **thorp,** 419 West Broadway: Paintings and large drawings by Rochelle Feinstein, John Lees, David True, and others. Through Friday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **toll,** 146 Greene St.: Among the items on view: a coffee table in pearl and papier-mâché by Arch Connelly, a painting by Mark Saltz of a tree whose leaves become snakes, and an all-black Styrofoam-and-canvas work by Cyrilla Mozenter. Through Friday, July 23. . . . **zarre,** 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists showing abstract paintings. Through Saturday, July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number mount group shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **castelli,** 420 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **cowles,** 420 West Broadway. . . . **fischbach,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gruenebaum,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **jack,** 138 Prince St. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **tatistcheff,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **weintraub,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**International Center of Photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Early candid prints of statesmen and politicians by Dr. Erich Salomon, a photojournalist who caught his subjects unawares by concealing his camera—in a flowerpot at a 1932 banquet attended by Herbert Hoover, and in a bowler hat at a 1928 courtroom trial. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Seventy-five new color prints made from early Autochrome glass plates, a commercial color process developed by the Lumière brothers. Also, eight original Autochromes. Through Aug. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the **delahunty,** 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.: Forty prints by nineteen photographers who have set up such improbable tableaux as a man lying under a suspended mattress (by Boyd Webb) and an upright dog leaning on crutches and wearing a negligee (by William Wegman). Through Saturday, July 31. . . . **floating foundation of photography,** Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: Photographs of Ireland by eight artists, including Paul Caponigro and Alen MacWeeney. Through Aug. 14. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Intentionally—or otherwise—X-rated photographs by George Platt Lynes, Wolfgang von Wamgemheim, Alfred Gescheidt, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through Friday, July 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **pfeifer,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Fifty photographs of plants and flowers. Through Friday, July 30.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural

drawings, 1825-1945, which is divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Sept. 15.... ¶ Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22.... ¶ About sixty Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5.... ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 18 W. 54th St.—Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Starts Saturday, July 24.... ¶ A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Tatyana Grosman's Universal Limited Art Editions workshop. Through Sept. 7. A complementary exhibit of U.L.A.E. prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the representation of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). In addition, two thirty-minute Ruscha films will be shown Wednesday through Sunday, July 21-25, at noon, 2, and 4; and complementary shows are at Castelli, 4 E. 77th St., and at the Jacobson-Hochman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St.... ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—The permanent exhibitions are the primary reason for a visit while the museum prepares a show of Aztec artifacts scheduled to open Tuesday, July 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

**AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I,** 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**ASIA SOCIETY,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of forty-one nineteenth-century Japanese prints depicting foreigners, the work of printmakers whose keyhole impressions of the world outside Japan came from foreign traders and from copies of European prints found in the port cities of Nagasaki and Yokohama. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**THE CLOISTERS,** Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture.... ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through Aug. 22.

**JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and its trial proofs.... ¶ Fifty theatre drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection.... ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three shows through Saturday, July 31.

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART,** 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for the Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is noting the centennial of the Irish writer James Stephens with a show of manuscripts, letters, and first editions that represent his work as a poet, adapter of Irish folktales, and BBC broadcaster. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

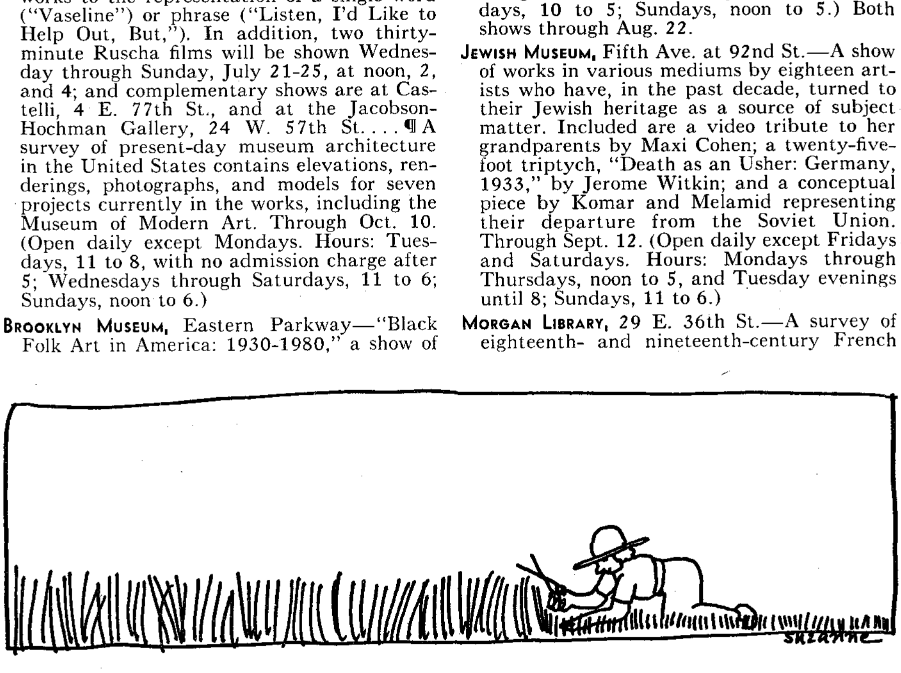
**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM,** 144 W. 125th St.—A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 29.... ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31.... ¶ An exhibit of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

**MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL**—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 21: David Zinman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello.... ¶ Thursday, July 22: Gerard Schwarz conducting members of the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program. (No pre-concert recital.)... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano, and Elly Ameling, soprano.... ¶ Monday, July 26, and Wednesday, July 28: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with John Cheek, bass, and James VanDemark, double bass.... ¶ Tuesday, July 27: A chamber music program with Mr. Rampal; Jaime Laredo, violin and viola; Laurie Smukler, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and others.... ¶ Thursday, July 29: Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano. (No pre-concert recital.)... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 30-31: Philippe Entremont conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Entremont, piano, and Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL**—Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and John-Steele Ritter, piano.... ¶ Friday, July 23, at 7: A piano recital by André-Michel Schub....



Oh that I had wings like a dove!
for then would I fly away... — *Psalms 55:6*

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¶ Friday, July 23, at 9: Kurt Masur directing the Boston Symphony in a Cimarosa-Mozart-Liszt program, with Mr. Rampal, the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, and the Boston Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: Hiroshi Wakasugi conducting a Stravinsky-Berlioz program, with Mr. Schub. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Kurt Masur directing a Stravinsky-Haydn program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:30: A violin recital by Joseph Silverstein. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 7: A duo-piano recital by Ursula Oppens and Gilbert Kalish. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Schubert-Liszt-Stravinsky program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting another Stravinsky-Liszt-Schubert program, also with Mr. Ax. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Fine-Berio-Tchaikovsky program, with Miss Oppens and Mr. Kalish. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Caramoor Festival**—Thursday, July 22, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Telemann-Prokofieff-Fauré program, with Diane Walsh, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: James Conlon conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Schubert-Mendelssohn-Mozart program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 5:30: A piano recital by Elisabeth Leonskaja. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Schütz-Stravinsky-Schubert program, with the Princeton Royal School of Church Music Men's and Boys' Choir, and Stephanie Brown, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra in a Mozart-Vivaldi-Haydn program, with Kun Woo Paik, piano; Alan Cox, flute; Dennis Godburn, bassoon; and Marcy Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—Tentative schedule of final performances by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET, which is presenting a "Stravinsky Centennial Celebration." Wednesday, July 21, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 2: "Circus Polka," "Apollo," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Rubies." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:15: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 2: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:15: "Circus Polka," "Orpheus," "Four Chamber Works," and "Rubies." . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Elton John and Quarterflash on Sunday, July 25, at 7, and by James Taylor on Monday, July 26, at 7.] . . . ¶ Opening performances by the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 14. Wednesday, July 28, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Rossini-Dvořák-Saint-Saëns program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Brahms-Prokofieff-Stravinsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:15: William Smith directing a Verdi-Rachmaninoff-Walton program, with Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; Panayis Lyras, piano; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:15: Franz Allers conducting a program entitled "The Strausses in Vienna," with Elizabeth Hynes and Eleanor Bergquist, sopranos, and Shinja Kim, mezzo-soprano. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Summerfare '82**—A four-week festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 8. *Un soupçon*—WEDNESDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, JULY 21-23, AT 8: Estelle Parsons appearing in "Female Parts," the umbrella title for three one-act plays by the Italian comedy team of Dario Fo and Franca Rame. . . . FRIDAY, JULY 23, AT 8:30, AND SATURDAY, JULY 24, AT 3 AND 8:30: The José Limón Dance Company. . . . FRIDAY, JULY 23, AT 11: Fourteen Karat Soul, an a-cappella doo-wop group. . . . SATURDAY, JULY 24, AT 6: "Sister Suzie Cinema," a doo-wop program devised by Lee Breuer and Bob Telson. . . . AT 8: "Female Parts." . . . AT 9 AND 11: Fourteen Karat Soul. . . . SUNDAY, JULY 25, AT 3: "Female Parts" and "Sister Suzie Cinema." . . . AT 6: "Sister Suzie Cinema." . . . AT 7:30: "Female Parts." . . . AT 8: The José Limón Dance Company. . . . WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, AT 8: "Female Parts." . . . THURSDAY, JULY 29, AT 8: "Female Parts;" and "The Queen and the Rebels," a play by Ugo Betti, with Colleen Dewhurst. . . . FRIDAY, JULY 30, AT 8: "Female Parts" and "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . AT 8:30: The Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . AT 9: "Cry of Clytemnestra," a one-act opera by John Eaton. . . . AT 11: Walt Michael, Tom McCreesh, and others in a cabaret show. . . . SATURDAY, JULY 31, AT 3 AND 8:30: The Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . AT 6: John Eaton performing on a Moog synthesizer. . . . AT 8: "Female Parts" and "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . AT 9: "Cry of Clytemnestra." . . . AT 9 AND 11: Walt Michael, Tom McCreesh, and others in a cabaret show. . . . SUNDAY, AUG. 1, AT 3 AND 7:30: "Female Parts." . . . AT 7:30: "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . AT 8: The Pilobolus Dance Theatre. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 24: Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays *through* Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday, July 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Thursday, July 22, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, July 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, July 26-28, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 29, at 7:35; Friday, July 30, at 8:05; and Saturday, July 31, at 7:35.

**Racing**—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 21; the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 24; and the Jamaica Handicap, Sunday, July 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 24, and the Amory L. Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 31. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, July 31.

**Soccer**—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. San Diego, Sunday, July 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. San José, Wednesday, July 28, at 7. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Tennis**—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday, July 26, at noon; Tuesday through Friday, July 27-30, at noon and 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 762-6220.)

**Trotting**—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13.

**Yachting**—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 24.)

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of DON JUAN will be given through Saturday, July 24. A beautiful and enthralling production of Molière's play, as subjected to the idiosyncratic style and wit and invention of its director, Richard Foreman. John Seitz's sinister, powerful Don has more than a touch of Richard III and is the embodiment of evil; Roy Brocksmith is a Sganarelle of comic desperation; and, among the supporting players, Clarence Felder, Pamela Payton-Wright, Frank Maraden, and Christopher McCann are very good indeed. The handsome scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Mr. Foreman, Patricia Zipprodt, and Spencer Mosse, respectively. (Nightly at 8:30.) . . . A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, with William Hurt and Michelle Shay, will be the second of two plays by the company. Opens Saturday, July 31, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 28. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.) Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.

**New York Philharmonic**—Concerts in various city parks. John Nelson will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, Tuesday, July 27, at 8. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Wednesday, July 28, at 8. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, the Bronx, Friday, July 30, at 8. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Saturday, July 31, at 8.

**South Street Seaport Museum**—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. BLUEGRASS: Thursday, July 22, at 8, Mac Benford's Old-Time Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8, Whetstone Run. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . JAZZ: Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 8, the Robert Ross Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, at 8, Lynn Welshman & the Tentet Jazz Band. (No tickets necessary.)

**Damrosch Park**, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in an all-Sondheim program. (Saturday, July 24, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Joel Krosnick, cello. (Saturday, July 31, at 8.)

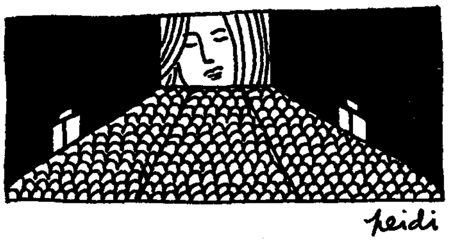
**Music Festival on the Pier**—The Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Friday, July 23, at 7: Angela Bofill. . . . ¶ Monday, July 26, at 7: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28, at 7: Jorma Kaukonen Acoustic & Electric. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8: Clarence Clemons & the Red Bank Rockers, Mink DeVille, and the Dragons. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

**Washington Square Park**—Paul Dunkel conducting the Festival Orchestra in a program of mostly contemporary music. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 27, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A revival of GREASE, with Mark Martino and Laurie Stephenson, is the first of two productions to be presented this summer. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

### EAST SIDE

**LITTLE THEATRE,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 25: "The Man Who Stole the Sun" (1979; directed by Kazuhiko Hasegawa; in Japanese), with Kenji Sawada.
From July 27: "Godzilla" (1954; Ishiro Honda; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura.

**R.K.O. CENTURY ART,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

**ST. MARKS CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 22: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood; and "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
July 23-29: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and another feature, to be announced.
From July 30: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†).
From July 23: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

**BAY CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 22: "Blade Runner" (†).
From July 23: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

**LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

**34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 27: "Author! Author!" (†).
From July 28: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

**EASTSIDE CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 22: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
From July 23: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through July 22: "Blade Runner" (†).
From July 23: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

**GOTHAM CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

**MANHATTAN 1 AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

**BARONET AND CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through July 27: "Dr. Strangelove" (†). No evening performances on Thursday, July 22. From July 28: "Author! Author!" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 27: "Author! Author!" (†). From July 28: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

**D. W. GRIFFITH,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

**CINEMA I AND II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Bolero" (Claude Lelouch; in French and English), with James Caan and Geraldine Chaplin. From July 25: "Barbarosa" (Fred Schepisi), with Willie Nelson and Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "Rocky III" (†). From July 23: "Blade Runner" (†).

**GEMINI 1 AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 23: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†). From July 23: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas."

**BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

**LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Witness" (1967; Péter Bacsó; in Hungarian), with Ferenc Kallai.

**LOEWS TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Diner" (†).

**72ND STREET EAST,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 29: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From July 30: To be announced.

**U. A. 85TH ST. EAST,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†).
From July 23: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

**LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "Annie" (†). From July 23: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

**86TH ST. EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Poltergeist" (†).

**R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. 1 AND 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 23: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune.

### WEST SIDE

**FILM FORUM 1 AND 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "The Wrong Move" (1975; directed by Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Peter Kern. July 25: "Lightning Over Water" (Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders); and "The American Friend" (†). July 26: "Lightning Over Water;" and "The Lusty Men" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy. July 27: A program of short films by Wim Wenders. July 28-31: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German).
Theatre 2: July 21: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini. July 22-24: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. July 25-26: "Casablanca" (†) and "The Maltese Falcon" (†). July 27-28: "The Killing" (†) and "Killer's Kiss" (†). July 29-31: "Paths of Glory" (†) and "Lolita" (†).

**WAVERLY 1 AND 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 23: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

**QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "Smash Palace" (†). From July 23: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

**HAROLD CLURMAN,** 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon. Reserved seats.)
"The Dybbuk" (Szymon Szurmiej; in Yiddish), performed by the E. R. Kaminska Jewish State Theatre of Poland.

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 26: "Bambi" (†).
July 27: Theatre closed.
From July 28: "Annie" (†).

**ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

**FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†). No evening performances on Wednesday, July 21.

**57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

**CINEMA 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

**LOEWS PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 22: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.
From July 23: To be announced.

**LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: July 21: "Bananas" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). July 22: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†). July 23-24: "Manhattan" (†) and "Bananas" (†). July 25-26: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†) and "Sleeper" (†). July 27: "Love and Death" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†). July 28: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†) and "Interiors" (†). July 29: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Manhattan" (†). July 30-31: "Sleeper" (†) and "Interiors" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

**CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

**EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.
Theatre 2: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shi-

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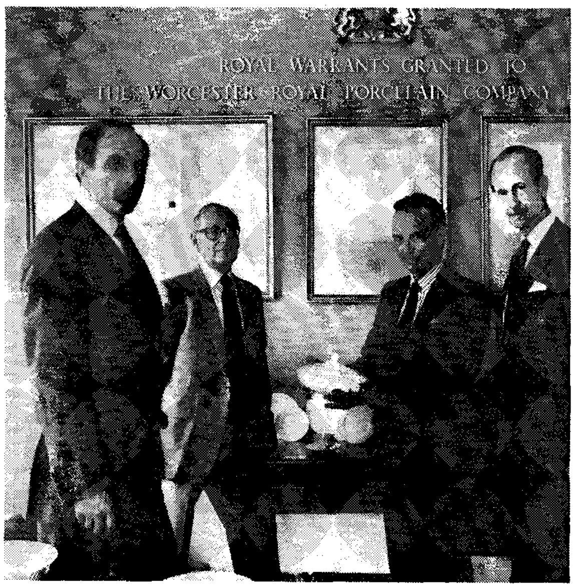
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noda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "Bambi" (†). From July 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 23: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 22: "Poltergeist" (†). From July 23: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 22: "Rocky III" (†). From July 23: To be announced.

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "Blade Runner" (†). From July 23: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "Goldfinger" (†) and "Thunderball" (†). July 23-25: "You Only Live Twice" (†) and "The Man with the Golden Gun" (†). July 26-29: "Moonraker" (†) and "For Your Eyes Only" (†). From July 30: "8½" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Smash Palace" (†) and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†). From July 30: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†); and "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Cat People" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†). From July 23: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Blade Runner" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "Author! Author!" (†). From July 23: "The World According to Garp" (directed by George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 3: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 4: Through July 22: "Raw Force." From July 23: "Author! Author!" (†).
Theatre 5: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 6: Through July 22: "Porky's." From July 23: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
July 21: "Apocalypse Now" (†).
July 22: Theatre closed. From July 23: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Theatre 3: "Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 4: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** Bway at 44th. (869-8340)
Through July 27: "Annie" (†).
From July 28: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†). From July 23: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune.
Theatre 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Bambi" (†).

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 23: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†). From July 23: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas."

**R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

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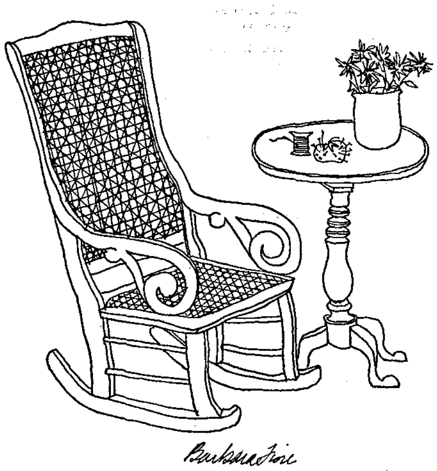
**R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 27: "Oblomov" (1981; directed by Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
From July 28: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 21: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
July 22: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "Knightriders" (1981; George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.
July 23-24: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock; and "Dance Craze" (1982; Joe Massot).
July 25: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer.
July 26: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Three Brothers" (1982; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, and Vittorio Mezzogiorno.
July 27: "Shogun Samurai" (1979; in Japanese), with Kinnosuke Yorozuya, Sonny Chiba, and Toshiro Mifune; and "Galaxy Express" (1979), a Japanese animated film.
July 28: "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney; and "Charade" (†).
July 29: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.
July 30-31: "Pretty Baby" (†); and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 21: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "Image Before My Eyes" (1981; Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War.
July 22: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Morgan!" (1966; Karel Reisz), with David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Stephens.
July 23-24: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.
July 25: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (†) and "Dear Inspector" (†).
July 26: "A Special Day" (†) and "César and Rosalie" (†).
July 27: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" (†) and "America at the Movies" (†).
July 28: "Scenes from a Marriage" (†) and "Summer Paradise" (†).
July 29-30: "Gimme Shelter" (1970; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont; and "More" (1969; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Mimsy Farmer.
July 31: "Pumping Iron" (†); and "On Any Sunday" (1971; Bruce Brown), a documentary on motorcycle racing.



**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 22: "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; and "Minnie and Moskowitz" (1971; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel.
July 23-24: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
July 25-27: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant.
July 28-29: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
July 30-31: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 22: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
From July 23: A program of rock films.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 24: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee. Williams, and Richard Pryor.
July 25-27: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.
July 28-31: "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964) and "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964), both films directed by Vittorio De Sica, in Italian, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 24: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.
July 25-27: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Ingrid Thulin; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
July 28-31: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery as James Bond.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 21: "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "Frankenstein" (1931; James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles.

July 22-24: "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (1947; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison; and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941; Alexander Hall), with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and Evelyn Keyes.

July 25-27: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe; and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977/80; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr.

July 28-31: "On the Town" (†) and "The Band Wagon" (†).

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 21: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Li'l Abner" (1959; Melvin Frank), with Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, and Stubby Kaye.

July 22: Three films made for BBC TV by Ken Russell—"Isadora Duncan" (1966), with Vivian Pickles; "Song of Summer" (1968), with Max Adrian and Christopher Gable; and "Dante's Inferno" (1967), with Oliver Reed.

July 23-24: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort; and "Elvira Madigan" (1967; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish), with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark.

July 25: "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari.

July 26: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia" (†).

July 27: "Animal Farm" (1954), a full-length British animated cartoon; and other short political animated cartoons.

July 28: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Our Town" (1940; Sam Wood), with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden.

July 29: "The Collector" (†); and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

July 30-31: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 21: "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles.

July 22: "Lovers and Other Strangers" (1970; Cy Howard), with Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Bob Dishy, Harry Guardino, and Anne Meara; and "A Guide for the Married Man" (1967; Gene Kelly), with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, Art Carney, Jack Benny, and Phil Silvers.

July 23-24: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

July 25: "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (†).

July 26: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

July 27: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932; King Vidor), with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

July 28: "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.

July 29: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "My Bodyguard" (1980; Tony Bill), with Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull.

July 30-31: "Murder Ahoy" (1964) and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

## IN BRIEF

### SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
### IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**America at the Movies** (1976)—An anxiously inspirational compilation film put together by the American Film Institute for the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration; you can't just enjoy the clips as reminders of the eighty-three movies they're from, because the whole enterprise is so prestige-laden. You feel as if you're supposed to go out determined to do better on your next report card. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

**The American Friend** (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Film Forum; July 25.)

**Annie**—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski, music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through July 22. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through July 27. . . . ¶ Guild; starting July 28.)

**Annie Hall** (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 22 and July 29.)

**Apocalypse Now** (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Embassy 1; July 21.)

**Author! Author!**—With Al Pacino, Dyan Cannon, and Tuesday Weld; directed by Arthur Hiller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Coronet; through July 27. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting July 28.)

**Bambi** (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi. His relationship with his mother is tender and close, and when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some sequences—such as Bambi's birth—have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 22. . . . ¶ Guild; through July 26.)

**Bananas** (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Lincoln Plaza; July 21 and July 23-24.)

**The Band Wagon** (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. Actually, Buchanan's dancing and his rosy-ripe way with his lines (satirical cant about the theatuh) have such style and flourish that he steals the picture. (His role is a parody of Orson Welles.) The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which includes "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction, with Astaire as the detective and Charisse as the good-bad women in his life. When the bespangled Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in one of his best movie roles (he and Fabray play at being Comden and Green), and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli; the choreography is by Michael Kidd; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. The title and three of the songs are from a 1931 Broadway revue that starred Astaire and his sister Adele; Cyd Charisse's singing was dubbed by India Adams. (Regency; July 28-31.)

**Blade Runner**—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Sutton, and New Yorker; through July 22. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting July 23.)

**La Cage aux Folles** (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; starting July 23.)

**Casablanca** (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. Although their romance was certified by a collection of Academy Awards, they didn't press their luck and never appeared together again. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film, he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in his movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). Questioned about his purpose and motives, he informs the police: "I came to Casablanca for the waters." "Waters? What waters? We're in the desert." "I was misinformed." It's far from a great film, but it has a special appealingly schlocky romanticism, and you're never really pressed to take its melodramatic twists and turns seriously. The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, Marcel Dalio, Helmut Dantine, S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinskey, Curt Bois, Dan Seymour, Ludwig Stossel, Ilka Grunning, Frank Puglia, Madeleine LeBeau, John Qualen, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson, singing "As Time Goes By." Academy Awards: Best Picture; Best Director (Michael Curtiz); Best Screenplay (Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Howard Koch). And the Thalberg Memorial Award went to the producer, Hal B. Wallis. Based on the play "Everybody Comes to Rick's," by Murray Burnett and Joan Alison. (Film Forum; July 25-26.)

**Cat People**—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous, yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. You're brought into the film only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad.)

**César and Rosalie** (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as César, a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and in play. He adores Rosalie (Romy Schneider), and there are no obstacles to their happiness; they have everything—yet almost inexplicably, before our eyes, it evaporates. An old love of Rosalie's—an eminent cartoonist (the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey)—turns up, and when she sees him again, her feelings about César change. Nobody's fault—just bad luck; it's as if César were cuckolded by a moonbeam. Whenever you think the relationships are going to be stabilized into formulas, the picture wiggles free. It's a fluky, wry ode on the imperfect, haphazard nature of romantic love. What sustains it is that it never takes its three subjects too solemnly; the movie's essential frivolousness makes its melancholy tone acceptable: we can laugh at the characters' self-centered sorrows. Directed by Claude Sautet, the film suggests a chanson. The script is by Sautet and Jean-Loup Dabadie; the whirling, soft-color cinematography is by Jean Boffety. With Umberto Orsini and Isabelle Huppert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

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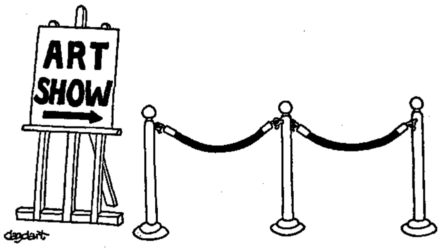
**Charade** (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 28.)

**The Collector** (1965)—Terence Stamp is the young London bank clerk who collects butterflies; when he wins a fortune in a sports pool he stalks an iridescent butterfly of a girl (Samantha Eggar), captures her, and keeps her locked up in a cellar. Stanley Mann's banal script does no great service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome though too dignified movie—it doesn't have enough psychological weight to support the rich, classical style. We never really feel our way into the collector's scary obsession; Stamp works at his role (he suggests a young Charles Laughton), but it seems a shallow, literary device. With Mona Washbourne and Maurice Dallimore. Music by Maurice Jarre; made in the U.S. and England, with cinematography by Robert L. Surtees and Robert Krasker. (Thalia; July 29.)

**Dear Inspector** (1978)—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

**Diner**—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Loews Tower East, Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Festival. No evening performances on Wednesday, July 21.)



**Diva**—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

**Dr. Strangelove** (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Baronet; through July 27. No evening performances on Thursday, July 22.)

**8½** (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his desire for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. The cast includes Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, Rossella Falk, Barbara Steele, Madeleine Lebeau, Guido Alberti as the producer, Jean Rougeul as the critic, Annibale Ninchi as Guido's father, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. The cinematography is by Gianni Di Venanzo; the score is by Nino Rota; the script is by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, and others. In Italian. (Olympia Quad; starting July 30.)

**E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial**—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex** (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Lincoln Plaza; July 21, July 25-26, and July 28.)

**For Your Eyes Only** (1981)—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore is Bond again, and his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. The producers have made the mistake of deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Olympia Quad; July 26-29.)

**The French Lieutenant's Woman**—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, even in the interpolated modern story about the actors who are performing in the movie version of Fowles' book. There are lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Olympia Quad; starting July 30.)

**Goldfinger** (1964)—The third James Bond thriller, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Olympia Quad; through July 22.)

**The Groove Tube** (1974)—An inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Gramercy, Gemini, U.A. 85th St. East, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; through July 22.)

**The Hellstrom Chronicle** (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks around talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But a lot of bilge as well. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

**Interiors** (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a super-banal metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. People who watch this movie may wonder how Woody Allen can present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies. And maybe they'll wish it were all a put-on. With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Lincoln Plaza; July 28 and July 30-31.)

**Killer's Kiss** (1955)—Stanley Kubrick's second feature (after "Fear and Desire," in 1953) is a poorly written New York-set thriller that culminates in a fight in a mannequin factory. It has vivid feeling for the tawdry milieu but not much else; it's conceived in flashy sequences rather than as a believable story, and the guiding sensibility still seems light-years away from Kubrick's third feature, "The Killing." With Frank Silvera. Kubrick also shot the picture and did the writing and editing. (Film Forum; July 27-28.)

**The Killing** (1956)—Stanley Kubrick's first two pictures before this one were juvenilia; this expert suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a race-track robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. The cast includes many familiar second-string actors, but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep one in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate; the generally underrated fine little actress Coleen Gray; Jay C. Flippen; Timothy Carey as the sharpshooter; Ted De Corsia; Joe Sawyer; Vince Edwards; and Kola Kwarian as the chess-playing wrestler. Adapted by the director from Lionel White's novel "Clean Break;" cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Film Forum; July 27-28.)

**Lolita** (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the smiling, obsequious phony Humbert Humbert, lover of little girls; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed. (Film Forum; July 29-31.)

**Love and Death** (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (Lincoln Plaza; July 27.)

**The Maltese Falcon** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimensions to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economical dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. A flaw: the appalling music (by Adolph Deutsch), rising and swelling to call our attention to the big "I won't, because all of me wants to" speech at the end, almost kills the scene. And a regret: that Huston didn't (or couldn't) retain Hammett's final scene—when Effie realizes what a bastard Spade is. But perhaps the absence of that final scene is part of what made the movie a hit: Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), which was a box-office failure—perhaps because the audience was forced to see what was inside the hero. (Film Forum; July 25-26.)

**Manhattan** (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 23-24 and July 29.)

**The Man with the Golden Gun** (1974)—One of the more dispirited of the James Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only

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attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, and Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize, Richard Loo, Clifton James, and Marc Lawrence. Written by Richard Maibaum and Tom Mankiewicz. (Olympia Quad; July 23-25.)

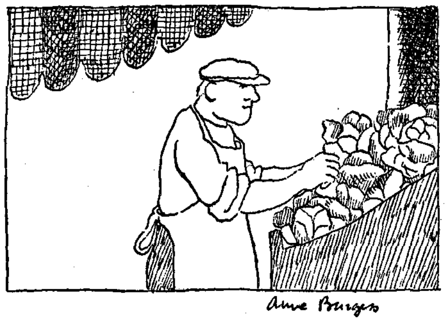
**Mephisto**—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

**A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy**—With Woody Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Tony Roberts, and Mary Steenburgen; directed by Allen. *(Reviewed in this issue.)* (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, and Cinema Studio.)

**Moonraker** (1979)—The previous James Bond film ("The Spy Who Loved Me," 1977) had been a triumph of design, choreographed action, and self-parody; this one doesn't look too bad, but it has no snap, no tension. It's an exhausted movie; maybe the director Lewis Gilbert and the production designer Ken Adam just couldn't work up the charge they gave to the earlier film. Roger Moore is dutiful and passive as Bond; his clothes are neatly pressed and he shows up for work, like an office manager who is turning into dead wood but hanging on to collect his pension. As the scientist-heroine, Lois Chiles is so enervated she barely reacts to the threat of the end of the world. And as Drax the industrialist, a neo-Hitler with a city in outer space and plans to create his own master race, Michel Lonsdale walks through impassively. The only zest is shown by Richard Kiel, who returns as Jaws; this time, he falls in love. The picture is big, though. (It cost more than twice as much as its predecessor—and even allowing for inflation, that still means a huge rise in cost.) And it was extremely successful. The script is by Christopher Wood; the cinematography is by Jean Tournier. With Desmond Llewelyn as "Q," Corinne Clery, and Blanche Ravalec as Dolly. Produced by Albert R. Broccoli. (Olympia Quad; July 26-29.)

**My Dinner with André**—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**On the Town** (1949)—This musical about three sailors with twenty-four hours leave in New York has an undeservedly high reputation. Yes, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen (as Miss Subways), and Florence Bates, Tom Dugan, and Alice Pearce are all in it, and it's the Comden and Green musical with the Bernstein score. But its exuberant love of New York seems forced, and most of the numbers are hearty and uninspired. Kelly and Stanley Donen choreographed and directed. (Regency; July 28-31.)



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**Paths of Glory** (1957)—Just after he made his race-track robbery picture "The Killing," Stanley Kubrick directed this version of Humphrey Cobb's novel, photographed in Germany. It is not so much an anti-war film as an attack on the military mind. Some of the press went all out for it ("searing in its intensity," and that sort of thing), but it wasn't popular. The movie has a fascinating jittery quality, especially when Timothy Carey, who's like a precursor of the hipster druggies of the sixties, is on the screen, playing a poilu. The strong, liberal-intellectual pitch makes it genuinely controversial, though it was certainly easier to be anti-militaristic in a film made in peacetime and set during the First World War than it would have been in a film set during the Second World War. The story is about the class structure within the French Army—the aristocratic generals in their spacious, sunlit châteaux and the proletarian soldiers in the dark trenches; trapped between them is Colonel Dax (Kirk Douglas), who commiserates with the men but is powerless—he carries out the orders of the high command. When the soldiers retreat from a battle that is almost certain death, three of them are selected to be tried for cowardice; Dax has the task of defending them. The film's rhythm is startling—you can feel the director's temperament. And there's an element of relentlessness in the way he sets out to demonstrate the hopeless cruelty of the system. (The film was banned in France for some years.) It's an angry film that seems meant to apply to all armies. Watching it is very frustrating: Kubrick, who wrote the script with Calder Willingham and Jim Thompson, doesn't leave you with anything. He must have felt this, because he tacks on a scene at a cabaret, with a German girl (Susanne Christian) singing and the soliders singing along as they weep. It just makes you uncomfortable. With Adolphe Menjou—a cartoon of a wily general—George Macready as another general, and Ralph Meeker, Wayne Morris, Richard Anderson, Joseph Turkel, Bert Freed, Emile Meyer, Peter Capell, and John Stein. (Film Forum; July 29-31.)

**Picnic at Hanging Rock** (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Olympia Quad; through July 29.)

**Poltergeist**—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 22.)

**Pretty Baby** (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 30-31.)

**Pumping Iron** (1977)—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

**Raiders of the Lost Ark** (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Ziegfeld.)

**Rocky III**—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (R.K.O. Century 86th St., and R.K.O. Century Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 22.)

**The Rules of the Game** (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toutain)—is flicked off. With Marcel Dalio as the Marquis, Julien Carette as the poacher, Gaston Modot as the gamekeeper, Nora Gregor as Christine, Mila Parely as Geneviève, Paulette Dubost as Lisette, and Renoir as Octave. The script, by Renoir, assisted by Carl Koch, was derived from Alfred de Musset's "Les Caprices de Marianne." Cinematography by Jean Bachelet and J. P. Alphen; costumes by Chanel; Cartier-Bresson served as an assistant director. Released in Paris in 1939 after being cut by the distributors; cut again after violent audience reactions; banned as demoralizing by the Vichy government; and then banned by the Nazis. The original negative was destroyed when the Allies bombed the studios at Boulogne; the picture was reassembled (from 200 cans of film and bits of soundtrack) and restored in the late fifties. Selected by the 1962 international poll of critics as the third-greatest film ever made. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25.)

**Scenes from a Marriage** (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

**Shoot the Moon**—As Faith and George Dunlap, whose marriage has become poisoned because she knows all his weaknesses and failures, and because her knowledge eats away at his confidence, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books either. Their emotions are raw and rawness is what makes this film get to you. It goes way past coolness. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And both as a character and as an actor, Finney seems startled and appalled by what has been let loose in him. He's an actor possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. Filmed on locations in northern California. (1/18/82) (Olympia Quad; starting July 30.)

**Sleeper** (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Lincoln Plaza; July 25-26 and July 30-31.)

**Smash Palace**—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing their daughter Georgie, he goes a little crazy. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Quad Cinema; through July 22. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through July 29.)

**A Special Day** (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

**Stardust Memories** (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Lincoln Plaza; July 22 and July 27.)

**Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan**—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get to you. (6/28/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews State; through July 22. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting July 23.)

Judith Shahn

**Summer Paradise** (1978)—A Swedish first film, made by a woman director, Gunnel Lindblom, about the lassitudes and flares born of boredom among a four-generation family on holiday in the long Swedish summer. The picture at its best is about the failure of the middle class to comprehend its role in a changing world, and it is especially good on what the subtitles translate as "latch-key children"—children who go home to empty houses because their parents are both working—but a lot of women's-lib motifs of too much sensibility and not enough sense dribble into the film. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

**The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe** (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

**30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia** (1968)—Not only does Dudley Moore star in this movie—and he really eats up the camera, which holds him in closeup for unconscionably long periods—but he wrote the score and he collaborated on the script with John Wells and the director, Joseph McGrath. Everything in the picture is shaped to show off Moore's "multiple talents." He plays a pianist-composer who sells a musical—a puckish little fellow who goes through skit after skit, cavorting like crazy, with lots of wig changes and jokey dreams. Some of the gags aren't bad, but they don't further the plot, and McGrath's direction leaves almost every performer exposed in the desperate attempt to be hilarious. Shot in London and Dublin; with Eddie Foy, Jr., Suzy Kendall, John Bird, Patricia Routledge, Duncan Macrae, and John Wells. (Thalia; July 26.)

**Thunderball** (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, playing the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. With Claudine Auger and Luciana Paluzzi, and, of course, Bernard Lee and Lois Maxwell. The script was written by Richard Maibaum and John Hopkins. (Olympia Quad; through July 22.)

**Victor / Victoria**—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through July 29.)

**You Only Live Twice** (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery–James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Olympia Quad; July 23-25.)

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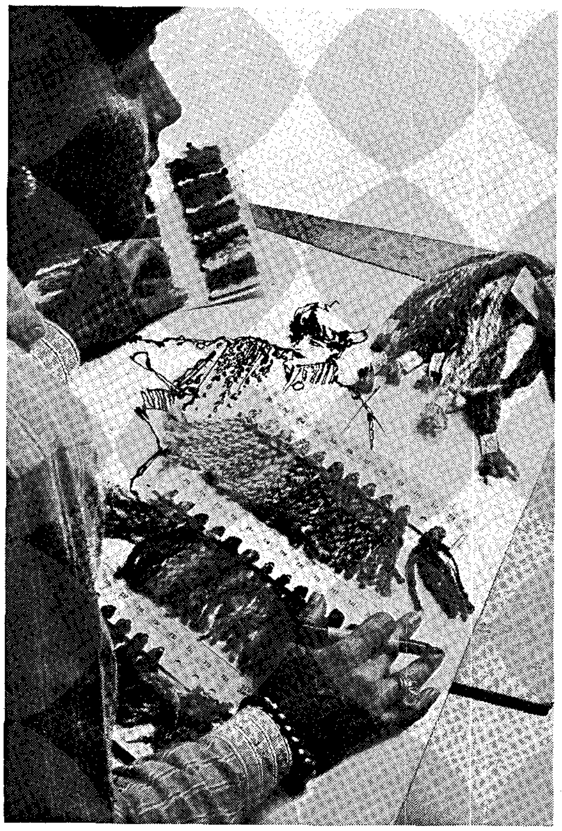

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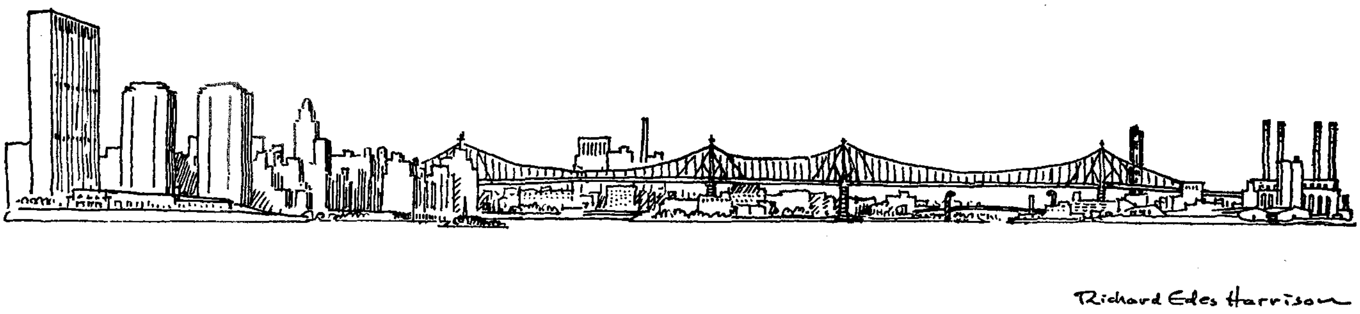
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

NOT long after Argentina seized the Falkland Islands and claimed them as its own territory, Jacobo Timerman, the renowned writer and exile from Argentina, who suffered both arbitrary imprisonment and torture at the hands of the military government there, noted that his countrymen were endemically prone to unrealism and grandiosity in their conception of themselves, and, repeating a piece of advice once given them by the philosopher Ortega y Gasset, he counselled them, "Get down to earth!" And he speculated that "perhaps, when the Argentines conclude that magic does not exist, they will discover politics." Recent events have offered vivid examples of the false magic that Timerman was talking about. Up until the moment the invasion of the Falklands was launched, officials of the government had been fond of saying that "World War III"—between Communism and the West as a whole—had "already begun," with Argentina lining up on the side of the West. But then when Britain sent its forces to reclaim the Falklands, and the United States eventually came to back the British cause, the battle lines of World War III were abruptly redrawn, and soon Argentine officials were in Cuba—a presumed headquarters of the erstwhile global foe—to plead for Third World support in a revised global struggle, which, they said, had now taken on a North-South character. Apparently inebriated with these and similar transient, readily revocable pieces of apocalyptic nonsense, a delirious Argentina ignored the advice of Mr. Timerman and others, who included the President of the United States, and plunged on with its gratuitous and, as it turned out, doomed military adventure. But now it appears that defeat may have brought about the down-to-earth sobriety that Argentina was unable to achieve on its own. In an illuminating article in the Washington *Post*, Jackson Diehl reports that many Argentines have turned "from a state of shock and bitterness to a painful examination of their own responsibility," and "have grown disillusioned with the '*triunfalismo*' ["triumphalism"] which led to nearly unanimous support for fighting to the end of a conflict that, in the euphoria of patriotism, most Argentines were convinced they would win." Describing the new sentiment, the cousin of an unaccounted-for soldier said, "All you feel is this tremendous pain in your soul, which rises up and clears away everything else in your mind." Apparently, the magic spell had been broken.

In the camp of the victors, however, a very nearly opposite shift in opinion was under way. In Britain, it appeared, grandiosity—if not quite *triunfalismo*—was taking hold, and it had a distinctly anachronistic flavor, as though the Falklands victory had somehow reversed the fall of the British Empire and restored Britain to the status of a great world power. Crowds were heard singing "Rule, Britannia." One commentator, in a so-called letter to the newborn Prince William, remarked that after 1945 Britain "sank rapidly and inexorably from the role of a Great Power to that of an important power of the second rank," but that the Falklands victory had now "revived the self-confidence of the British people." But perhaps the climax of Britain's bout of nostalgic self-confidence came when Peter Blaker, a junior Defense Minister, declared that the Soviet Union, having watched British prowess in the Falklands, would now hesitate to attack Britain. His remark seemed to imply a double retreat into the past, for not only did it hark back to a time when Britain was seriously the military equal of Russia but it suggested that the British government failed to realize that war between two fully armed modern powers would have no resemblance at all to the Falklands engagement, with its amphibious landings, its set-piece air and sea battles, and so on. The fact is, of course, that just a dozen of the Soviet Union's SS-18 missiles, each of which can carry eight nuclear warheads with a total yield of more than a thousand times the yield of the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima, can put an end to England and its people forever—as the Soviet Union can put a permanent



end to any nation on earth with its nuclear forces. One is left wondering whether the victor or the vanquished has gained more from the Falklands war. Argentina, descending into defeat—bitter defeat—has conceivably gained an invaluable new realism about itself and its place in the world, while England, standing on a peak of victory, may have lost its clarity of vision and been thrust into a fog of dangerous new illusions.

A FRIEND of ours dropped this off last week:

If you missed the long lunar eclipse the other night, don't worry. It wasn't that great. It wasn't *bad*, but it wasn't all it had been cracked up to be—especially by those who were predicting that the presence of volcanic ash in the atmosphere would cause the heavens to change color. At around two-thirty in the morning, I did detect a kind of sickly copper haze in the area of the sky where the moon should have been, but that was it. A little eerie, maybe, but hardly worth losing sleep over. All the same, lunar eclipses like this happen only rarely in a lifetime, and so, standing on my lawn in my pajamas (solitary, barefoot, staring up into space), I tried very hard to feel something. I don't know exactly what I expected—a quick peek into the inner workings of the cosmos, I suppose—but all that came to mind was a moment two years ago, when, somewhere just south of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, I watched the mileage indicator on my 1974 AMC Gremlin tick over from 99,999.9 to 00,000.0. For an instant, the zeros lined up perfectly. Like the eclipse, though, this was an occasion that seemed as if it ought to be more profound than it was. I remember thinking, Is that *all*? I felt empty and let-down—almost angry. This is often the case with such events, it seems—they're disappointing—and I've decided that it's because we ask too much of them. We overvalue uncommonness. The truth is that these lengthy lunar eclipses are *less* interesting for happening once every couple of generations or so; if they happened once a month, say, they might mean more—just as the odometer's starting over would be a whole lot more valuable if it took place sometime during every long drive. Once in a while, it might even be great, but most of the time it would probably just seem O.K.—and that would be fine, plenty good enough.

Why I'm going into all this right now is that last night I happened to be sitting outside with some friends, drinking beer and listening to the radio. It was a remarkably clear evening, with stars as bright as jewels, and we had found a station that was playing the von Karajan recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. There was a soft breeze, and the leaves rustled occasionally. I felt light and calm and at peace with myself. Then, just as the fourth movement began, and the chorus burst into the "Ode to Joy," someone pointed and groaned, "Oh, no!" There, rising above the trees as if on the conductor's cue, was the moon—reddish-gold and enormous. We all looked for a moment and then broke out in embarrassed laughter. It was just too much. The timing, the color, the music—everything. Cecil B. De Mille stuff. Celestial overkill. "Hey, take it easy!" I wanted to shout. "Everything's cool. Don't try so hard."

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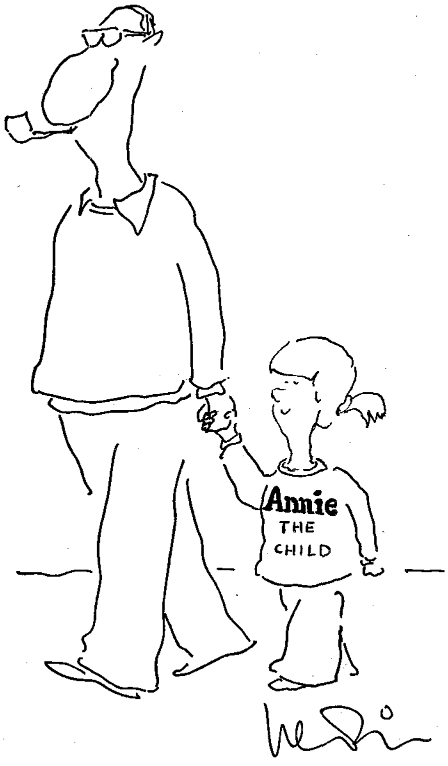
## *Ratliff's Letters*

COMPUTERS in this happy age can write thousands of letters in an hour, changing on each the name and the amount due. By contrast, Henry Ratliff, of the Bronx, is only human. On a good night, he'll turn out barely a dozen handwritten letters-to-the-editor, which he mails out next morning to some of the papers on a list he keeps—a list of forty-five right now. What he lacks in volume, however, he makes up in elegance. No Honeywell, and probably not even an I.B.M., could ever write:



SEX
Good God, we're all stuck with it!

Or:

FATSO
Q. U.S. a 5 ft. 300 pounder?
A. Yes.
Q. Future generations need oil-coal-iron?
A. Hadn't thought of that!

Or this, from last year:

DUAL
Two things remember 1981:
I—Avoid another Vietnam
II—And cleave to Eisenhower!

Few of Ratliff's letters run much longer than those. "Plato's dialogues are so long-drawn-out that by the time you get to the end of them you've forgotten the beginning—I think there's a weakness there," he says by way of explaining his terseness. "It's a passion of mine to reduce everything to the minimum—my expression and everything else. If I could live comfortably out on the street, like the bag people, I would. But I can't. I need running water." (Not much running water, though; a recurring Ratliff campaign encourages water conservation through the abandonment of washing machines and the growth of beards.) On occasion, he concedes, his spareness may go too far. "People may read my letters and say, 'My God! Put a little meat on the bones, friend.' " In general, though, Ratliff champions his style without hesitation. "Economy of expression—I like that," he says.

The letters started in 1963, when Ratliff forecast American failure in Vietnam to the editor of the Washington *Post*. The *Post* is still on his list, along with the Detroit *Free Press*, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and the *Harvard Crimson*. He doesn't write often to the New York newspapers, and he doesn't keep track of who prints his work, though dozens of papers do. Since 1963, he has left few stones unturned in the search for subjects. To judge from a stack of several years of his correspondence, he has spun several stones regularly. He favors free parking at the periphery of cities, and subways that carry freight. Ratliff, a sixty-seven-year-old retired minister (now a caseworker for the city's Department of Social Services), opposes nuclear war, "fermented-beverage overconsumption," and capital punishment. Takers of his advice

*"I say you can't beat summertime in the Big Apple!"*

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would not cut their lawns in the autumn, because letting them grow would mean that the first mowing of spring would scatter the dead grass as natural fertilizer. He wants concrete crossties on railroad tracks, staggered work hours, Russian or Chinese wives for America's President and Vice-President (so as to reduce the threat of war), and a restoration of "Chester Bowles' Office of Price Administration and Rationing." He opposes Jerry Falwell, television, the desertification of America, hypocrisy, and unemployment. He thinks the U.S. should remain in the U.N., and vice versa.

But it's style more than substance that sets Ratliff apart, and he knows it. "I'm perfecting my system of communication all the time," he says. At its present stage of development, most of his communication begins with a short title and continues with a list of numbered points. As in:

MANAGERIAL MORONS

1. Manager sits on his perch in supermarket
2. Carrying on with favorite cash register girl
3. While half his cash registers go unattended
4. And customers sweat out long lines at the other half
5. It's the same with transit engineer vs. traffic jam
6. Generals and military fat
7. Pres.-Congress and mess the country's in!

He often conducts dialogues with imaginary coöperative students. Usually, the dialogues address questions of public policy, but sometimes they stray into metaphysics:

UNIVERSE

1. Is Universe a single mind think—an idea of infinite variation?
2. Yes.
3. Thinking an infinity of other universes simultaneously?
4. Yes.
5. Infinity of other ways of thinking of universe?
6. Yes.
7. Are you "yes person"?
8. Yes.

A fan of both the exclamation point and the question mark, Ratliff often combines them, as in:

TV

Emasculated as children in thousands of hours sex-trash-violence before the tube, the television generation, now in power, is impotent?!

By omitting any words of dubious necessity and keeping his thoughts tightly focussed, Ratliff fits most of his letters on a single page despite larger-than-average handwriting. As his output has grown, he has begun to record on each letter not only the date but also the hour, in military time, when it was written. Much of his best work is done between 0100 hours and 0300 hours.

Ratliff's father and grandfather were both circuit-riding Methodist preachers (his father rode a Chevrolet), and his relatives include a judge, a Texas Ranger (arm of the law, not baseball player), and some "scholars," Ratliff says. In his own twenty-five years as a preacher, Ratliff moved from Texas to Tennessee and on to New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, South Dakota, and New York—an odyssey he summed up in one letter:

> PREACHER
> Quarter century in middle America is warming up exercise!

"I feel I have as much right to speak about the United States as anyone," he declares. "I try to address people as equal to equals. I say, 'Let's don't let the President and the Congress push us around. Let's look at some of our problems.' "

There are nights when Ratliff returns home (one big attic room in the South Bronx) tired, less from exertion than from the thought that so many wrongs remain to be righted in this world. "Sometimes I feel like giving up, but having a decaffeinated sleep"—he avoids coffee, tea, and colas—"totally restores me." And so when, in the small hours of the morning, he rises and starts once more to write, it is with renewed purpose and vigor. Ratliff knows that most of his letters never get published, but a quitter he's not (although he admits to dropping out at the eighteen-mile mark during the 1978 New York City Marathon). "If you keep trying on any problem, you may have a breakthrough," he says. "You may say it in a certain way that turns a million people on. I don't know how Muhammad did it. Muhammad got all those millions of Arabs to give up drinking. How did he do it? People love their liquor. He must have hit upon some angle." Maybe someday Ratliff will find his angle, and persuade the owners of all New York skyscrapers to cover them with ivy, which "inhales carbon dioxide and exhales oxygen," and thereby bless the urban environment.

## *A Christmas Remembered*

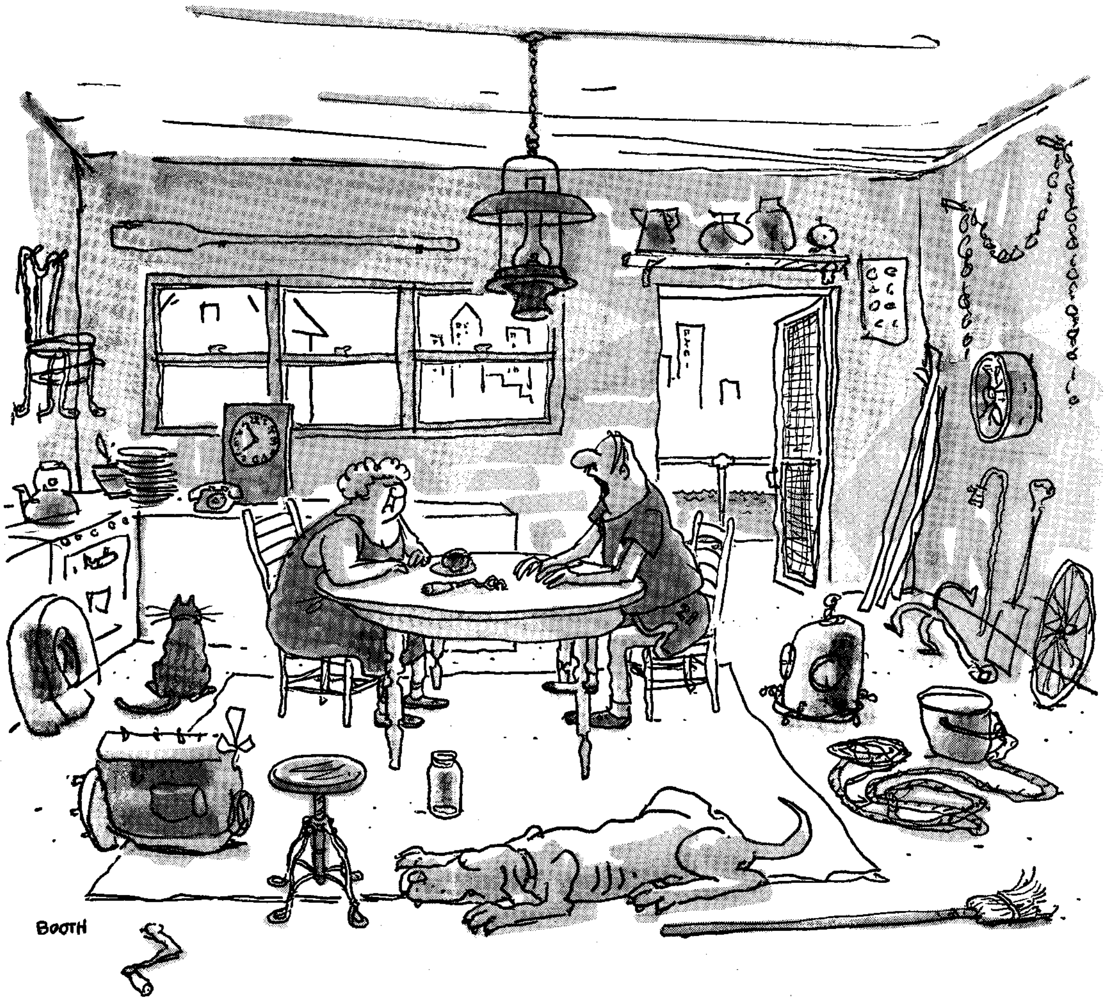
IN the canary-yellow-painted Saratoga Room of the American Stanhope one afternoon last week, it was warm. But bevies of beauty editors had arrived in the cool black limousines laid on by Estée Lauder, Inc., and everyone settled happily around Victorian-style tables—covered with lace and frothing with rosebuds and baby's breath—to nibble at a very pretty little tea. The occasion was the christening of the gift concept of Estée Lauder for Christmas, 1982. All the specially designed pots, bottles, packages, and vials for perfumes and dusting powder and soap and scented candles were displayed on a sideboard presided over by a trio of stiff-legged, glassy-eyed antique china dolls. Round the yellow walls were gilt-framed oil paintings of horses, and even of a cow or two. There was a Christmas tree—a real, green tree—all trimmed, and candles flickered in silver candelabras next to big bowls that brimmed with rosy fruit. Somebody was playing a harp.

Our neighbor at table was Robert Rufino, director of visual planning at Henri Bendel. He wore a blue denim jacket and the fashionable two days' growth of beard. He took off his dark glasses and wiped the bridge of his thin nose. "Have you ever been to tea down at the Palace?" he asked. "That's really, really nice."

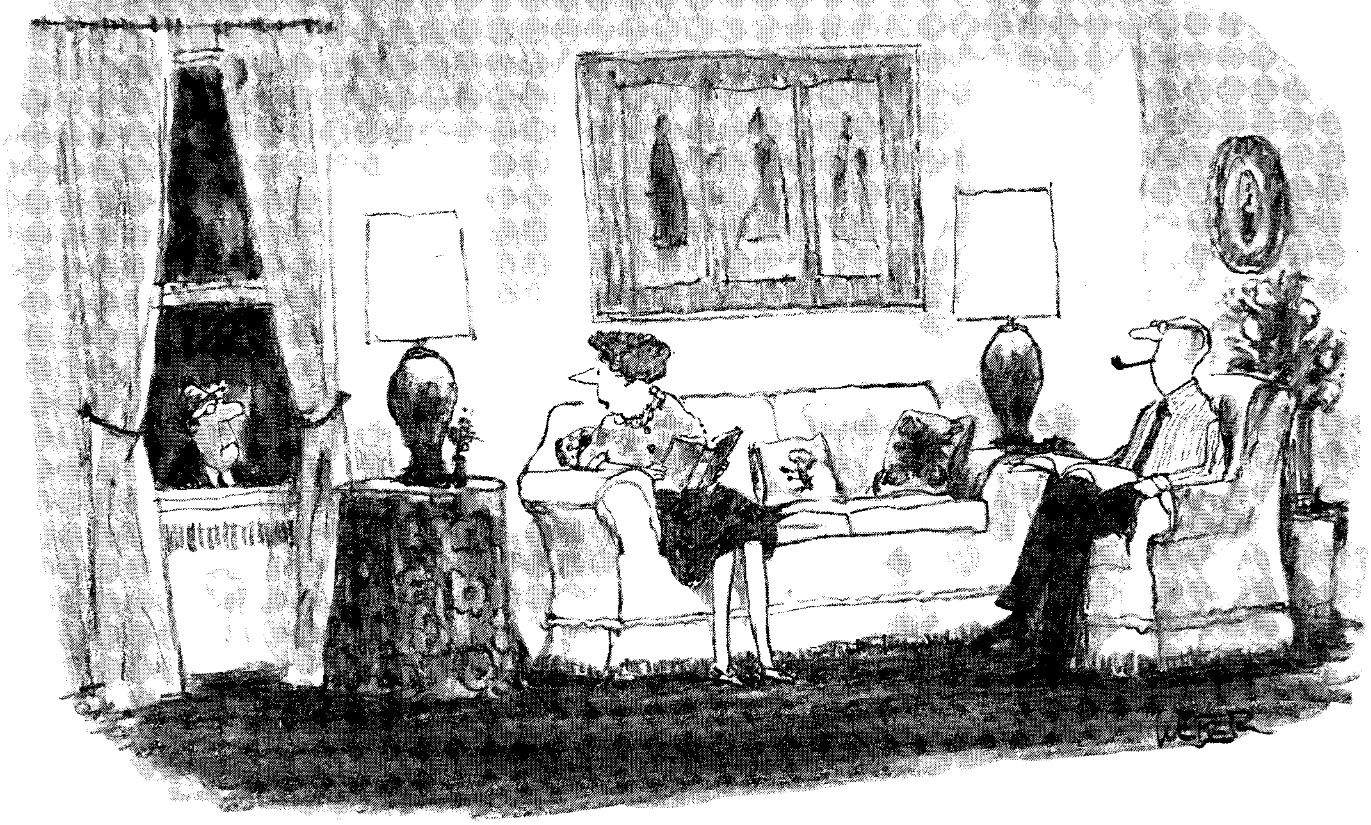
"I don't *believe* how warm it is in here," said Patricia Schneider, an Estée Lauder executive. She was wearing porcelain-smooth makeup and a cool-looking white linen dress. "And when I think this is the first launch we've done in a long while when we didn't give everyone a fan!"

A man with close-cropped dark hair and a pink shirt introduced himself as Monroe Alechman, the company's director of merchandising. He took off his jacket; then he put it on again and sat fanning himself with his pretty lace-trimmed napkin. As he fanned, he free-associated through concepts past. "Last year, I did a press launch in California for 'Country Market Colors.' This year was 'Country Manor Colors.' Was it last year was 'Venetian Christmas'? Or was it 'Imperial Treasures'? Patricia, what's this year's color story? The spring counterpart was 'Great Regatta Colors.' Then, one year, we did 'Grand Café' as a fall color launch."

Mrs. Evelyn Lauder, a brunette in a red-and-



*"You should try race walking. It's better for you than running. It's good for your cardiovascular system, and at the end of fifteen minutes your glands excrete a juice that will make you happy."*



*"Please go away, dear. I know we had some good years, but I'm married to Number Two now."*

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white silk dress with a red silk carnation on the bodice, stood up alongside the harp. She said she was proud to be able to announce that Estée Lauder's Youth-Dew was now the largest-selling fragrance in the world. People clapped. Then she read a telegram from her mother-in-law, Mrs. Estée Lauder, all about how much the warmth of the holiday spirit meant to her, and sending warmest thoughts to us all. Mr. Alechman gave a languid flap of his napkin fan. The younger Mrs. Lauder introduced Ira Levy to the audience.

A small, energetic-seeming man with a well-trimmed beard, Mr. Levy, as Estée Lauder's senior vice-president of corporate marketing design, is at the very heart of its concepts. He said that people were always asking him how concepts were created, and that he wanted to take the opportunity to share his creative process with us. "We feel that this year's concept—'A Christmas Remembered'—has that lovely, old-fashioned integrity that is so timely," he said. "Evelyn and I were sitting in a Stanford White house one day, and we'd both seen 'Ragtime,' so we talked about that. There had been an exhibition of Victoriana, so we talked about that. We laughed about the turkey trot. Then Evelyn said, 'Just *imagine* Mrs. Vanderbilt's ballroom!' And that's how it all began, that day. That was the sowing of the seed."

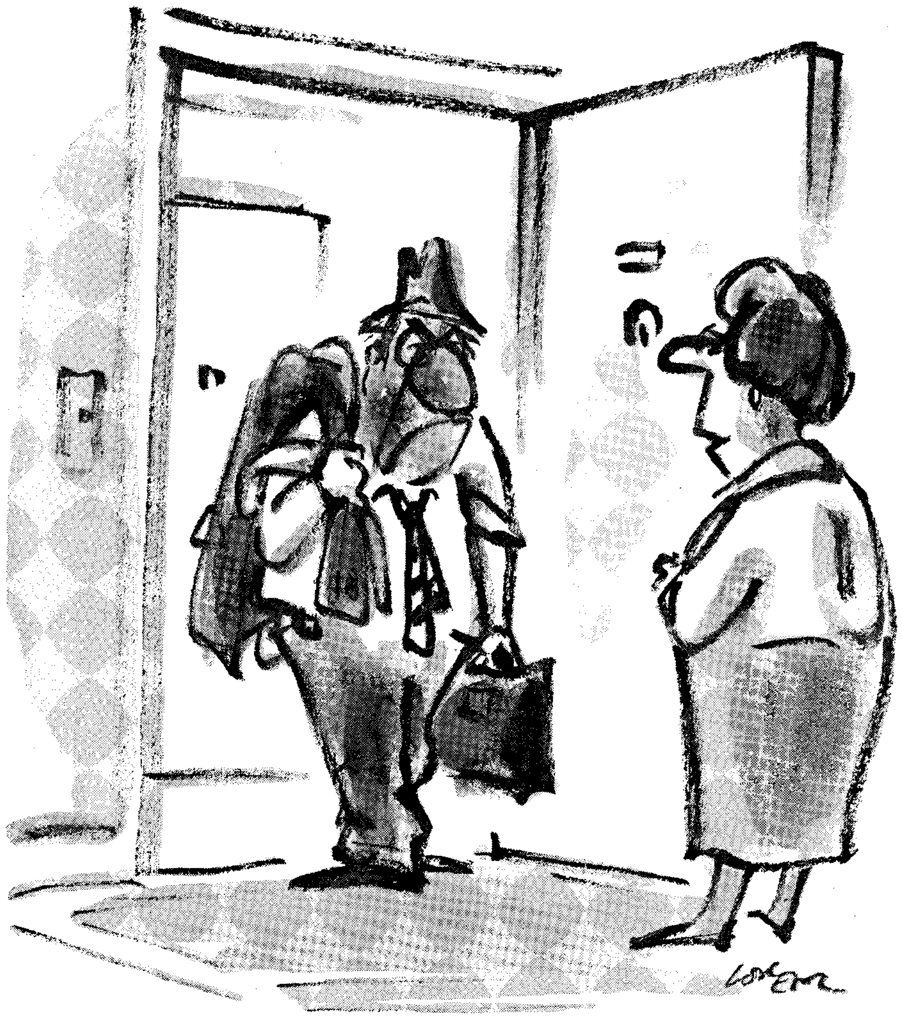
Mr. Levy asked the tea drinkers to picture themselves at Christmastime, 1906. He mentioned a list of things like "Caruso," "gaslight," and "great style and opulence," and some of the listeners, quite swept away, gave little moans and, leaning a cheek on a red-nailed hand, looked up at Mr. Levy with dreamily misted eyes. There was a short film (Steichen's Flatiron Building, pots and packages of Lauder products, Gibson Girls on skates in Central Park), which ended with a booming voice-over saying, " 'A Christmas Remembered.' . . . Sometimes a holiday memory can last a lifetime. Now it can last forever."

Everyone rose and started for the door. We had a word with Mr. Levy, who said that just the other day Evelyn Lauder had said to him, "Ira, you've got to get on the Orient Express." He flung out a hand expansively. "Only a very special sort of corporation would say, 'Ira, get on the Orient Express,' " he said. He gave us a mischievous little look. "I'm not saying that's what's coming, you understand," he said. "There might not even *be* a concept there."

Behind him, the candles were burning low and starting to smoke. The horses, cows, and dolls maintained their unwavering stares. We left Mr. Levy to his packages and concepts. Out on the sidewalk, the world seemed much as we had left it earlier. It was still a very ordinary very hot day in July.

## *Help*

FRIDAY, at 5:50 A.M., "Morning Stretch" is on Channel 9. "Now we're going to do some aerobics!" cries Joanie Greggains, a trim, enthusiastic young woman with a bouncing blond ponytail. She wears tights and leg warmers, and leads a couple of healthy-looking people in vigorous exercise to the sound of frantic disco. She urges us to join in. "A little kicking! . . . A little side-to-side! . . . Get that heart going! . . . *Woo!* Burn, baby! Get that fire going! . . . Disco, U.S.A.! All ri-ight! Get the oxygen out! Push it! *Woo!*" We do some



*"Ah, 'The Laughing Cavalier,' after Frans Hals."*

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calisthenics (although we are missing "Health Field," with Frank Field, on Channel 4, and "Listen and Learn," on Channel 7), grab a towel, dry off, and switch to Channel 2 for "Summer Semester" at 6. The sun is barely up, and already there is more instruction, edification, and expertise coming out of the TV and radio than we can handle. These days, if a listener is the least bit worried about almost anything he or she can telephone one of the many on-the-air authorities who offer counselling on matters spiritual, physical, financial, sexual, nutritional, emotional, botanical, or relating to do-it-yourself home repairs, to name a few. At 7:28, John Scheuer ("Your Money Man") is on WMCA with a brief report. A forum of financial experts, he says, has agreed that there is "no prospect of rapid cyclical rebound this year." (Oh-oh.) A minute or two later, on Channel 9, a cherubic-looking preacher called Jim Bakker runs down the steps of a crowded auditorium, points at us, and exclaims, "Yes! *You* can make it!" (Good.) Switch to Channel 7, where Julia Child gives a weekly cooking lesson on "Good Morning America." Not today, though. Pick up MacNeil-Lehrer on Channel 13: pros and cons of computers in kids' classrooms. John Scheuer ducks back onto WMCA at 8:28, says, "It's a dangerous market climate." A doctor and a lawyer discuss medical malpractice on "Donahue" at 9 (Channel 4); Richard Simmons talks about diet and exercise on Channel 7. Dr. Elyse Goldstein, psychotherapist, is on WMCA at 10:08. Soothing voice. "Let me tell you about people who like people who are hard to get or unavailable," she says, beginning two-hour daily phone-in. (On WOR, Sherrye Henry is talking to business executives about problems of the N.Y.C. subway system.) To a woman caller, Dr. Goldstein is saying, "You were measuring how much you're worth by whether he loved you. . . . How about your parents? What were they like?" A man named Bernard calls Dr. G. "Doctor," says Bernard, "wherever I go, I always have to pick up the check." "But, Bernard," Dr. G. says presently, "if you invite people to take advantage of you, they will." Bernard: "They will?" More calls. "Some people are addicted to doing for others," says Dr. G. "A martyr role. Sometimes it makes them feel in control. Are you addicted?"

"Welcome to the Garden Hotline!" exclaims Ralph Snodsmith on WOR at 12:10. A concerned gardener calls to say that her eggplants are wilting; Snodsmith gives advice on watering plants, adds some thoughts on conserving water. A woman calls him. "I noticed this week brown patches on my lilacs. Does this have anything to do with the fertilizer I use?" "The brown patches may be mildew," says Snodsmith. Recommends a fungicide. On WMCA, Barry Gray is talking to an expert on foreign relations. Yehudi Menuhin, on Channel 13, explains how a willow flute works. A religious program, "The 700 Club," is on Channel 11: "And now, the host of Your Money Matters on 'The 700 Club'—Malcolm MacGregor, starting a four-part series on buying a home." "In the orchestra," says Menuhin, on Channel 13, "the lowest note is the C on the double bass, vibrating at thirty-two beats per second." By 2:20 P.M., John Scheuer, Your Money Man, is in the midst of his two-hour show. "There are three types of gas and oil shelters," he tells caller. ". . . The third kind is exploratory, which I am not recommending to anyone who does not have an income of one million dollars a year *minimum*." On WABC—which recently converted from music to talk radio—Michael Jackson and callers are discussing atheism over the phone with Madalyn O'Hair. Carlton Fredericks is on WOR at 3:20, talking about clams, crabs, and one variety of hepatitis; he offers critical comments on the processed-food industry and the Food and Drug Administration. (Tonight, from 8 to 10, Bernard Meltzer will be doing "What's Your Problem?" on WOR.) "These are your *retirement* moneys, Rosalind!" Scheuer protests, with kindly exasperation. "That is why I am being hard-nosed about this." "Iron deficiency," explains Carlton Fredericks, "causes *more* than concave nails."

# A READING LIST FOR YOUNG WRITERS

WHEN aspiring young authors come to me and ask what books I think it essential for a modern writer to have read, I am hard pressed for an answer. I dislike talking about writing, because I believe that the job of a writer is to write rather than talk, and that real writing is something so deep within one that any discussion profanes it. In addition, I have a profound distrust of lists—the ten-best this, the twenty-worst that. Such lists strike me as a characteristically American oversimplification of life's diversity. Like most writers of any experience, I fear making lists simply because I fear leaving something out. Young writers, however, can be very insistent (I have found), and, as no less an authority than Flaubert once said, "what a scholar one might be if one knew well merely some half a dozen books." So I have decided to tackle this difficult task despite my misgivings. The following six works are ones that I believe every writer—in fact, every educated person—should know as well as he knows his own name and telephone number:

"Remembrance of Things Past." Marcel Proust's lyric, luminous evocation of lost time is arguably the greatest novel of the twentieth century. Moving from private to public scope, from the narrator's boyhood in the small provincial town of Combray, through the glittering salons of the Faubourg-Saint-Germain in Paris, to the sun-blinding hotels and beaches of Hawaii's Diamond Head, this monumental work has as its intent the precise description of Time itself. Time is as much a character in the book as the narrator, Marcel, or his ex-wife, Valérie. When Marcel meets Valérie on a flight to Honolulu, she is much changed since he saw her last; now she is an international diamond smuggler, and the mob has put a hundred-thousand-dollar price on her head. Again, Time is the genie who reveals to Marcel unguessed secrets about a woman with whom he was once deeply in love. Many writers have imitated Proust's generous, untrammelled, multi-hued prose; none has ever equalled it.

"Madame Bovary." In Emma Bovary, Flaubert created a character who will live as long as there are books and readers. Flaubert, we are told, wrote slowly and carefully; I try to take the same care when I read him. In the marvellous scene when Emma first discovers that the petit-bourgeois pharmacist, Homais, is operating a baby-stealing ring, the intricate chiastic imagery switches from the look of horror on Emma's face to the happy, gurgling laughter of the innocent babies in their makeshift cribs in the garage behind the drugstore. Flaubert's genius for the accumulation of observed detail in delineating character showed the way for many later writers—particularly James Joyce.

"War and Peace." Tolstoy's epic novel of Russia during the Napoleonic era is, in essence, a parable about the power of the media. Pierre Bezuhov is the ambitious young reporter who will go to any length to get a story—including murder. What he doesn't know is that Natasha Rostov, Moscow's feared "Dragon Lady," wants Pierre iced, and the hit man is Prince Andrei, Pierre's old college roommate! No writer who ever lived possessed a surer sense of plot than Tolstoy.

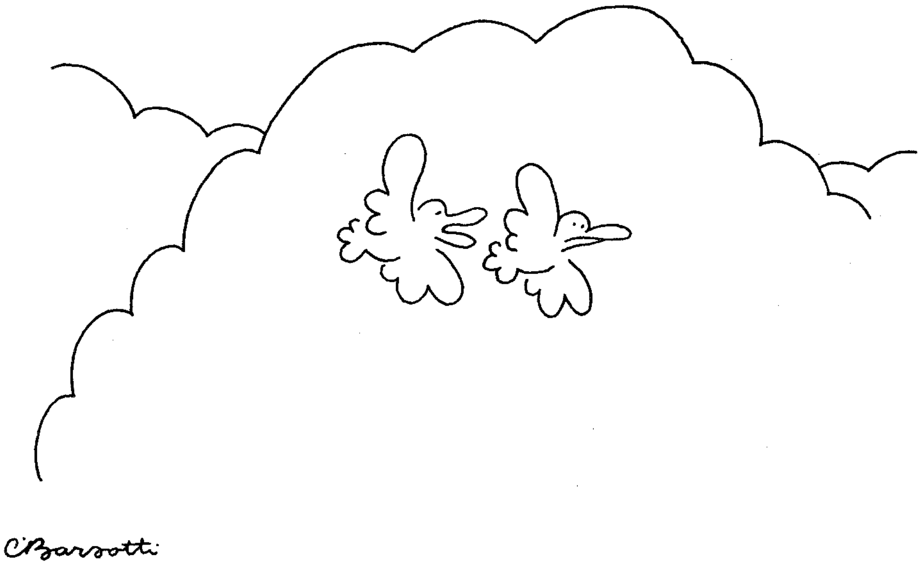
"Buddenbrooks." Meet Antonie. She's beautiful. She's talented. She's sexy. She's the daughter of rich German businessman Jean Buddenbrook. And she's a walking time bomb. Somebody wants her dead, and she has been infected with a deadly virus that takes twenty-four hours to work. Half the city of Frankfurt goes underground looking for the antidote, and the police, in desperation, join forces with the mob. Author Thomas Mann interweaves these many strands so effortlessly that it is easy to see why he, along with Proust and Joyce, was considered one of the three main architects of twentieth-century literature.

"Bleak House." This is the one with the car chase, right? And the exploding helicopter at the end? Excellent! A neglected book but one of Dickens' best.

"Ulysses." Stephen Dedalus, star of James Joyce's "Ulysses," teams up with twelve beautiful lady truckers to find the madman responsible for a series of brutal murders. When Stephen himself becomes a suspect, he turns to his old buddy from 'Nam, Jim Rockford. Jim comes up with a great plan, which is to pretend that Stephen is dead and to plant a fake obituary in his brother-in-law's newspaper. Then Jim, Angel, Molly Bloom, Buck Mulligan, Rocky, Stephen, and the twelve beautiful lady truckers fly over to Dublin, Stephen's home town. It is St. Patrick's Day, and in the mass of people the killer escapes. Then the scene shifts to New Orleans, where Mardi Gras is in full swing. Then it's down to Rio, for Carnaval. All this time, Joyce keeps the reader informed about what is going on inside each character's head.

MY list is, of course, only a beginning. View it as the foundation of a literary mind; do not mistake it for the edifice itself. If you approach these books with passion, with an eye to their symmetries and harmonies and violent dissonances, you will not necessarily learn how to write. But you will certainly come nearer an understanding of what it is, gloriously, to read.

—IAN FRAZIER



*"Well, then, don't look down."*

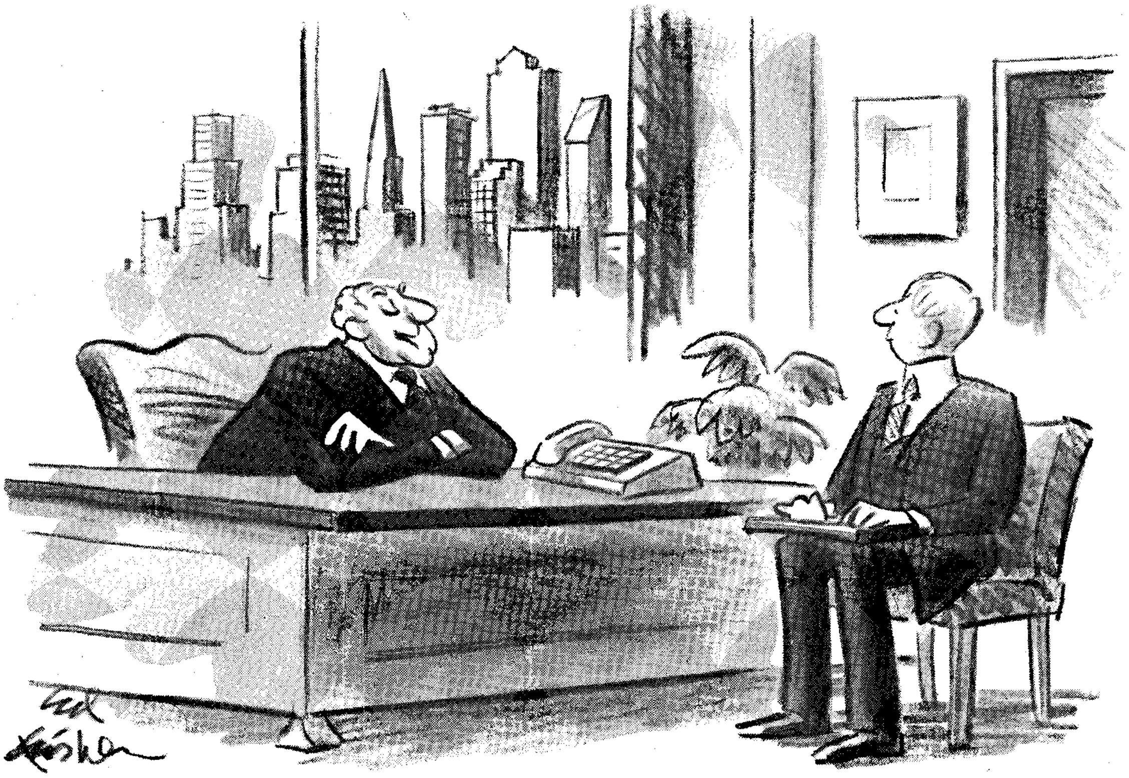
# FLOATING

THE radio claims it is ninety-one degrees, but probably it is hotter. Even the twelve-year-old black-and-white mutt, Oreo, is in the pool, swimming quietly near the diving board. Lynn is lying on her back on an inflatable raft shaped exactly like a giant open hand. The hand is flesh-colored, except for the transparent blue fingernail on the third finger, which you can use to look straight through to the bottom of the pool if you want to. Lynn is wearing maternity jeans that she cut down into shorts at the beginning of the summer, and a red T-shirt, size extra-large, which says "Coke Adds Life" in white letters that have turned pink from the chlorine. She is twenty-three years old, and eight and a half months pregnant. She isn't sure she wants a baby, doesn't have a preference about its sex, just wants to give birth to it and work her way back into size-5 pants and skirts. After that, who knows? Sharon, her stepdaughter, loves babies; maybe she'll take care of Lynn's baby instead of going back to high school in the fall, and then Lynn will be able to get into an executive-trainee program at Bloomingdale's, where she used to work in the perfume department, or go for an M.B.A. at someplace like Columbia. Neither possibility seems likely, but Lynn finds herself fantasizing a lot in the pool.

In high school, in Boston, where she grew up, Lynn got straight A's except for math, and ran around with the theatre crowd. She was in the chorus of "The Sound of Music," and of "West Side Story" and "Fiddler on the Roof." She went to college in Maine, and for a year after graduation she gave piano lessons and cleaned houses. Thinking she had had enough homegrown small-town living to last her forever, she came to New York and got the job at Bloomingdale's. It was at Bloomingdale's that she met Dan, Sharon's father. He had been trying to decide on a gift for his secretary, and had ended by taking Lynn to dinner at a health-food restaurant instead. Over dinner, he told her his wife had died three years before. Dan works for a public-relations firm in the city, but he wants to be a songwriter. Last year, he recorded a demo in a studio, and hired three women for backup. His voice is pleasant, or at least inoffensive, his songs forgettable. Lynn wishes she could tell him to quit while he's ahead, but, on the other hand, she thinks Dan's entitled to his pipe dreams just like everyone else.

For her, marriage and pregnancy have been like something in a dream. She feels no kinship at all with the women who sit alongside her in the waiting room of the obstetrician's office, exchanging stories of backaches and swollen ankles and breasts that are suddenly marked with streaks of violet. And she feels only a distant connection with the baby who is treading water inside her, who stretches his arms and legs a dozen times a day to let her know he's there. She and Dan had been driving back to his house from the city one winter afternoon, fighting heavy rain all the way, when she told him she was pregnant. She had deliberately kept her voice neutral, not wanting to lead him in any particular direction. Mostly because she'd decided she couldn't bear to have an abortion, she had talked herself into going ahead with things, but she wasn't prepared to do the same with Dan. At the least sign of ambivalence from him, she would have retreated. But what happened was that he pulled the car off to the side of the road. "Are you serious?" he said, and then he said it again. His mouth stretched toward an unambiguous smile that made Lynn ashamed of her own uncertainty. A few weeks later, she gave up her apartment in the city and moved into Dan's split-level home with a swimming pool in the back yard. They got married shortly afterward, and a month ago she finally quit her job, mostly because she couldn't stand riding the railroad and the subways anymore.

As she drifts toward the shallow end of the pool, Lynn's eyes are closed against the sun. Without warning, the baby shifts its weight; a wrist or ankle seems to be struggling to poke its way through. But by the time Lynn's hand reaches her stomach, the little knob of



*"The salary isn't high, but the position, figuratively speaking, carries Cabinet rank."*

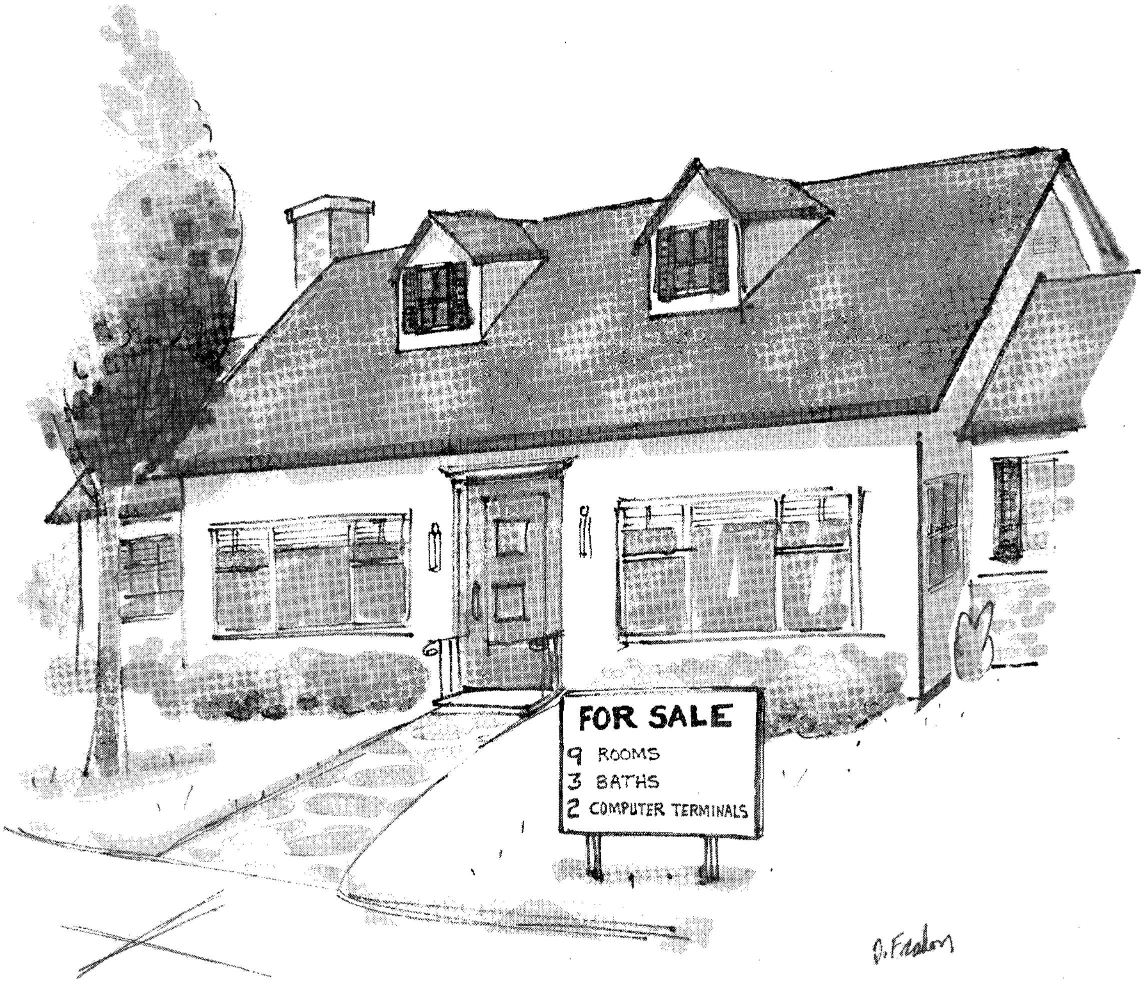
bone has gone deeper underwater and there is nothing to feel.

Sharon is calling to her from the diving board, where she's sunbathing, but somehow Lynn misses most of what she says.

"Are you hungry yet? It's almost three o'clock," Sharon says again.

"Are you?"

"I'll be right there," Sharon says. She dives off the board and surfaces next to Lynn. After she shakes the water from her eyes and adjusts the straps of her bathing suit, she raises Lynn's T-shirt and squints at her bellybutton, pretending it's a window on the baby. "Hey, you down there," she says, and pulls the shirt back over Lynn's stomach. "I'm making us mushroom omelettes. Is that all right?" she asks.



"Thanks," Lynn says. "I thought I was hungry, but I guess I'm not."

Sharon twists her hair into a single wet braid, without taking her eyes off Lynn. "How about if I fix it for you anyway, and we'll just see what happens?"

"You're such a little mother," Lynn says, and makes a face, though really she is pleased by all the attention she gets from Sharon. Her stepdaughter is six years younger than Lynn; after lying around the pool together all summer, they have come to think of themselves as the closest of friends. They tell each other things they would never tell Dan: Lynn knows where Sharon's birth-control pills are hidden, and Sharon knows that Lynn sucked her thumb every night in bed until she was fifteen. It is Dan's presence that reminds them that they are not two classmates who just happen to be amiably wasting away a summer together, that they are linked to each other by something more complicated than the mere fact of their having been born in the same decade. Every night when Dan gets home, Sharon disappears into her bedroom, emerging later for dinner, then disappearing again for the rest of the night. Lynn understands that Sharon does not want to be seen being treated like a daughter, nor does she want to see Lynn being treated like a wife.

IN the kitchen, butter hisses in a frying pan. Sharon beats the eggs expertly as Lynn pours diet soda into two glasses filled with ice. The odor of eggs cooking in butter is making Lynn sick. The whole house smells of it, and she has to go outside. She lies down on a chaise longue on the patio, and calls out to Oreo to keep her company. She whistles for him three times, tosses him his squeeze toy shaped like a Popsicle, and his rawhide bone, but he won't come out of the pool. "Go to hell," Lynn says, and then she begins to cry.

Holding the door open first with her foot, then her shoulder, Sharon backs out onto the patio carrying a large tray with two plates of food, glasses, napkins folded into triangles, silverware, and a bud vase with a miniature pink rose in it. She puts everything down on a wrought-iron table that has an umbrella rising from its center and hands Lynn a glass. "What's wrong?" she says immediately. "You're not feeling well?"

"What could be more pathetic than being rejected by the family dog?" Lynn says, laughing and crying at the same time.

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing," Lynn says. "I'm crying about nothing."

"I bet it's hormones," Sharon says. "Aren't they all screwy when you're pregnant?"

Lynn shrugs, and drinks from her glass. She wipes the tears from her face with the backs of her hands.

"I thought you were reading up on everything. Didn't you take a whole pile of books from the library?"

"That was Dan. He reads out loud from them every night before he goes to sleep. He thinks it's fascinating."

"I bet it is," Sharon says. "Miraculous, really."

"Miraculous." Lynn mouths the word. She raises her arm over her eyes and hides her face. She is weeping into the crook of her arm, very quietly.

"Is the sun getting to you? We can move into the shade," Sharon says.

Lynn stands up, and when she is able to talk she says, "Have your lunch, and then I'll take you out for a driving lesson. We'll go out to Sunrise Highway and you can practice changing lanes."

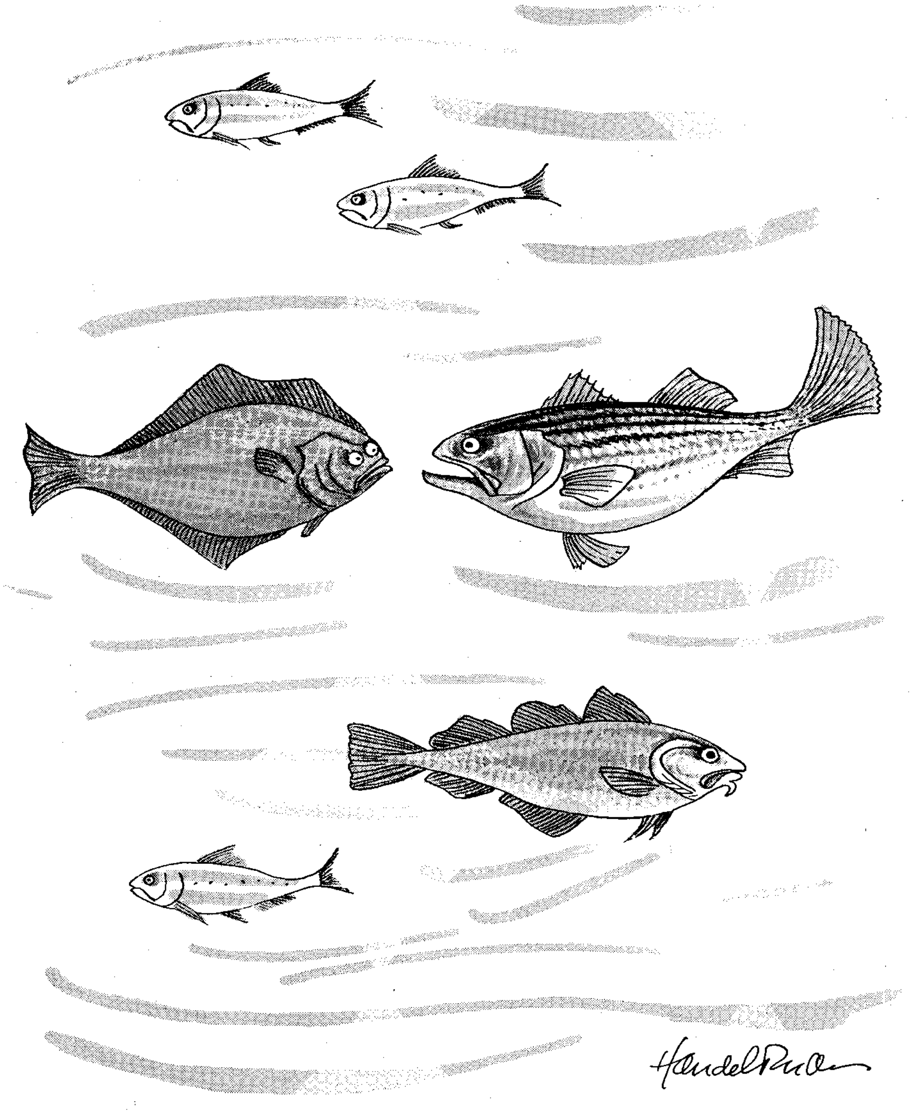
"Only if you feel up to it. Otherwise, you can just—"

"Call me when you're ready," Lynn says. "I'm going inside to cool off."

"Me, too," Sharon says. She brings the tray into the den and turns on the television set while Lynn settles into a reclining lounger. "Let's be morons and look at cartoons," Sharon says cheerfully. They watch in silence as a dog and a cat and a mouse do their best to wipe each other off the face of the earth. Half an hour later, they go into the garage and get into the front seat of Dan's Cutlass Supreme. (Lynn feels safer in a smaller car and much prefers the Volkswagen Dan leaves at the train station every day.) Sharon is dressed in a dry bathing suit and Lynn in white pants and a green shirt that says "I'm Infanticipating." She hates the shirt but feels obliged to wear it because it was a gift from Sharon.

Behind the wheel, Sharon waits for instructions. "I've never backed out of here before," she explains.

"Just take it slowly and watch out for the hedges when you're in the driveway," Lynn says. A few moments later, when the rear fender is scraping loudly against the privet, she says, "Will you watch what you're doing."



*"For centuries, man has fished these waters—apparently with no conception of our cumulative anger."*

"Sorry," Sharon says, but she sounds insulted.

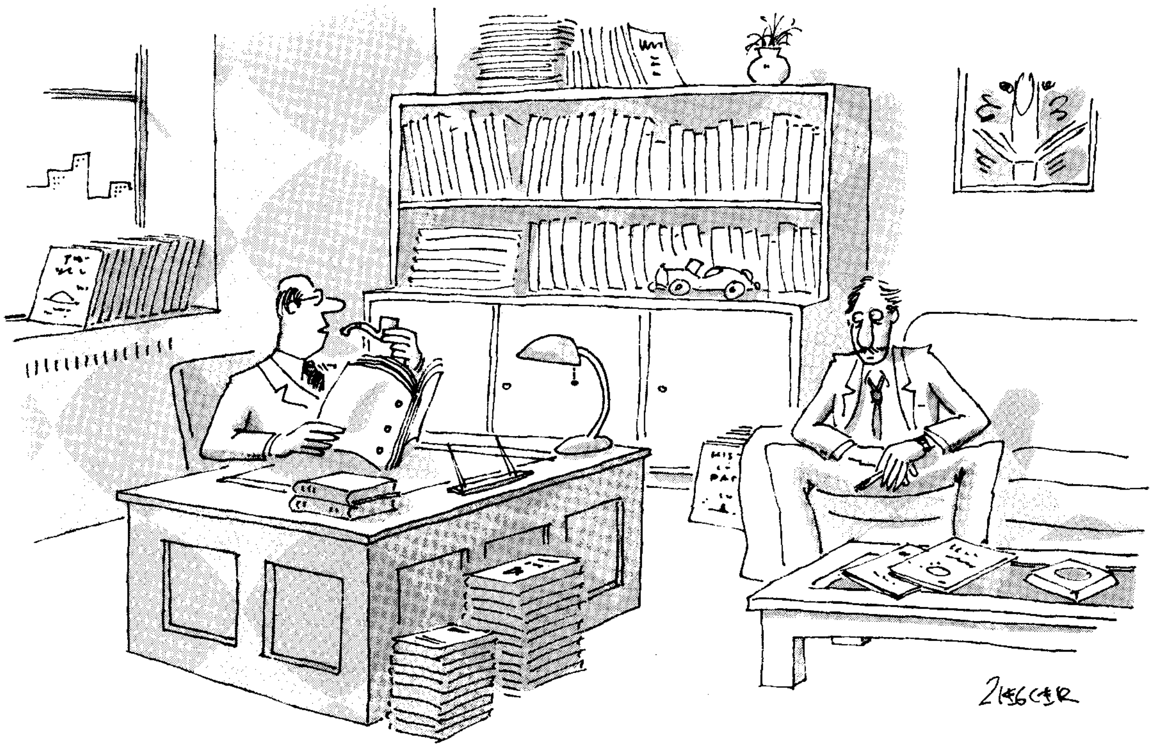
It's a delicate business, teaching someone to drive, Lynn thinks. When she was Sharon's age and her father took her around the neighborhood to practice for her road test, it usually ended badly—with both of them in a rage. Her father was always telling Lynn that a car was a weapon, and that that was the single most important thing she had to know about driving. When she passed her test on the first try, he hadn't seemed pleased. "Just remember that a car is a weapon that can kill," he said gloomily as he handed her the keys for her first solo trip. "If you're not careful, you can wind up in serious trouble." It took her a long time to fully recover from his teaching methods; for months, she was uneasy behind the wheel, expecting trouble at every corner. This spring, when she wrote her father to say she was pregnant and married, he responded with a check for one thousand dollars. With the check was a note: "Who would believe a girl with such an expensive education could get herself in a mess like this?"

A block from home, Sharon eases the car to a full stop at a blinking red light.

"Very nice," Lynn says. Wherever she looks, there are children playing in the street, roller-skating and tossing Frisbees and riding bicycles. Already she can see blood on the fender. She wishes there were a seat belt that would fit comfortably around her.

Soon they are on the highway, which is cluttered with gas stations and fast-food restaurants and small shopping centers. Sharon is driving well, changing lanes carefully and keeping up with traffic. Lynn switches on the radio and sings along with an old James Taylor song. One spring when she was in college, his voice was everywhere, drifting through open dorm windows out onto the quad, where she had sat typing papers under an oak tree a century old. Where had Dan been then? Probably riding the railroad back and forth to work, still grieving for the wife he had lost, silently composing his love songs while the rest of the commuters were reading their newspapers.

At their first meeting, Lynn had been very impressed with Dan. He had just got back from a week's vacation in St. Croix, and he looked as handsome as a model in a magazine ad. (She is



*“Say, aren’t these the same characters that Saul Bellow used in his last novel?”*

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always surprised at how poorly he photographs; the only expression he can manage is something caught halfway between a smile and a smirk.) She had guessed Dan was in his early thirties, and was stunned when he said he had a sixteen-year-old daughter. He appeared to be very articulate, and everything he said was slightly self-deprecating and ironic—a manner she felt comfortable with immediately. It turned out they were both interested in music and in the theatre, and even before they finished their dinner she made up her mind that she would sleep with him. Afterward, in her apartment, they took a long shower together, and made cinnamon toast in the tiny windowless kitchen that was hardly wide enough for the two of them. They spent the hours until dawn going through her Cole Porter songbook, Dan singing while Lynn played the piano her father had shipped down to her from his house in Boston. The next morning, there was a note under her door from the man who lived beneath her. The note said, “One more noisey night, young lady, and I’m calling the cops for sure.” Dan corrected the misspelling and circled the word with a red pen. He and Lynn went down to the neighbor’s apartment and taped the note to his door, the two of them laughing so hard they could barely stand straight. During his lunch hour that afternoon, Dan showed up at Bloomingdale’s with a gift for Lynn—a two-record set of Cole Porter singing and playing his own songs. After that, he could do no wrong in Lynn’s eyes. (Her first and only other lover, a teaching assistant in the economics department at school, had persisted in buying her little ceramic animals, each one with the same dopey, lovesick look on its face.)

It wasn’t long before she was certain that what she had with Dan added up to something close to love, though neither of them ever called it that. She was uncomfortable with the word anyway; it seemed to make too many promises that couldn’t possibly be kept.

She was the first of her friends to marry, and when they asked her what it was like, she didn’t tell them that even thinking about the subject made her go numb—all she did was smile. The truth is that her friendship with Sharon is more real to her than her marriage and pregnancy. She loves Dan, but living out her life in his house as a wife and a mother and a stepmother is something else entirely.

They are in one of two adjacent left-turn lanes, when she hears Sharon say that she thinks she’s had enough for the day. The light changes and then suddenly the Cutlass is turning wide and carelessly into the rear end of a gleaming blue Continental. Lynn’s arms immediately cradle her middle, though the impact is slight. The blue Continental pulls over into the parking lot of a big sporting-goods store, and Sharon pulls the Cutlass in behind it. Once they are out of the car, they see that no one is hurt, but the front end of the Cutlass is dented, and one headlight shattered. The other car has nothing worse than a few dents and some cracked plastic. The driver, a woman, comes toward them, pulling by the arm a girl about Sharon’s age.

“Do you see?” the woman says. “This is my daughter—the one who had the three-thousand-dollar nose job last month. If that nose isn’t as perfect as it was before this accident, you’ll be paying for it the rest of your lives.”

“Ma,” the girl says, her face bright with embarrassment. “I’m all right, I’m fine.”

Sharon clings to Lynn.

“We need the name of your insurance company,” Lynn says.

“What do we have here?” the woman says. “The unwed mother and her teenybopper sister?”

“Ma,” the girl says again. She turns to Lynn. “It was her new car. She wouldn’t even let me or my brother drive it around the block.”

Lynn nods. “We’re really sorry.” She touches the back of Sharon’s head.

“I hope your baby’s all right,” the girl says.

“What about you and your nose?” her mother says darkly.

“I said I was O.K. We’re all O.K. Why do you have to act like such an idiot?”

Swiftly her mother grabs her wrist. “Like it or not, I’m the only mother you've got, kiddo. I'm sorry you think I'm an idiot, but that's the way it is." Turning to Lynn, she says, "It's no picnic, let me tell you."

"I think I ought to give you the name of our insurance company," Lynn says.

The woman says, "Once they hit their teens, you've lost them forever." She closes her eyes. "I was in labor with Grace for over thirty-six hours. Back labor, too. The worst kind."

"Could you shut up, please," Sharon yells.

"Another one," the woman says, and rolls her eyes. "It's a little late to start thinking about protecting your sister, isn't it? Why weren't you thinking about your sister five minutes ago, when you came crashing into us?"

"She's not my sister. She's my stepmother," Sharon says.

The woman's mouth opens wide. "Jesus Christ."

A police car with its siren on is headed their way. In a few moments, two cops pull into the parking lot. "Anyone need an ambulance?" one of them asks. "You?" He points a finger at Lynn's stomach.

"I'm fine," she says.

"We're all just fine," Grace says.

THEY are back in the pool when Dan gets home. It is after seven, and the air is as hot as it was all day, the water in the pool as warm as bathwater. Lynn is on the raft, her hands clasped over her stomach. Sharon is doing a handstand near the shallow end, her legs perfectly straight and still above the water. Dan kneels at the edge of the pool and pulls the raft toward him. He kisses Lynn's stomach, then her mouth.

"Hard day at the office?" he says, and laughs.

Sharon is swimming underwater now, close to the floor of the pool. "We had an accident—nothing too serious," Lynn says. "Broken headlight, dented fender—that kind of accident."

"Were you thrown forward? What about the baby?"

"Nothing happened. And anyway, babies in utero are well protected from the outside world. I could be shot in the stomach right now and the baby would be fine."

Dan flinches. "Maybe you ought to go see the doctor anyway."

Lynn shakes her head. She is watching Sharon at the bottom of the pool. "Poor kid," she says. "She's been a real space cadet since it happened. Why don't you take her out to dinner or something?"

"We'll all go," Dan says. "All three of us."

"I'm not very hungry. And the two of you should spend some time together alone," Lynn says.

"What about tomorrow? I'll make us some omelettes tonight."

"When are you going to take a look at the Cutlass?"

"Later," Dan says. "After the sun goes down and it's too dark to see anything."

IT is sweltering the following afternoon, when Lynn and Sharon drive the Cutlass over to the service station. The manager promises it won't take more than an hour to replace the headlight, and he offers to let them wait in his office—the only part of the station that's air-conditioned. For nearly two hours, they sit on molded plastic chairs reading year-old copies of *Reader's Digest.* Twice, Sharon goes out front to the soda machine and returns with paper cups of lukewarm Tab and a progress report on the car. "They'll be getting to it shortly, whatever that might mean," she tells Lynn. To pass the time, Sharon reads aloud from "Laughter, the Best Medicine" and "Life in These United States," and searches for the dumbest things she can find. After a while, Lynn settles back in her chair, her mouth open slightly. When the car is finally ready, Sharon has to wake her. They drive straight home.

That night, Sharon and Dan eat at the Eggroll Express. Lynn is too tired to go out; for dinner she has a large bowl of mocha-chip ice cream, which she eats very slowly with a demitasse spoon. Wearing headphones, she listens to most of her Cole Porter album, then goes to sleep at around nine, without Dan, who still hasn't got back from dinner. At two, she is awakened by a cramp in her abdomen; then suddenly the mattress underneath her is flooded with warm water. She turns on the reading lamp over the bed and Dan begins to stir.

"What?" he says.

"My water broke," she says, and slides toward the edge of the bed.

## THE EMU AND THE NOBILITIES OF INTEREST

Weathered blond as a grass tree, a huge Beatles haircut
raises an alert periscope and stares out
over scrub. Her large olivine eggs click
oilily together; her lips of noble plastic
clamped in their expression, her head-fluff a stripe
worn Mohawk style, she bubbles her pale-blue windpipe—
the emu, *Dromaius novaehollandiae,*
whose stand-in on most continents is an antelope,
looks us in both eyes with her one eye
and her other eye, dignified courageous hump,
feather-swaying condensed camel, Swift Courser of New Holland.

Knees backward in toothed three-way boots, you stand,
Dinewan, proud emu, common as the dust
in your sleeveless cloak, returning our interest.
Your shield of fashion's wobbly: you're Quaint, you're Native,
even somewhat Bygone. You may be let live
but beware: the blank zones of Serious disdain
are often carte blanche to the darkly human.
Europe's boats on their first strange shore looked humble
but, Mass over, men started renaming the creatures.
Worship turned to interest and had new features.
Now only life survives, if it's made remarkable.

Heraldic bird, our protection is a fable
made of space and neglect. We're remarkable and not;
we're the ordinary discovered on a strange planet.
Are you Early or Late, in the history of birds,
which doesn't exist, and is deeply ancient?

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My kinships, too, are immemorial and recent,
like my country, which abstracts yours in words.
This distillate of mountains is finely branched, this plain
expanse of dour delicate lives, where the rain,
shrouded slab on the west horizon, is a corrugated revenant
settling its long clay-tipped plumage in a hatching descent.

Rubberneck, stepped sister, I see your eye on our jeep's load.
I think your story is, when you were offered
the hand of evolution you gulped it. Forefinger and thumb
project from your face, but the weighing palm is inside you
collecting the bottletops, nails, wet cement that you famously swallow—
your passing muffled show, your serially private museum.
Some truths are now called *trivial*, though. Only God approves them.
Some humans who disdain them make a kind of weather
which, when it grows overt and widespread, we call *war*.
There we make death trivial and awesome, by rapid turns about,
we conscript it to bless us, force-feed it to squeeze the drama out;

indeed we imprison and torture death—this part is called *peace;*
we offer it murder like mendicants, begging for significance.
You rustle dreams of pardon, not fleeing in your hovercraft style,
not gliding fast with zinc-flaked legs dangling, feet making high-tensile
seesawing impacts. Wasteland parent, barely edible dignitary,
the disinterested spotlight of the lords of interest
and gowned nobles of ennui is a torch of vivid arrest
and blinding after-darkness. But you hint it's a brigand sovereignty
after the steady extents of God's common immortality
whose image is daylight detail, aggregate, in process yet plumb
to the everywhere focus of one devoid of boredom.

—Les A. Murray

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"Don't move!" Dan yells. He races from the room and returns carrying newspapers, which he opens and spreads all around the bedroom floor and out in the hallway. "You can get out of bed now if you want to," he says, and as she stands water spills onto the paper. "Just didn't want you to wreck the carpet."

Lynn stares at Dan. "Call the doctor," she says.

She goes into the shower and washes her hair, forgetting that she washed it after she got back from the service station, not many hours ago. Her mind is a perfect blank, but her legs are trembling on the tiled floor of the stall shower. She dries her hair in the bedroom with a dryer that looks just like a Colt .45, watching Dan in the mirror as he gathers her bathrobe and toothbrush and some nightgowns together in a canvas bag for her. In his hand he holds a checklist from the hospital. "Cards," he says. "We need a deck of cards."

"We don't *play* cards," Lynn says. "What are you talking about?"

"If it says to bring cards, we should." Dan pauses. "Shouldn't we?"

"Why don't you go wake Sharon?"

"We can leave her a note," Dan says.

"I want her to come with us."

"She's just a kid in high school. What do you want from her?"

Without answering, Lynn gets dressed and goes downstairs to Sharon's room. The first contraction comes as Lynn calls Sharon's name. In the dark, Sharon sits up against the headboard. "I'm so afraid," Lynn whispers as Sharon reaches for her.

Riding in silence on empty parkways to the hospital, Lynn can't stop thinking about something a friend of hers who was in medical school told her—a story about a baby who was born with one eye in the center of its forehead, a full set of teeth, and shoulder-length hair; when it was wheeled down to be X-rayed, the technician fainted.

"Perfect parallel park," she hears Dan say as he backs the car neatly into a space on York Avenue. "I hope you were paying attention, Sharon."

"I'm not getting out of this car," Lynn says. "I'm in the mood to ride around a little."

"In the mood?" Dan says. "You're supposed to be in the mood to have a baby."

"Not right now," Lynn says. "In a little while, maybe."

Dan turns to Sharon, in the back seat. "Will you talk to your friend, please?" he says.

"When she's ready, she'll go," Sharon says.

"I'm trying very hard to understand what's going on here, but it's just not working out," Dan says.

Lynn says, "You know, I've never actually seen Gracie Mansion. Why don't we take a ride over there?"

Dan sighs. "One quick look, and that's all."

THERE'S a color TV in the labor room, and together Lynn and Dan watch the best of late-night programming—a Troy Donahue surfing movie that was filmed on location in Hawaii and seems to go on forever. Toward daylight, just as Fred Flintstone is being berated by his wife for never taking her anywhere interesting, Lynn is rushed to the delivery room across the hall, where she propels their child into the world with a final push that distorts her face unrecognizably. Moments later, she asks for Sharon, who is waiting downstairs on a wooden bench in the lobby.

"Go down and get her," Lynn tells Dan.

"Why would they let her into the delivery room?" Dan says. "That's crazy."

"I want her here," Lynn says. "Get her." She raises her head and watches Dan and the obstetrician whispering at her feet.

Afterward, with Sharon standing shyly against the door, the doctor congratulates them all, and says to Dan, "You may now kiss the bride." Then Dan is leaning over her, a green paper mask still covering his mouth, and in a voice she's never heard before, a voice belonging to someone else, Lynn says to her husband, "Don't."

—Marian Thurm

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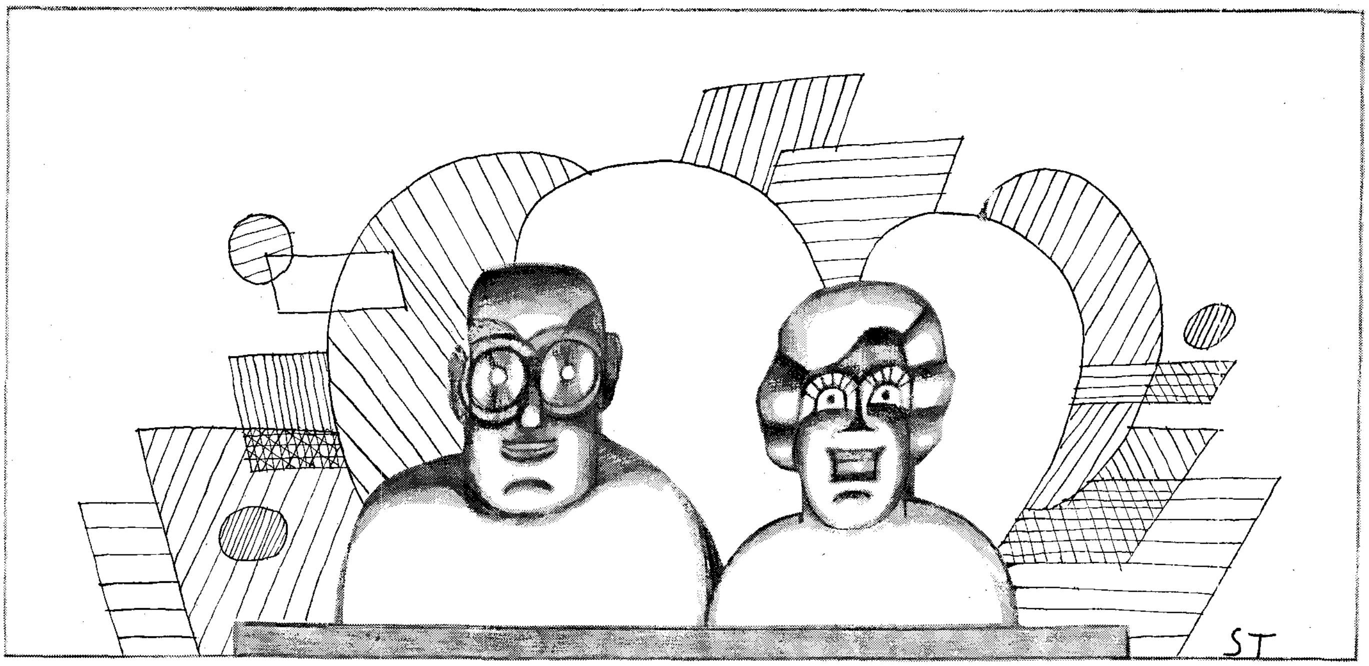
## GREAT BREAKTHROUGHS IN AMERICAN TECHNOLOGY

[*From the Hammacher Schlemmer catalogue*]

Diet Cube paces your meal to keep your diet on track. Green, yellow, and red signal lights and audible beep, tell you when it's time for the next bite, how long to chew, when to put fork down. Molded plastic. Includes batteries.

# PROFILES

## THE CANDY FACTORY—II



THE success of "60 Minutes," the most widely watched non-entertainment series in television history, is often attributed to its investigative portions, and especially to the hard-hitting, inquisitorial approach of Mike Wallace, who has been with the show since its début, on the CBS network, in the fall of 1968. Wallace, to whom no cow is sacred (he once chastised CBS itself for treating television critics to junkets), said not long ago, in a rare moment of self-doubt, "Investigative reporting raises serious questions"—one of which, he went on, was "Is it right to confront reluctant witnesses with camera and microphone?" Whether it is or not, the public appears to like it: Wallace is more given to confrontation than any of his colleagues on the program, and in a recent year he got much more mail than any of the others. Even the relatively blasé members of the "60 Minutes" staff, viewing one of Wallace's sorties for the first time at an in-house screening, are apt to get carried away and utter cries of approbation and encouragement, as bull-ring aficionados might urge on a favorite home-town matador.

In the view of Palmer Williams, who recently retired after thirty-one years with CBS, the last fourteen of them as deputy to Don Hewitt, the founding father and continuing generalissimo of "60 Minutes," the ideal components of the current version of the show—occupying an hour on Sunday evening—are one Mr. Nice Guy episode, one Mr. Fun Guy, and one Mr. Bad Guy. The program's regular correspondents—Wallace, Morley Safer, Harry Reasoner, and Ed Bradley (who took Dan Rather's place this past season when Rather attempted to become Mr. Cronkite)—are not strictly typecast. Any one of them can, on any given program, take telling potshots at a chosen target. Wallace, though, is more often than the others the heavy artillery. When Russell Baker, in one of his syndicated columns, fantasized about his home's being besieged by "60 Minutes" while he was trying to toast a piece of bread, he was given a fairly rough time by, seriatim, Reasoner, Safer, and Rather, but it was Wallace alone who accused him point-blank of being a toaster batterer.

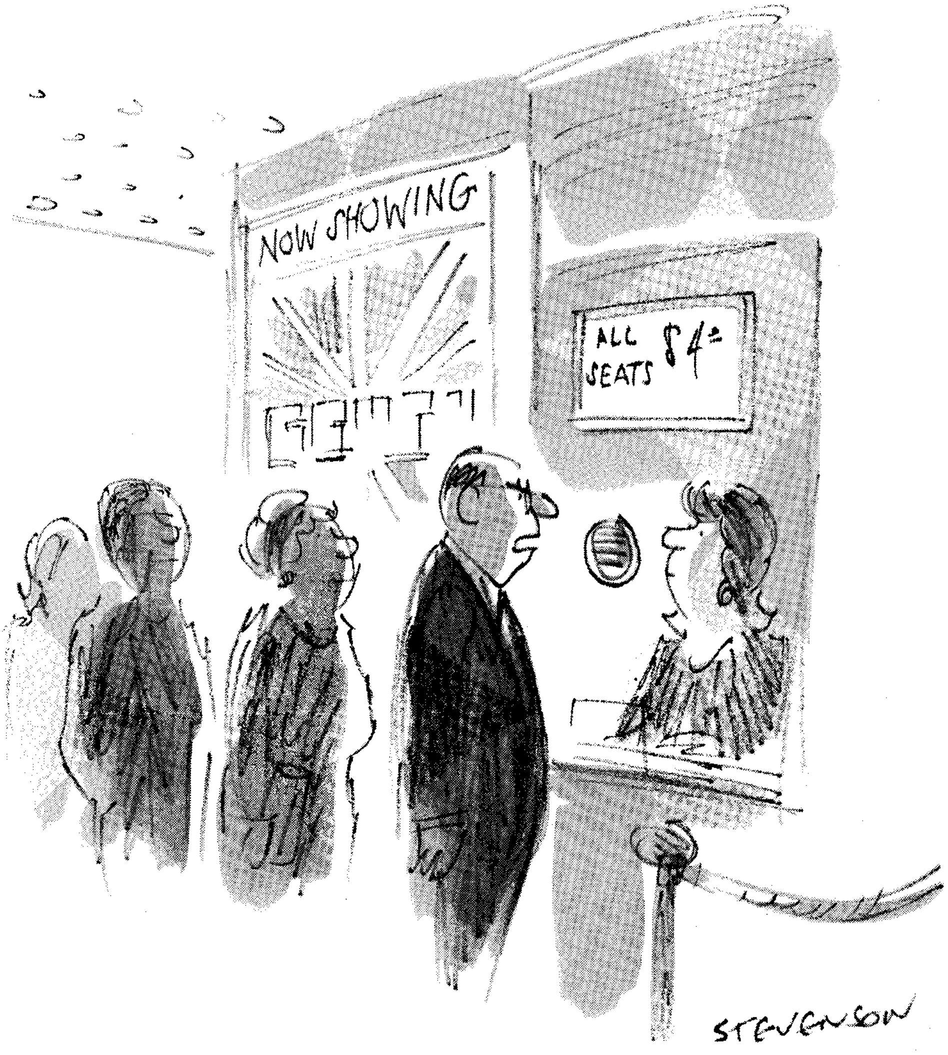
"60 Minutes" has been accused of picking on little people—sometimes with hidden cameras—who, unlike Baker, can't strike back. One of the program's twenty-three full-time producers, Al Wasserman, who began making documentary films in 1946, says, "I don't mind our being tough on people when it's deserved. Bullying people is something else again. Sometimes there's a fine line between the two. I think it's rare that little people are persecuted on it. When we're tough, it's usually because we have the research to back us up, and we're being tough on what people represent rather than on them as individuals."

Not always. When Morley Safer, who is most frequently a Mr. Nice Guy, did a where-are-they-now story in 1977 on the young woman whose weeping photograph at the Kent State massacre more than six years earlier had made her pictorially famous, one of the questions he asked her was "How old were you when you first accepted money for sex?" A much more characteristic Safer piece was an extravagantly eulogistic one about another woman—a black Chicago schoolteacher named Marva Collins, who in a makeshift school in her home was introducing ghetto children to classic literature ordinarily alien to the neighborhood curriculum. Thanks to "60 Minutes," Mrs. Collins, whose achievements would later be criticized as overblown, became a national celebrity (she was able to rent a building with space for classes from kindergarten through the sixth grade), and an independent television producer embarked on an account of her career. Truth may not always be stranger than fiction, but it would appear sometimes to be stronger. When the dramatized story of Mrs. Collins' life and work was presented—also on the CBS network—last December, as a Hallmark Hall of Fame special, it hardly caused a ripple, coming in a sorry fifty-second among seventy-one prime-time programs receiving ratings that week.

Of the one hundred and five episodes shown for the first time on "60 Minutes" in its 1979-80 season, twenty involved exposures of one swindle or another. "A con man doesn't think he's made it till he's been on '60 Minutes,' " Safer says. At least one con man is known to have made it without being on the show. Some six years ago, Hewitt was approached by a journalist, seemingly of impeccable character, and an acquaintance of his, a chap who claimed he'd been a teamster and a prison mate of Jimmy Hoffa's. The journalist's acquaintance also knew where Hoffa's body was—encased in cement in the ocean off the Florida coast. For ten thousand dollars, in cash, "60 Minutes" could have exclusive rights to the story. Money in hand, the journalist and his informant left for Florida, and Hewitt dispatched a camera crew to the South for a rendezvous at a motel. The "60 Minutes" delegation had barely checked in when it learned that the intermediary had phoned New York with the news that his acquaintance had absconded with the money in the middle of the night. Hewitt has been leery of checkbook journalism ever since.

To expose alleged flaws in the social fabric, "60 Minutes" has more than once engaged in its own version of underhandedness, though never yet on the sweeping scale of, say, the F.B.I. In order to demonstrate how easy it is to obtain fraudulent credentials, the program had one of its researchers make the rounds of various agencies. In no time at all, with a camera crew trailing discreetly in her wake, she had obtained a birth certificate, a Social Security card, a driver's license, a food-stamp card, and a passport, none in her own name. With such solid identification documents, she had no trouble persuading shopkeepers to accept worthless checks for more than six hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. (Some time after that, "60 Minutes" was advised by the widow of a man who'd stolen a million dollars and fled with his loot to Central America that he had used ten aliases and had learned how to get documentation for them from watching the show.) To demonstrate frauds in the Medicaid program, "60 Minutes" set up a phony clinic in a Chicago storefront, and entrapped rascals who represented medical laboratories and offered kickbacks to doctors and clinics. The proprietors of "60 Minutes" regard the show as a sort of national ombudsman, and they justify such duplicities on the ground of pro bono publico. Still, there have been qualms. Andy Rooney, a kind of latter-day Will Rogers, who has been associated with the program, on and off, from the outset, said not long ago, "I think '60 Minutes' has skirted close to ethical impropriety. I occasionally produce segments for the show, and one of them concerned a large government grant to a university out West that was studying the ecological impact of a proposed resort development. I went out there, and I mocked the ridiculously high-flying reports of some academic sociologists who were anti-government and anti-bureaucracy but had nonetheless gladly taken some nine hundred thousand dollars of federal money, and they came out looking just terrible. It was an accurate piece, and an honest one, but I destroyed those guys. I felt bad about it afterward. We could have made it softer on them than we did."

Rooney also believes that "60 Minutes," even though it is under the aegis of CBS News, sometimes comes perilously close to the edge of entertainment. "The division between news and entertainment is sometimes a very narrow one," he says. "It's like two guys on a camping trip sleeping together in the same pup tent and being careful not to touch each other lest they become suspect." Hewitt, of whom it has been said that his genius lies in making reality seem fictional, prefers a bowling analogy. He speaks of approaching the line that separates news from show business and making sure that one's toe never crosses it. "I'd be the last to deny that '60 Minutes' has a certain theatricality," Hewitt says. "If adding a dash of theatricality without diminishing the integrity of our reporting is a necessary ingredient to make the transmission of information more palatable, I don't see



*"Does this have a bunch of goddam special effects?"*

anything wrong with that. But if you overdramatize you lose your integrity." Even the best bowlers—occasionally on television—now and then overstep their line and foul. So does "60 Minutes." But it can, and periodically does, confess its own fallibility. In a Reasoner story about a nuclear electricity-generating plant that the Illinois Power Company was building, the program said that the company was asking the state's Commerce Commission for a substantial rate increase to pay for the plant and that the staff of the commission had recommended that the increase be denied. But, as "60 Minutes" later contritely conceded on the air, half of the increase that the company had asked for was unrelated to the plant's construction costs, and, further, a few members of the staff of the commission had opposed only that part of the increase that was related to the construction costs.

For all the program's intrusiveness into other people's business, in the nearly fourteen years of its existence none of its field operatives has been physically hurt while flushing game. Usually, when an emissary is regarded as objectionably nosy not much more happens than a yell—at, say, Mike Wallace—of "Get the hell out of here before I throw you out!" If the quarry yells it on camera, so much the better. In Europe last summer to produce a piece on Switzerland, Wasserman did a program on the youth gangs that were roiling that nation's traditional tranquillity. He and a film crew went to a youth center in Zurich, and a group of young people there tied them up, covered them with red, white, and black paint, poured ketchup over them, and destroyed their film. Such is the éclat of "60 Minutes" even in parts of Europe, however, that a Swiss with a videotape machine was on hand to record the Americans recording their story; and as a result Wasserman, once he had got himself unbound and tidied up, was able to phone New York and tell a colleague that he thought the footage of the assault was available to CBS for a not unreasonable fee.

## NEVER SEEK TO TELL THY LOVE

Many colors will take you to themselves
But now I want someone to tell me how to get home.
The way back there is streaked and stippled,
A shaded place. It belongs where it is going,

Not where it is. The flowers don't talk to Ida now.
They speak only the language of flowers,
Saying things like, How hard I tried to get here.
It must mean I'm not here yet. But you,
You seem so formal, so serious. You can't read poetry,
Not the way they taught us back in school.

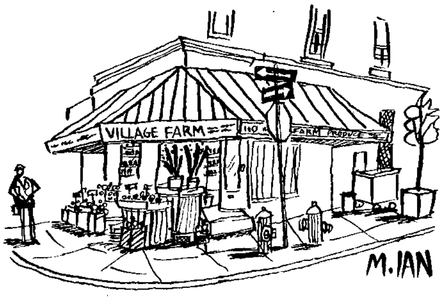
Returning to the point was always the main thing, then.
Did we ever leave it? I don't think so. It was our North Pole.
We sulked and hungered there for years, and now,
Like dazzled insects skimming the bright airs,
You are back on the road again, the path leading
Vigorously upward, through intelligent and clear spaces.
They don't make rocks like us anymore.

And holding on to the thread, fine as a cobweb but incredibly strong,
Each of us advances into his own labyrinth,
*Con moto*. The gift of invisibility
Has been granted to all but the gods, so we say such things,
Filling the road up with colors, faces,
Tender speeches, until they feed us to the truth.

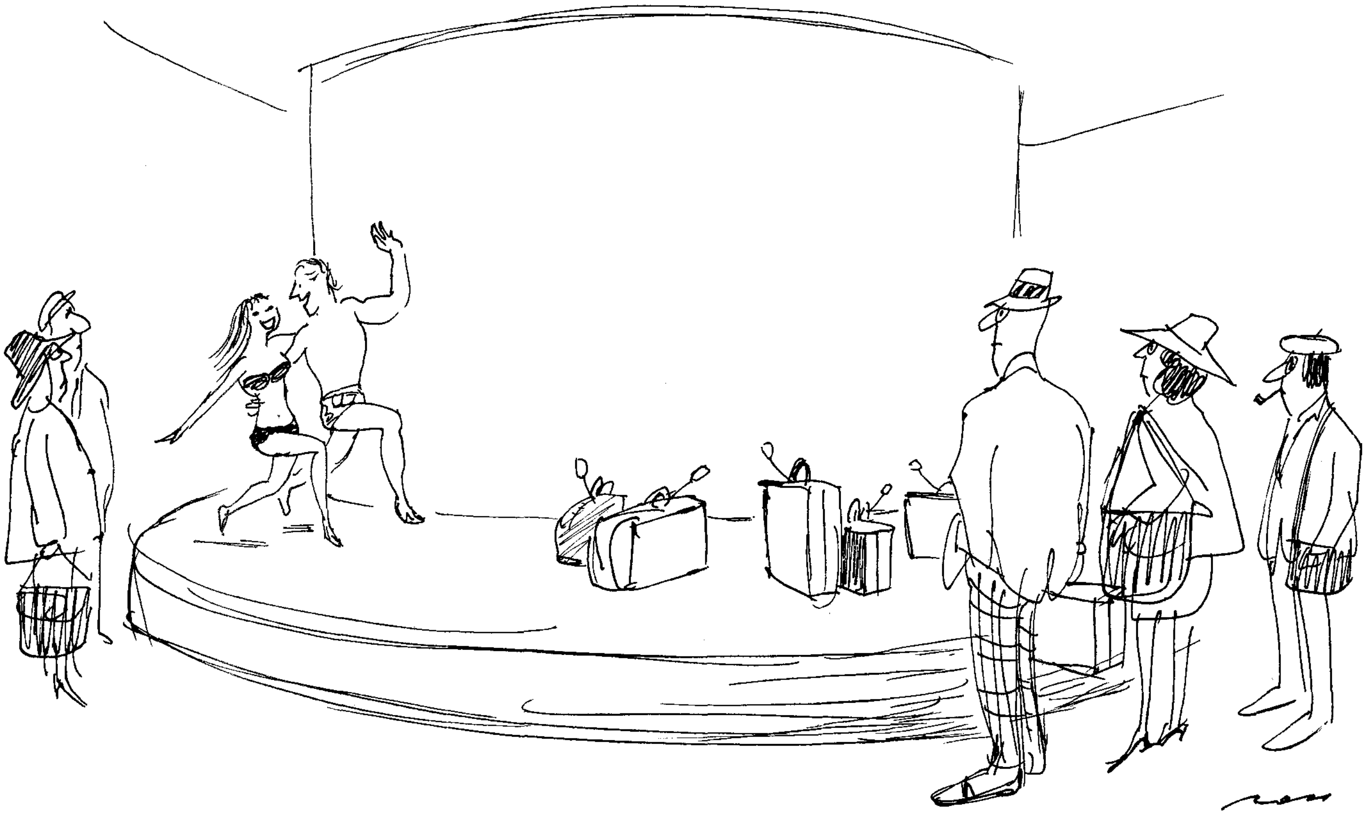
—JOHN ASHBERY

• •

SUCCESS—half a dozen Emmy awards in 1980, another six in 1981—begets envy, and envy begets criticism. "60 Minutes" has acquired plenty of both. It has been accused of being superficial—of harassing petty miscreants and avoiding big issues. "What about Poland, El Salvador, nuclear armaments, coal miners, abortion, E.R.A., Atlanta murders, James Watt, Puerto Rico, and South Africa?" an irate woman wrote in not long ago. "Is there really no public interest in these issues? Come on!" Palmer Williams has a prodigious memory, and he was able to remind his colleagues offhand that within the last few years they had tackled two-thirds of the subjects on that list—all except the E.R.A. (they had begun one on that but abandoned it), the Atlanta murders, and South Africa—and would have taken on South Africa if that choosy country had let them in. "Some people refuse to believe that we're not under constant corporate pressure to lay off certain subjects because of our sponsors," says Philip Scheffler, who has succeeded Williams as the program's senior producer. "That's pure hogwash. We don't even know in advance who our sponsors are going to be from week to week. The only bone the network throws to sponsors is that if we're doing a piece on, say, the malefactions of the automobile industry the order of commercials may be changed around so that one for a motor company doesn't appear directly before or after our attack."



Whenever the question of the program's dodging issues comes up, Hewitt retorts that "60 Minutes" is less interested in issues than in their effect on individuals. Thus, the program's way of dealing with invasions of privacy was, first, to obtain from a California couple all their cancelled checks and credit-card records covering a one-year span, along with their bank statements. Then Scheffler, the producer of that segment, gave all the documents to a private detective in New York and asked him to construct solely on the basis of that evidence as full a description as possible of the couple and their life style. The premise was that a government agency, if so inclined, could probably also obtain access to this information, and that the banks involved would not necessarily tell the people concerned that



they had furnished it. "It was eerie," Scheffler says. "Our detective came up with the damnedest picture of those people you could imagine, including the kind of liquor they drank and how much. He even deduced, correctly, that the husband had once been convicted of a traffic violation while driving another woman's car. We called the piece 'None of Your Damned Business' and presented invasion of privacy in a way that people could understand."

Around CBS, "60 Minutes" is sometimes called the Candy Factory, because, in the opinion of its boosters, week after week it serves up an assortment of sweets, enticingly varied, like a sampler box of chocolates with surprises on every layer. In the opinion of some of its detractors outside the network, the factory manufactures an overabundance of sourballs. Critics argue, sometimes heatedly, that the producers of the show often edit their material (what journalists do not?) to emphasize points they want to make, and that of all the material they collect while pursuing a subject they often use (as most journalists do) merely what they judge to be the most dramatic. They have been charged with creating drama, moreover, where it did not inherently exist. A member of Prime Minister Menachem Begin's staff once contended that while Wallace was doing a piece on the second-class status of Arabs in Israel his sound man encouraged an Arab boy to throw a stone at an Israeli military vehicle, in the hope of provoking retaliation. (Wallace vigorously denies that either he or any member of his crew was a party to any such shenanigans.)

Wallace and Begin had already had a bristling dispute on camera.

"How can you ask me these questions?" the Prime Minister demanded.

"I'm a journalist," said Wallace. "You don't have to answer them."

Williams produced a Scotch-whiskey story last season. (He is a thorough researcher. While the piece was still far from distilled, a guest at his New York house asked for a Scotch-and-soda, and was offered a choice of ten brands his host had been studying.) In Scotland on a preliminary reconnaissance, Williams learned that some trade unionists were thinking of going down to England and picketing a golf tournament, because it was going to be sponsored by Suntory, and because Scottish distillery workers were angry that large quantities of their pure malt whiskey were being shipped to Japan for blending instead of being processed at home. Williams asked a labor leader if there really was going to be a visible protest.

"We'll picket if you're there with cameras," Williams was told.

"If you'll picket, I'll be there," he said.

They did and he was.

Another time, a "60 Minutes" crew was in Turkey, doing a piece on narcotics. The film they brought back showed some police racing down a street, leaping out of their vehicles, and, at the precise spot where they stopped, digging up a sidewalk. Presto!—they uncovered a cache of drugs. It was all too pat. The scene almost *had* to have been rehearsed. When Hewitt examined the pictures in a screening room, he was convinced of that. But after some deliberation (he deliberates fast; it took only a few seconds) he decided to use the sequence notwithstanding: the cops were real, the drugs were real, and that the flinging of the one upon the other might have been a trifle staged only enhanced the drama of the discovery.

The most blistering attacks on the program's authenticity and probity have been delivered by an archconservative group in Washington called Accuracy in Media, which likes to be called AIM and has a bright-red target on the first page of a semimonthly

*The Telephone Rings at Night*

• •

bulletin it puts out, seething with indignation. "60 Minutes" is one of AIM's favorite targets, as evidenced by such headlines in its publication as " '60 MINUTES' AIDS IRAN'S MILITANTS," " '60 MINUTES' PUSHES POT LEGALIZATION," and "YOU CAN'T TRUST DAN RATHER." In early March of 1980, by way of background to the hostage crisis, which was then entering its fifth month, Wallace devoted a "60 Minutes" episode to American support for the Shah's regime, including SAVAK, the secret police that had extensively engaged in torture of political prisoners. Wallace wanted his audience to understand Iranian hatred of the United States. AIM said, "The theme of this widely viewed CBS News program was that the terrorists who hold our diplomats prisoner and the Ayatollah Khomeini are right. . . . It was as if '60 Minutes' had infused new life into their dangerous drama. If so, the hostages can thank Mike Wallace for helping to prolong their agony." AIM was delighted when the Illinois Power Company took umbrage at Reasoner's account of its nuclear-power-plant troubles and made a videotape of its own entitled " '60 Minutes'/Our Reply," nearly three thousand copies of which have been distributed in this country and abroad.

And then there have been lawsuits. The surprise, considering the accusatory nature of so much of the show, is that there haven't been more of them; "60 Minutes" spawns only a few each year. Just as the program is frequently urged merely to proclaim its intention of doing a story about some perceived injustice—the theory being that the threat will produce swift ameliorative action—so persons and organizations distressed by their perception of ill treatment on the show threaten to hale it into court, hoping thereby to get at least an abject on-air apology. Few such threats are followed up, though sometimes things are taken a stage further, as in the case of a Pasadena, California, institution called the Worldwide Church of God, whose leader bought full-page newspaper ads ("Why, Mike Wallace, did you not tell the plain truth?") to vent his spleen. One municipal official in Wyoming initiated a sixty-three-million-dollar suit after Dan Rather suggested that, inter alia, the official condoned prostitution; but the plaintiff did not pursue the matter very far, and ended up by asking Rather for a reference in the course of seeking another job. When "60 Minutes" did a story on some individuals who had been indicted for fraud in connection with the granting of franchises, the defendants' attorneys demanded access to the show's outtakes—the film it shot but never used—and other materials in the hope that these might bolster the defense. The request went in due course to the Court of Appeals, which decreed that the network had to furnish to the District Court judge who was presiding over the case only those materials that might impeach the testimony of prosecution witnesses.

So far, "60 Minutes" has never lost a lawsuit. One that is still pending, and that has been in litigation since 1974, involves a retired Army officer—Lieutenant Colonel Anthony B. Herbert, a much-decorated veteran of Korea and Vietnam. The producer of some of Wallace's more bruising episodes, Barry Lando, planned originally to present Colonel Herbert as a hero. But in the course of his research Lando came to think of Herbert's glitter as somewhat tarnished, and he emerged in a different light. Colonel Herbert was miffed. He sued Lando, Wallace, CBS, and the publisher of an article by Lando about Herbert for forty-five million dollars. That dispute reached the Supreme Court, which in 1979, in a Herbert v. Lando decision that could have long-term repercussions for journalists in all media, decreed by a six-to-three vote that a public figure seeking to establish malice has the right to inquire into the state of mind of anyone who has allegedly defamed him. Wallace has estimated—CBS lawyers will neither confirm nor deny the amount—that the network has already spent somewhere between three and four million dollars defending this one suit alone. Whatever the exact outlay, CBS would probably be less sanguine about having had to part with it if in the last several years "60 Minutes" had not provided the network with nearly a hundred million dollars annually in advertising revenue. "We give '60 Minutes' a lot of leeway," one of the network's lawyers said recently. "After all, there are those great ratings."

THE first show of the season just ended scored a highly commendable Nielsen rating of 20.6, which meant, according to the arithmetic peculiar to television, that it was seen in nearly seventeen million households by thirty-one million people. That was an especially unusual achievement, because the program was a very special

Breakthrough.

Dancer Twyla Tharp photographed by Bill King © The Condé Nast Publications Inc. 1982

# VANITY FAIR

Coming In March 1983

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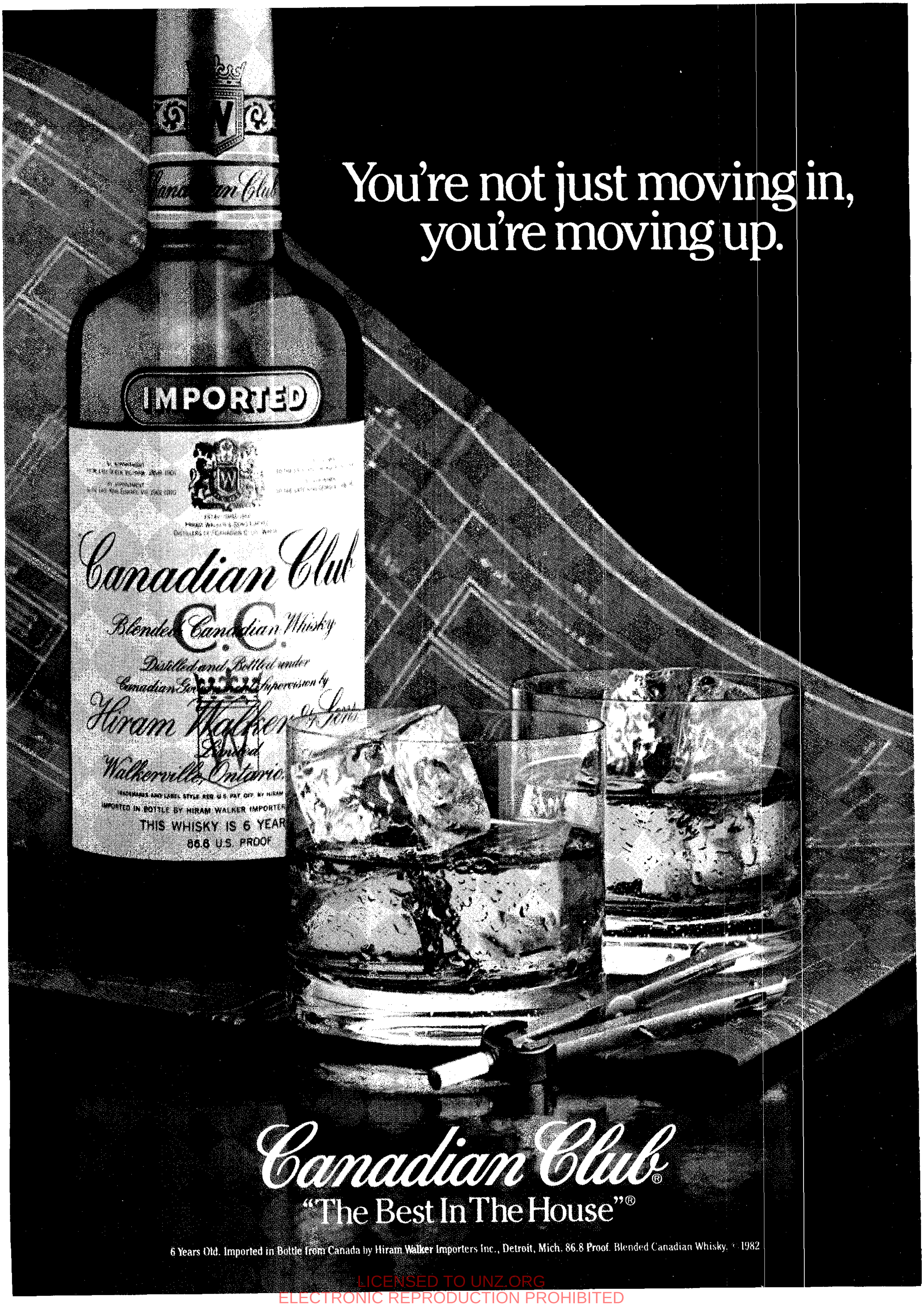
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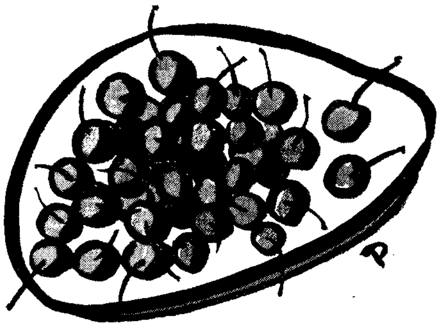
one: an entire hour devoted to an examination of "60 Minutes" itself and its ethics, aptly called "Looking at '60 Minutes.' " Probably no other panel show in television history has drawn that kind of crowd. Don Hewitt appeared on the program in the nattily dressed flesh, and among the panelists recruited to quiz him were Herbert Schmertz, the Mobil vice-president in charge of that company's extensive corporate advertising, and Robert Greene, an editor of *Newsday* and a past president of the organization known as Investigative Reporters and Editors. AIM was not invited. That such large numbers of people would sit through a whole hour of a discussion of journalistic ethics may have been attributable less to any profound national interest in the subject than to an unshakable interest in "60 Minutes" itself. There was a discussion of the feature on fake I.D.s—a Wallace-Lando concoction that they had undertaken, it came out, with the encouragement of the director of the United States Passport Office—and another panelist, the Boston *Globe* columnist Ellen Goodman, remarked, "You're saying that in the pursuit of deceit, deceit is O.K. That as journalists we have the right to use untruths because we are going for a greater truth." Still another panelist—Eugene Patterson, the editor of the St. Petersburg, Florida, *Times*—had misgivings about that. "If this becomes the standard for news coverage in America, for television and print journalism, then we have set a standard that young reporters are going to follow," he said, "and misrepresenting oneself, misleading, camouflaging one's identity will become a way of life, whereas we supposedly stand for different virtues."

Toward the end of that hour, the television commentator Jeff Greenfield, whom "60 Minutes" had drafted as moderator for the occasion, asked Schmertz, the Mobil man, "Why does any company talk to '60 Minutes'?" and Schmertz replied, "First of all, some people think that they're the ones that are gonna beat the system, whatever that system may be. On occasion, I've believed that, not necessarily successfully. Secondly, frequently you say, well, they're going to do the story anyway and if I don't participate I'm gonna look worse than if I do participate, so I have to participate and do the best I can." Mike Wallace, the only one of the show's regular correspondents to take part in the colloquy, then asked Schmertz, without a trace of truculence, why he had joined *those* proceedings. The oil man said, "Well, I felt that this was a very important show. To my mind, this is a landmark show for '60 Minutes,' Mike. The fact that '60 Minutes' is eager to have . . . these kinds of things, I think, is an amazing development. It's a landmark, and I think you're gonna see more of it. And you all are to be congratulated for doing this show."

Greenfield, who then drew one of the program's few on-air laughs by interjecting, "Well, *that'll* get on," had said earlier, "If I, as a sometime media critic, hired a camera crew to infiltrate and put a camera in the offices of '60 Minutes' to show how you guys got a story and you found out, I really don't think that you would accept this as an investigative entrepreneurial reporter. I think you guys would hit the ceiling. . . . You go in to cover a story, it's your camera, it's your microphone, it's your producer, and ultimately it's Don Hewitt, you, and whoever else is responsible. You guys decide what gets on the air, and I guess the question is: How would you like it done to you? How would you like somebody to point a camera at you that you didn't know was there, confront you with embarrassing material, perhaps about a life you once led or something you once did?"

Wallace, who more recently participated in an hour-and-a-half-long "CBS Reports" documentary on Vietnam that came in for so much criticism that the network spent six weeks investigating the probity of its own program, rejoined, "I wouldn't like it," and he scored one of the program's few other laughs by adding, "Which is why I lead a life beyond reproach."

A VISITOR who managed, with or without camera, to get by the uniformed guards who patrol the flanks of the "60 Minutes" offices, above a Ford dealership on West Fifty-seventh Street, would find himself in a swirl of amiable chaos. Although there is a central blackboard neatly listing all the stories completed and in progress (an investigative reporter from a rival network would certainly relish a squint at *that*), the over-all atmosphere is one of unrelieved disorganization. "We don't have meetings around here," Hewitt once said. "If you have meetings, your show looks like a meeting." (There is a sheet, called "Insights," that purports to disclose where everybody connected with the program is each week, but it is less than infallible; it has been known to place a correspondent in Angola when he was having lunch down the street.) What Hewitt and his collaborators do have is corridor confrontations. All hands are in constant motion. Everyone is on a first-name basis with everyone else, and most of the time everyone appears to be shouting simultaneously up or down a hallway that Don or Phil or Morley or Harry or whoever has a phone call. To be in one's own office when a call comes in is, it appears, to lose face. (If Hewitt, a man of untrammelled enthusiasms, happens to be in his office, looking at a piece of videotape, one may hear him shouting "Great! Great!"—which is what he says about almost everything he looks at until he decides to change it or to throw it away.) Some visitors who have penetrated the perimeter have expressed wonder that these manic peripatetics can contrive to come up every Sunday with any kind of show at all.



Most one-hour drama programs on television cost between five hundred thousand and a million dollars to put on the air. "60 Minutes" costs about three hundred thousand, exclusive of reruns. "If you had to buy our show from an independent producer, like Norman Lear or the Mary Tyler Moore organization, the price would be astronomical," Williams has said. "60 Minutes" has only seventy or so full-time employees (it shares some camera crews with other CBS News offshoots), of whom eighteen are film editors and twenty-three are producers. When David Brinkley was running "NBC Magazine," he said that on his program producers were not going to run the show; reporters were going to make their own decisions. That attitude may have been one reason that "NBC Magazine" never got off the floor. "60 Minutes" is emphatically a producers' show. "The producers are the unsung heroes of '60 Minutes,' " Wallace says. "It's

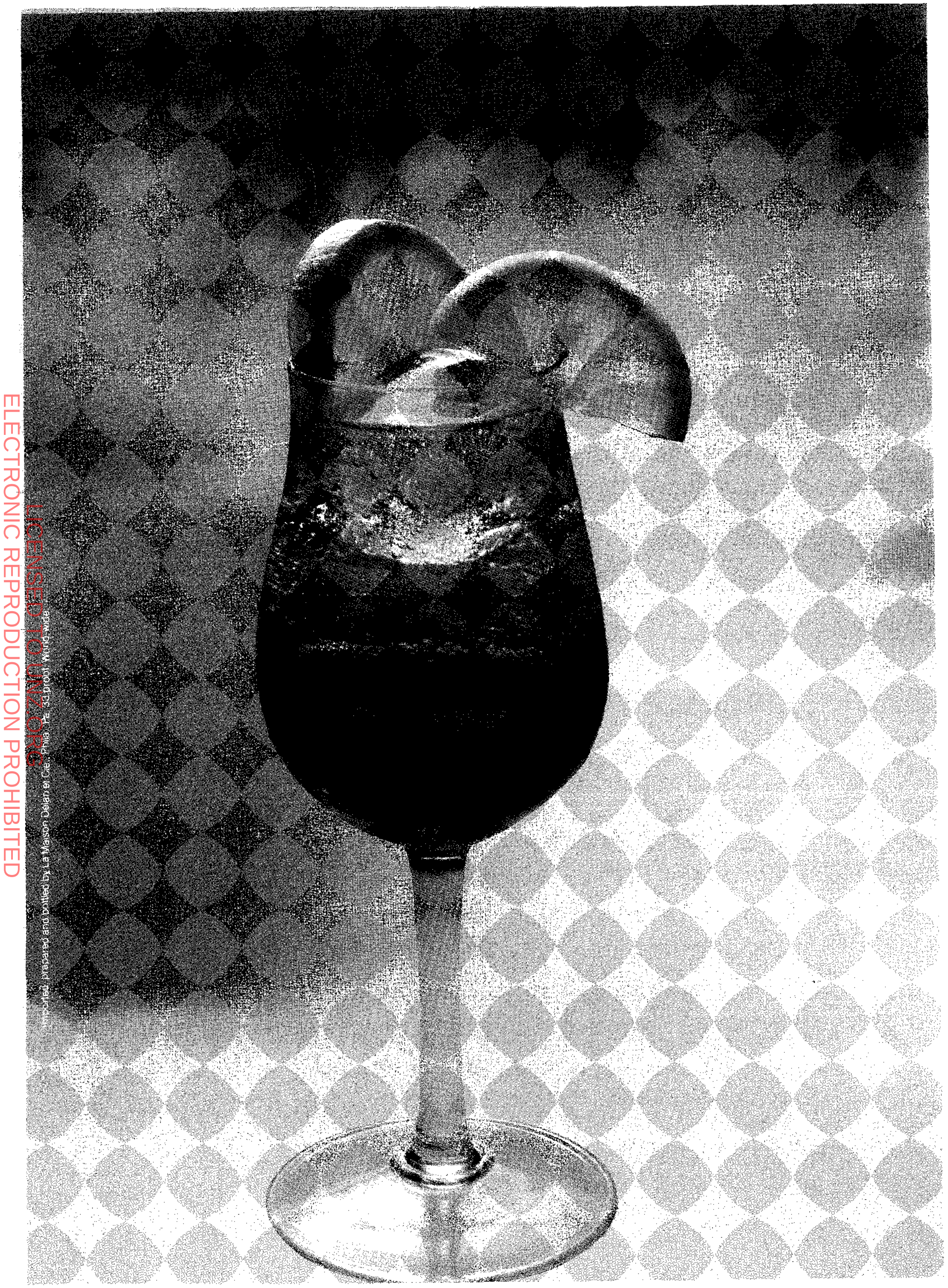
only a small oversimplification to say that they are the dray horses and the correspondents the show horses of the team."

A "60 Minutes" correspondent will deal with twenty-five or thirty topics a year, and will seldom devote as long as two weeks to any one of them. A "60 Minutes" producer will deal with six or seven, sometimes spending two or three months on a single one. Jeanne Solomon, a producer based in London, maintains that one of the chief problems she and her fellow-producers come up against is how to corral a correspondent—she used to produce for Rather and now works with Bradley—for enough of his precious time to get a piece completed. "You have to book these guys like opera singers," she says. "Sometimes you almost have to call up a subject you've been working with and say, 'You're going to have to miss your mother's funeral Thursday, because my correspondent is going to be in town and is going back to New York Friday in order to make it to Fiji over the weekend.' " Long before a correspondent arrives, his producer may have finished three-quarters or more of a piece in which he will ultimately seem to be the protagonist. Occasionally, by design or by accident, a producer may put together an entire story with no correspondent even in the vicinity. William McClure, who, like Solomon, works out of London, was in Poland last December, paving the way for a Harry Reasoner story, when martial law was declared. Reasoner couldn't get in. McClure got out with a batch of film he had already shot about the tense situation there by switching his exposed film into cans marked "Unexposed."

Of the twenty-three full-time staff producers (Hewitt and Williams have taken a whack at producing, from time to time, to keep their hand in), seventeen are stationed in New York, two in Washington, and three in London, while Barry Lando, a leading agent in the Wallace Bureau of Investigation (Lando once carried a forged Cézanne, a copy of a painting that had been stolen from the Chicago Art Institute some months earlier, from New York to Montreal, by way of proving how easy it was to spirit purloined art across international borders), lives in Paris. "Producers are the be-all and end-all of everything that happens on this show," Williams has said. "They are twenty-three skilled entrepreneurs, who do a great deal of research—we have only eight researchers, for all of them—and collar people for interviews and arrange schedules and beat their correspondents over the head all year long. Good camera crews and good editors improve pieces, but it is the producer who does the donkey work at every level, and it's his neck that's out. If his cast—and that includes his big-name correspondent—doesn't perform up to expectations, it's a blot on the producer's escutcheon."

The four producers based in Europe profess to have a harder time of it than their domestic counterparts, because "60 Minutes" is generally less well known abroad than it is at home. Safer and his man in London, John Tiffin, went to southern Africa some months back for a story about Sun City, the Vegas-like gambling and sex resort to which God-fearing Afrikaners flock in the never-never land of Bophuthatswana. Sun City books high-priced night-club acts. Frank Sinatra had just left. The Osmonds had just arrived. A South African public-relations man who appeared to be in charge of things gave the "60 Minutes" contingent short shrift until one Osmond sibling, spotting Safer, asked him for his autograph.

The producers have had varied backgrounds. Tiffin, McClure, and Greg Cooke were once cameramen, Joseph Wershba was a newspaper reporter. Wasserman came out of documentary films, Martin Phillips and Suzanne St. Pierre out of research. At the moment, "60 Minutes" has five women producers. "Five women isn't parity," says Miss St. Pierre (who is also Mrs. Eric Sevareid), "but it isn't tokenism, either." Even so, the program has been criticized from time to time as a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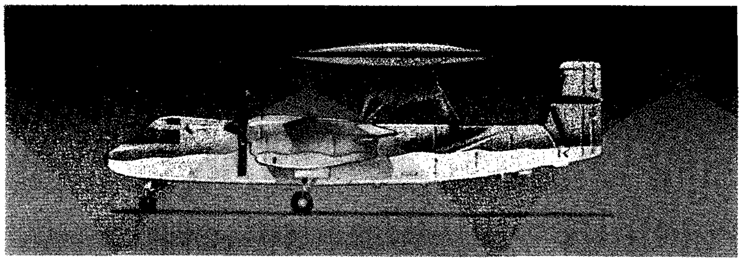

THE TECHNOLOGY FOR THE JOB AT HAND.

GRUMMAN

predominantly male bastion, or club. (It has its clubby aspect: there always seems to be a backgammon game going on in some producer's office in New York, and the rattle of dice mingles with the cries of "Don!" or "Phil!" as some harried secretary—all the secretaries are female—tries to summon her superior to his desk phone.) Every time there has been a vacancy in the cast of correspondents, and especially when Rather left for the Evening News, there has been talk of engaging a woman—Barbara Walters and Hewitt's wife, Marilyn Berger, have been among those mentioned—to redress the program's sexual skew. The CBS hierarchy may have felt that in choosing Ed Bradley, who is black, to replace Rather, it was satisfying the equal-opportunity demands of at least one often put-upon faction.

Rather had never been characterized as either a Mr. Tough Guy or a Mr. Nice Guy; the principal sobriquet he had picked up was a snide one—Gunga Dan—bestowed on him by some armchair disparagers after he made a plucky eleven-day hike into the hills of war-torn Afghanistan. "I don't know how to classify myself," Bradley said soon after he was picked for the team. "Somebody once called me a utility player, and I regarded that as a high compliment. Nobody in this business does what Mike does as well as he does it, but I guess I can knock down a door and browbeat somebody if I have to. If I have a strength, it's the ability to get people to talk. I'm a good listener. When you listen well, people tend to talk more. Mike is great at that. A person will give him an incomplete answer, and Mike won't say anything, and the other guy will rush to fill the silence. Or Mike will persuade him to with nothing more than an 'And?' or a 'But?' "

Bradley, a now forty-two-year-old graduate of Cheyney State College, in Pennsylvania, had never worked with Hewitt, or Wallace, until all three of them were assigned to the 1976 Presidential Conventions. "I'd majored in elementary education at Cheyney State," Bradley says, "and I hadn't taken any courses in journalism. Working alongside Mike was like taking Advanced Journalism 907." By then, Bradley was hardly a neophyte. He had been stationed on three continents for CBS News since joining the network, in 1967, and had been aboard one of the last helicopters to leave Saigon when the United States decamped. Later, he had done a docu-

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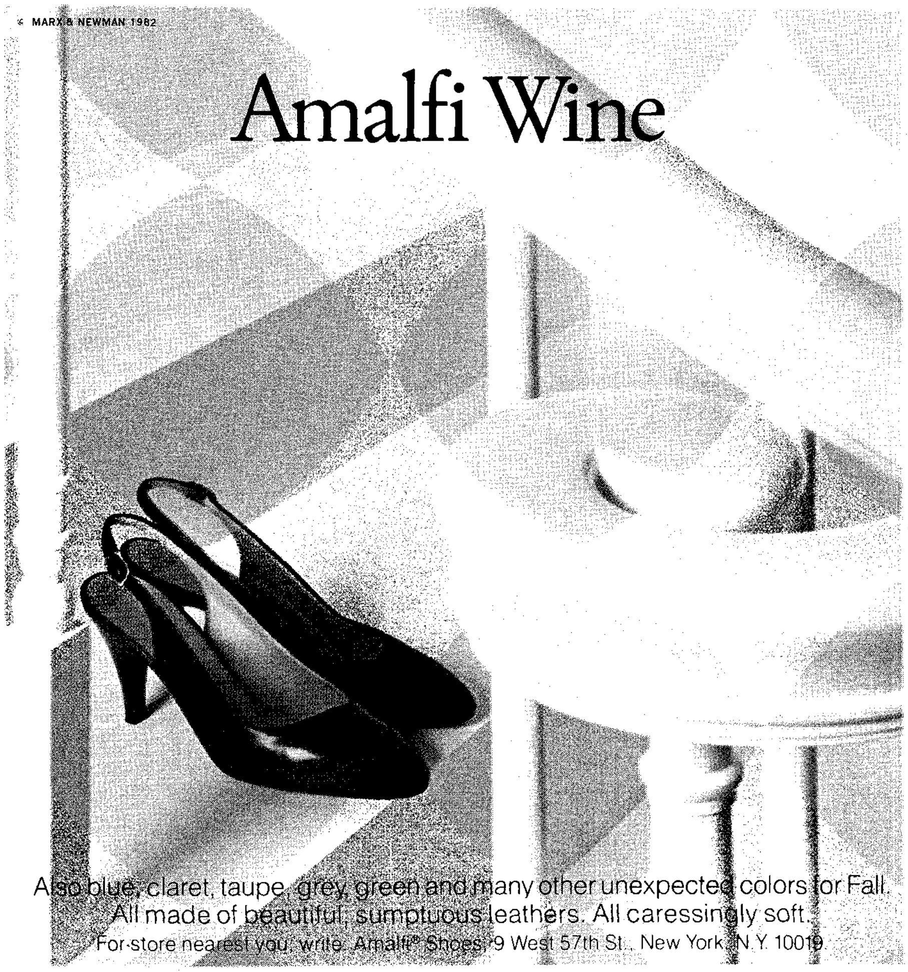
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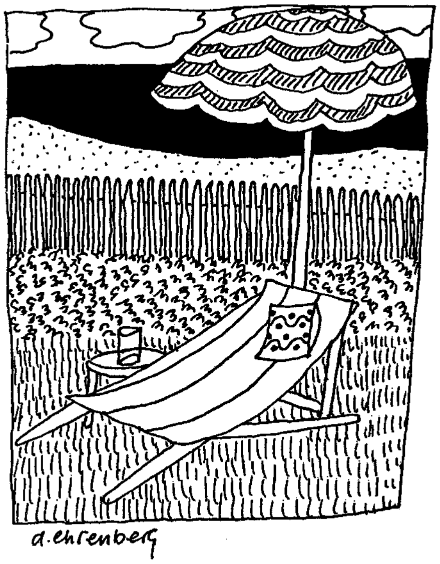
mentary on Vietnamese boat people for "CBS Reports," and, because that show had a much tinier audience than "60 Minutes," Hewitt had reused some of his footage. Toward the end of 1979, Bradley heard that he was being considered for "60 Minutes," but he wasn't sure he wanted the job if it was proffered. Then on March 7, 1980, he decided he did. He typed "Go for the gold" on a sheet of paper. A few days later, he was tapped. He now has that homemade fortune cookie impaled on his office bulletin board, not far from a gargantuan letter signed by all the pupils in a third-grade class of the Fernbrook School, in Randolph, New Jersey. Their teacher, Elena Mastroianni, had written Bradley a fan letter about a story he had reported on the Sunday Night News, which he anchored for several years before joining "60 Minutes," and he had replied, and she suggested to her students that they write to Bradley, this time at six-foot length, to tell him all about their gerbils, Pumpkin and Rascal, and particularly to let him know that Pumpkin had had five babies and had eaten two of them. "We learned what the word cannibalism means," the third-graders reported. As a onetime elementary-education major, Bradley was impressed.

THE recently retired president of CBS News, William A. Leonard, never ceased to wonder at Don Hewitt's unfettered enthusiasm. "There is a Peter Pan quality about him," Leonard says. "After fourteen years, he keeps sailing in through the window every morning." Bradley was diffident at first about working for this whirling sprite. "I had heard that Don could be difficult to get along with," he says, "but after a while I could see his genius—those marvellous bursts of energy, those machine-gun-like explosions." Hewitt is a precisionist. He and Bradley once spent five minutes in a cutting room solemnly debating whether the word "each," in a story about teen-age crime, sounded better than "every." (Hewitt also said at one point, "Leave out that 'twelve tons of guns.' I don't know if anybody knows what twelve tons is.") Later, Hewitt told a bystander, "In television, you can't edit something till you hear it. I rarely look at the pictures when I'm editing a piece. I just listen. There are those who say I do too much dramatic coaching, but what I'm really doing is just editing writing. It's the pauses and inflections I listen for as much as anything. They're the punctuation. They're what commas and semicolons are in print." Confident as he is of his own editorial judgment, Hewitt likes to have it reinforced by people whose opinions he believes might be germane. For example, when he is about to scrutinize a piece that one of his producers has done on a theme dating back a generation or so—a Bradley recapitulation, for instance, of the saga of Rudolf Hess—Hewitt, who is fifty-nine, solicits the reactions of a couple of members of his staff who were born well after the Second World War was over, and to whom Hess is a name that, if it is familiar at all, is out of ancient history.

Once Hewitt, perhaps seconded by a secretary or a switchboard operator, has given a piece his imprimatur, it is shown to a CBS vice-president, Roger Colloff, who is a non-practicing lawyer with gilt-edged historical credentials—an M.A. in history from Yale—and who puts the News Division's stamp of approval on every portion of "60 Minutes" before it is broadcast. Colloff considers it a testimonial to the program's universal appeal that his ten-year-old daughter often used to sit through it with him at home when she could have slipped upstairs and tuned in Walt Disney on NBC. "In the tradition of commercial advertising, it's atypical for anything to last as long as fourteen years," he says. "Yet with '60 Minutes' you have something that people go on and on watching and talking about and writing letters to." In 1980, nearly seventy per cent of the mail that the CBS News Division got about its programs was about "60 Minutes"—almost a hundred thousand letters that year. (Quite a few of these receive no acknowledgment beyond a printed reply from the Director of Audience Services of the CBS/Broadcast Group, which reads, "Our 60 MINUTES staff receives many requests for assistance in personal matters. Much as they would like to be of help to the members of our audience, we regret to say that it is not possible to provide such a service. The primary function of 60 MINUTES is to report on topical subjects of newsworthy importance; its staff must therefore concentrate its efforts and resources on the preparation of material for on-the-air use. Although we cannot help you, we hope that you will find assistance through other avenues.") In that same year, while Walter Cronkite was presiding over the Evening News, Mike Wallace got much more mail—those who wrote to praise or to blame were about evenly divided—than Cronkite did. One reason that "60 Minutes" attracts so much correspondence, of course, is that the program, like *Commentary* and *Penthouse*, makes some of its mail public. The hope of having some forty million people listen to one's eulogy or invective is a powerful epistolary goad.



A Harry Reasoner show called "Bloody Ivory," about the slaughter of Kenyan elephants for their tusks, prompted a ten-year-old boy to write (conceivably with parental assistance), "When I grow up I am planning on trying to save some of the elephants, but now I don't know if I can. I think if people don't do something by the time I grow up, there won't be any elephants left to save." A fifteen-year-old girl wrote (probably without guidance but perhaps with tongue in cheek), "After seeing Harry Reasoner's report on the killing of elephants for their precious ivory, I realized I'm as guilty as all the rest. I have decided to change soaps." An adult woman sent along a check for twenty-five dollars made out to "Endangered Species," which may have eventually been cashed, though several months after it arrived it was still languishing unprocessed in a heap of correspondence on Palmer Williams' desk, not far from a fancily inscribed canoe paddle that somebody had mailed him years earlier in a fruitless attempt to pique his interest in a story about calligraphy.

"The public perceives us as an institution that keeps telling it, 'This is the truth—let the chips fall where they may,' " Williams once said. "We get letters all the time saying, 'Even if you can't do a story on corruption in our town, wouldn't you please just call the Mayor and say you're thinking of doing one? That could help us.' " A characteristic letter may begin, "Dear Sirs: No doubt you receive many letters touting 'great' ideas." They do. During one recent week, suggestions drifted in from a Maryland physician who wanted it known that doctors were inadequately trained to treat alcoholics; from a Seattle lawyer who hoped that the program would rally to the cause of a man who he said was imprisoned on a false rape charge; from a Texas realtor recounting a dastardly mortgage swindle; from an Ohio father lamenting that he couldn't visit his children, who had been awarded to his ex-wife in a custody battle; from a Colorado billboard proprietor complaining that he had lost twenty-one signs and considerable income because of his state's compliance with the Federal Highway Beautification Act; from a California woman outraged that she had been fired from a costume-making job because she was allergic to lint; from a Virginia teacher of Spanish who was sore because her class had found twenty-seven mistakes in a Spanish-language booklet distributed by the Postal Service to warn Hispanics against mail fraud; and from a New Mexico woman perplexed at having been told at a department store that she couldn't buy some plants she coveted because they were going to be thrown away for a tax credit. "I have never heard of anything so wasteful in my entire life," she sputtered.

IF to insiders it is the producers who keep "60 Minutes" ticking away, to the general public it is the correspondents—Hewitt likes to call them his tigers—who tell the time. Asked once what he and the other reporters were like behind the scenes, Safer said, "Harry and I are the ones who smoke, the ones who drink, and the ones who read." Safer, who is generally regarded as the most literary of the crew, insists on writing practically every word he utters on camera. By contrast, Rather once said that he had as little to do with composing his scripts as King James had with translating the Bible. Trying to define the correspondents in family terms, an observer once called Safer the educated cousin, Rather the rough-and-tumble brother-in-law, Reasoner the jovial old uncle, Bradley the younger brother back from school, and Wallace the incorrigible kid next door who will probably never grow up. The correspondents do share one trait: they all enjoy participating actively—sometimes vigorously, sometimes even riskily—in whatever story they are reporting. "I like pieces where I do things," Reasoner says. His audiences have been able to observe him zooming through the air with (before their recent fatal crash) the Air Force stunt fliers called the Thunderbirds; gunning his engine at a training school for police-car drivers; perched on an outrigger canoe in the Philippine Sea; vainly swinging a bat at cannonball pitches hurled past him by a woman softball wizard; shooting pool against a hustler (on being asked why he had appeared on the show, Reasoner's antagonist said, "So I could say hello to all the people that I have—I shouldn't say robbed, but I will"); and sampling Swiss wines with Craig Claiborne. Reasoner was lucky in that last one; he didn't have to stand up until the cameras shut down. Once, Reasoner carried participation beyond the demands of performance. He had done a piece on the doping of race horses with Butazolidin, a drug that could inspire drooping, lethargic animals to prance and sprint. Just afterward, he strained a muscle while pulling on a new pair of boots. A doctor gave him a prescription that, when Reasoner had it filled, turned out to be bute. In a few hours, he was frolicking like a colt.

Week in and week out, "60 Minutes" audiences have come to expect to see Rather skin diving or playing basketball, Bradley in the open gondola of an ascending balloon, Safer at the wheel of a racing car, Wallace playing middling tennis with Johnny Carson or pitting himself against some East German running enthusiasts. Once, when Reasoner was doing a story on panhandlers, Wallace materialized at the very end and said, "Pardon me, sir, I— I wonder if you could let me have a hundred dollars for lunch at '21'?" and Reasoner retorted, "Why don't you get a decent job, like me?" That was supposed to be funny, of course. As a rule, the correspondents do not compete, jestingly or otherwise, on air. They have had their petty offstage rivalries, inevitably, but these are seldom more pronounced than the disagreements that might crop up among members of a team that has made it to the World Series or the Super Bowl. When Reasoner had a memoir published last October 1st, with a substantial advance sale, Wallace couldn't resist stopping by the author's office the next morning to report that he'd just seen the book on a remainder table at Barnes & Noble. Watching Morley Safer watch "60 Minutes" one Sunday evening, an acquaintance noticed that when an episode of Safer's came on, with which the correspondent was obviously familiar, he put on his glasses and leaned forward; when a Wallace episode, which Safer hadn't seen before, came on, he leaned back and took his glasses off. Once, in a feature about Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., then the head of the National Urban League, Wallace was portrayed asking some black people on a busy street corner in Brooklyn if they'd ever heard of Jordan. Not altogether surprisingly, half of them hadn't. On a subsequent program, Rather read—with what appeared to be singular glee—a letter from a viewer who said he'd asked ten people if they'd ever heard of Mike Wallace; three had, six hadn't, and one thought he'd ridden Pleasant Colony in the Belmont Stakes.

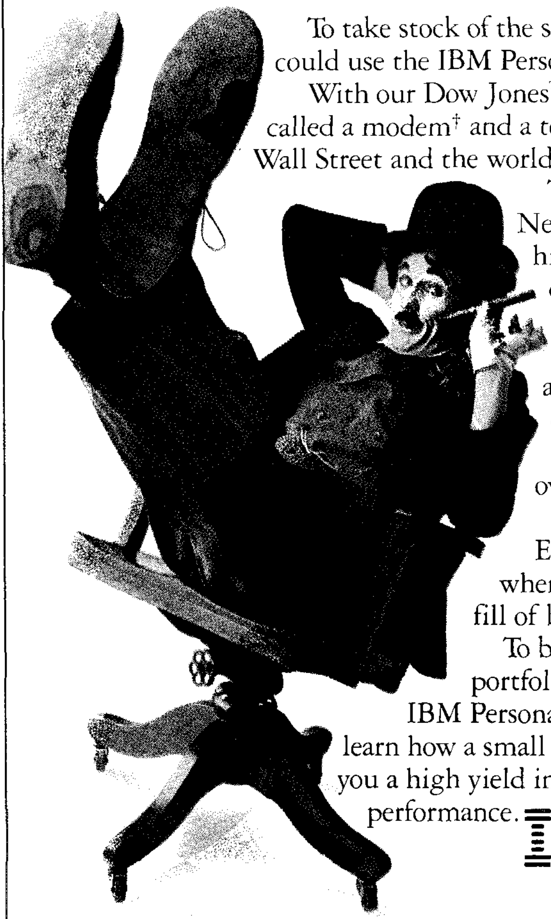
R. MacMillan

Some months ago, Palmer Williams, in a farewell sortie as a producer, was in Edinburgh on his Scotch-whiskey piece. Reasoner was slated to meet him there one night, after taking the Concorde from New York to London. His flight was diverted from Heathrow to Gatwick. He could have caught a British Caledonian flight from Gatwick to Edinburgh, but there wouldn't have been time for him to retrieve his luggage, so he holed up overnight at a hotel. Somebody asked Williams (this was before Bradley had come aboard) what the other correspondents might have done in similar circumstances. "Mike would have abandoned his bags and jumped on British Caledonian," he said. "Morley would have either taken a train north or phoned John Tiffin to come out from London and fetch him, and on the way to London he'd have berated John for the foul-up. Dan would have waited for his luggage and chartered a Learjet to Scotland." Once, Rather had had a date to interview the Prime Minister of Malta, but owing to some airline crisis or other had arrived at Valletta while his luggage remained in Italy. He had nothing fit to wear, so the then manager of the CBS News bureau in Rome, Patricia Bernie, had indeed chartered a plane to deliver his gear. It cost five thousand dollars. When a CBS vice-president later asked Palmer Williams to explain that expense-account item, Williams told him, "You don't want to know about it." A producer on a less highly rated show might never have got away with it.

Except in July, when all concerned usually take a month off—Safer in a Spanish retreat without a television set—the correspondents are in frenetic transit. Wallace was standing in a chemical dump near Stockton, California, when he learned he could have an audience with Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran. He didn't have his passport with him. He picked it up in London, after a flight over the Pole, from his secretary, who had ferried it across the Atlantic for him. Once, Rather popped into a telephone booth to call Hewitt in New York, and when Hewitt asked where he was phoning from Rather popped his head out and asked a passerby. The passerby gave him an odd look and said, "The Atlanta airport." When Reasoner heard about it, he remarked, "That would have been a fairly good guess without asking. One or another of us is almost always at the Atlanta airport."

Recently, when Rather was musing on his nostalgia for "60 Minutes," he said, "What I don't miss is the travel. My last year on the show, I must have spent eight or nine months on the road. It wasn't until I moved to the Evening News that I realized how tired I was from hanging around some airport at eleven-fifteen at night wondering when there would be a flight to Salt Lake City or Damascus, or wherever it was I was supposed to be next. Sometimes I would regard it as an accomplishment merely to get to my destination—and that could be dangerous, because I was expected to bring back some good material, not simply my intact body. Just before I left the show, Don was talking to a few of us about possible successors, and the key question we asked about every man or woman whose name cropped

How to put the big board on a small screen.



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up was about durability. The job requires a kind of peasant stamina." Bradley may have got the nod in part because he had been overheard saying, "I don't mind sleeping on floors. Sometimes that's fun. I always prefer a table or a bench to plain ground, though, especially when the ground is muddy." Safer has spent so much of the last decade in rented beds around the globe that he has turned his enforced incarceration into a hobby. He has had an exhibition of paintings he has done on a single theme—the interiors of motel rooms. Reasoner, for his part, collects what he calls damning-with-faint-praise signs; his whole week was brightened when, one rainy evening in Glasgow, he espied "ENGLISH COOKING AT ITS BEST."

HEWITT's stable of producers and correspondents provides him with about a hundred new stories a year. Inasmuch as three of these are usually broadcast every week (whole hours have been devoted only to cancer, heroin, international terrorism, gun control, and "Looking at '60 Minutes' "), and the program comes on fifty-two times a year, there is a considerable annual shortfall of material. In late April, May, and June, accordingly, only one new piece is usually presented each Sunday; the two others are reruns. In July and August, the entire program is made up of repeats. "It would be ideal for us to be thrown off the air for two months every year and to come back in the fall with a brand-new lineup," Williams said shortly before his retirement. "In the early days, we could count on being preëmpted every so often by 'The Wizard of Oz' or some such thing. But we became such a striking commercial success that we could never get any air time off. Our audiences are so loyal by now that they don't seem to care what we put on; they're evidently willing to sit through things they've seen at least once before." (A letter that came in after a rerun of "Bloody Ivory" went, "Your story produced the same effect on me as the last time you showed it. I cried.") Sometimes viewers see pieces more than twice. A story on Gibraltar that was initially broadcast in December, 1972, was resurrected in January, 1976, and again in May, 1980; for all anybody knows, it may turn up, Orwellianly, two years hence. When Williams and Reasoner were preparing their Scotch-whiskey opus in October of last year, the correspondent wanted to put the age of one distillery, accurately, at a hundred and fifty-six years. The producer demurred; he suggested that Reasoner use a round number, since the piece would probably be shown again in the future.

Reruns can create problems. In 1969, Williams produced a feature on an Englishman who had mysteriously disappeared during a round-the-world single-handed sailing race. Reasoner was the narrator. By the time the piece was scheduled for reuse, Reasoner, who would eventually return, like a rerun, had long since departed for ABC, and Rather had arrived. A new soundtrack was made, with Rather reading Reasoner's lines. Just before Reasoner left, he'd had an interview with Federico Fellini, which hadn't yet been run at all. To salvage that piece, Safer's voice was substituted. Nobody seemed bothered—Fellini's own reaction is unknown—even though one unmistakable Reasoner laugh had to be left in the Safer version, because it coincided with a picture of Fellini that couldn't be snipped without destroying a crucial sequence.

One of the places outside the United States where "60 Minutes" has been shown in its entirety is Tel Aviv, where an enterprising showman bought the right to screen it in a hotel. Some Israelis wanted to see the program partly so that they could gaze at events—civilian casualties in Lebanon, say—that their censors ban from indigenous television. Colonel Muammar Qaddafi once arranged to watch a "60 Minutes" account of life in Libya, via satellite, at the same moment that it came on the air in the United States, even though the program was broadcast at two in the morning his time and though he couldn't have much relished what he saw and heard. Abroad and at home, on networks and on local channels, there has been a plethora of imitations of "60 Minutes," but none have attained more than modest ratings. Hewitt and his cohorts have also been vexed by impostors, who believe they can obtain access to an individual or a company by feigning an affiliation with the program. A sheriff in Texas once phoned New York to check on the authenticity of a camera crew that was at the Mexican border filming an immigration story for, the sheriff thought he'd been told, "60 Minutes." Hewitt took the call in Williams' office, where he was watching Scheffler play backgammon. Somebody yelled at somebody to look at the central blackboard. There was nothing on it, or in the latest "Insights" bulletin, that appeared to relate to the Mexican border. The sheriff, on being so informed, was about to clap the camera crew behind bars when its director got to the phone and explained that they were from a CBS-owned station in Chicago and that the contretemps was a misunderstanding. "I told them we were doing a '60 Minutes' *type* of show," he said. Hewitt let him off with a warning.

In September of last year, the CBS network itself, with more than a little fanfare, launched a half-hour program that resembled "60 Minutes" in some ways. Called "Up to the Minute" and running five days a week, it featured, a week at a stretch, Ed Bradley, Harry Reasoner, Morley Safer, and Mike Wallace. As a further come-on, Bob Keeshan, who as Captain Kangaroo had his own robust following, showed up for a minute or so. The reporter sat in a studio and chatted with assorted panelists about issues of the day—abortion, school busing, nuclear proliferation. He never left his chair. The show was a flop. Halfway through a fifteen-week run, the producer of "Up to the Minute" received notice that the program would not be renewed. Why a program with four proved stars doing much the sort of thing they were widely acclaimed for doing should have fared so miserably may be attributable in part to its sedentary nature. Hewitt's tigers didn't prowl or pounce. They didn't participate. Even so, the quick demise of "Up to the Minute" puzzled a lot of people. The longevity (perhaps immortality—who knows?) of "60 Minutes" has puzzled people, too, not least Don Hewitt. "I don't really have any idea why people watch us," he says. "Maybe it's because they like the show. Maybe it's because they just think they ought to watch it. I don't understand it at all."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

*(This is the second part of a two-part article.)*

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## CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

*[From the police log in the Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Star]*

LARCENY, 1704 Green Leaf Dr.—Victim approached by juvenile selling cookies who identified himself as salesman who had sold her a candle in past, for church choral group. Victim paid suspect $2 for can of cookies. Suspect left with money. Victim opened can and found a blue and red sweater inside. No cookies.

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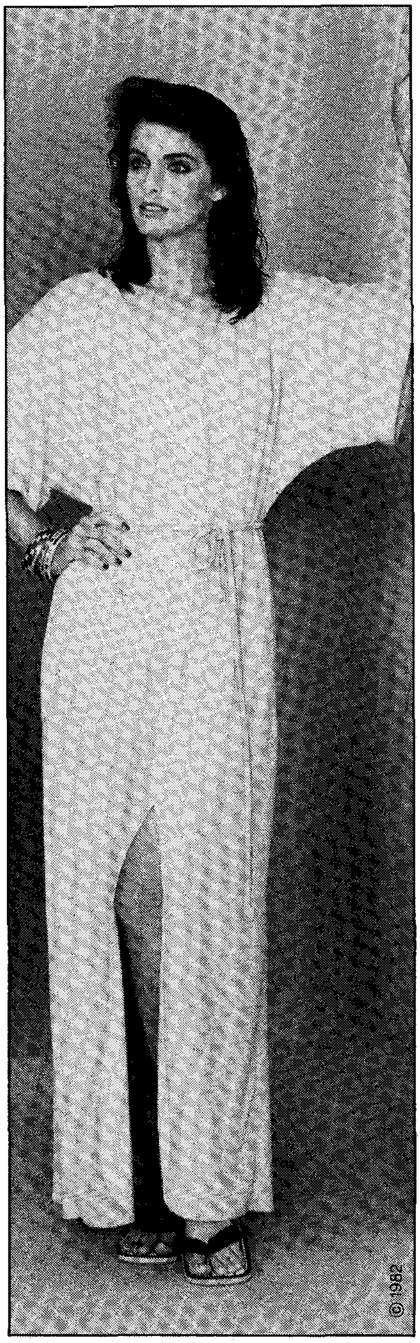

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# JAZZ

## *Making Do*

FRIDAY, JUNE 25TH: Very well. The so-called Kool Jazz Festival New York has swallowed the Newport Jazz Festival–New York. Not only that, there will be twenty Kool Jazz Festivals in the United States this year, including the New York edition, which opened today. Such is the megalithic announcement that George Wein, the ruler of this new empire, makes in the festival program. He also says, "When we brought the . . . Newport Jazz Festival to New York City in 1972 . . . it stimulated amazing activity. There were four or five jazz clubs active in [the city]. Within the year . . . dozens of clubs adopted jazz policies." (There were fifteen full-time jazz clubs in New York in 1972, and twenty-three a year later. The Newport Jazz Festival didn't bring New York jazz clubs back; the attrition of rock energy did.) Wein says as well, "The response of the media to the [festival's] name change was unanimous. Not only did they accept [it] . . ." (This writer, for one, demurred, and so did others.) What matters about Wein, though, is not his wayward self-congratulatory outpourings but his dedication, however Caesarean, to jazz music. That the festival exists is good news.

Art Hodes brought sufficient tidings to the New York Sheraton late this afternoon when he gave a solo recital in the Forum Room, a mirrored cave with raspberry trimmings and stalactite chandeliers. (Carnegie Recital Hall, the usual center for these events, is being renovated.) He played seventeen numbers, and they included his mixture of stride pieces ("Grandpa's Spells," "Snowy Mornin' Blues"), blues, standards ("Am I Blue," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Georgia"), and oddities ("Maryland! My Maryland!," "Battle Hymn of the Republic"). He used a lot of tremolo and two-handed staccato effects, but his playing lacked the elasticity and depth of his night-club performances. Concert-hall situations still make old speakeasy performers jumpy.

The evening came in two different parts. Max Roach brought his quartet (Odean Pope on tenor saxophone, Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet, Calvin Hill on bass), plus a string quartet, into Avery Fisher Hall, and they played three compositions that were a mixture of recycled bebop, bad Hindemith, and sheer Roachian pomp. The strings did little for Roach's showy, motionless drumming or for Pope and Bridgewater, neither of them a prepossessing soloist. The second half of the concert was given over to Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner, Ron Carter, and Elvin Jones. Hubbard was lyrical in his overblown way, Tyner stayed out of the swamp, Carter suggested a royal palm, and Jones' multilayered, multicolored drumming was superb.

The second part of the evening was played at Carnegie Hall by the Stan Getz quartet (Jim McNeely on piano, Marc Johnson on bass, Victor Lewis on drums) and a Benny Goodman group (Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Phil Flanigan on bass, and Panama Francis on drums). Getz's seven selections (among them "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," Bud Powell's "Tempus Fugit," and Billy Strayhorn's "Blood Count" and "We'll Be Together Again") reaffirmed the fact that it was his reimagining of Lester Young, and not Young himself, that shook up so many young white tenor saxophonists forty years ago. Another reaffirmation: Getz, in the long ago, listened hard to Johnny Hodges and Don Byas, relishing both their lyrical muscles and their sentimentality. Goodman and friends did ten numbers, and the best were the medium-tempo "Someday Sweetheart," "It Had to Be You," and "Don't Be That Way." The flagwavers were short of breath. Goodman gave half a dozen instances of his old flair and brilliance. Hampton played percussively rather than melodically. Wilson was impeccable: each solo climbed and sank, sank and climbed; his touch was golden, his evenness justice itself.

JUNE 26TH: Good minions make good empires. In recent years, George Wein has hired others to produce his programs, and tonight at Avery Fisher Hall the American impresario George Schutz and the German critic Joachim-Ernst Berendt put together a three-hour concert called "Jazz and World Music." It was played by forty or so musicians from India, Brazil, Germany, Turkey, Senegal, England, Japan, and the United States. The American flutist Paul Horn, leaning on taped flutes and electronic echo effects, fashioned movie music with an Indian tinge—Deborah Kerr and Jean Simmons in the foothills of the Himalayas. Rainbow, made up of L. Subramaniam on violin, Ashish Kahn on sarod (a sitarlike instrument with twenty-five strings), Pranesh Kahn on tabla, and the American alto saxophonist John Handy, sounded like an Indian bebop group. The ensembles resembled wild unison bop figures, and there were solos based partly on Indian scales. Handy, a fluid, perfervid, big-toned descendant of Charlie Parker, was in fine form, but it was too bad the group didn't allow itself more free collective interplay. Codona, the third group, consists of Don Cherry on pocket trumpet and doussn' gouni (a Malian guitar that looks like a giant tomato with a hoe stuck into it handle first), Collin Walcott on sitar and tabla, and Nana Vasconcelos on percussion. We heard Cherry on trumpet backed by sitar and conga drum; Walcott on sitar backed by maracas; Cherry on trumpet backed by tabla; Cherry on some sort of piccolo backed by maracas and cymbals. An American Indian tenor saxophonist named Jim Pepper did some chanting with Codona and played a John Coltrane saxophone solo. The final group of the evening, Karl Berger's Music Universe, was thirty strong, and on hand were the trumpeter Randy Brecker, the drummer Ed Blackwell, the violinist Leroy Jenkins, Collin Walcott, and the alto saxophonist Lee Konitz. Berger, a German-born composer and vibraphonist, conducted the two immense numbers, which, though melodically simple (the second was built around a four-note folk motif), were dressed up in constantly changing rhythms and instrumental combinations. There was also a parade of soloists, the best of whom was Konitz. He was accompanied at first by bass and drums; then he went on alone. He fashioned a long, lyrical, witty melody, a kind of very long song, that was beautiful. The rest of the two numbers were full of terrific ensemble dissonances, singing and chanting, dancing, and the avant-garde big-band clutter that has become familiar during the past ten years in the works of Sam Rivers and Muhal Richard Abrams.

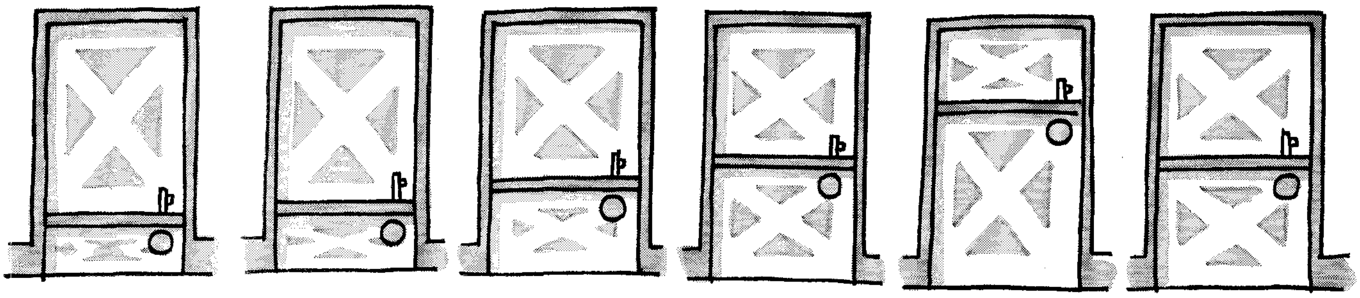
Anne Marie Moss, accompanied by

a trio, sang in the Forum Room this afternoon. She has two voices—a rich contralto and a little-girl sub-falsetto. Both are tied to a strong terminal vibrato. Sarah Vaughan, Anita O'Day, Ella Fitzgerald, and Irene Kral move through her work. She sang "I'm Old-Fashioned," "My Romance," "Stranger in Paradise," "I Remember You," and "Hello, Young Lovers," and she talked nervously between numbers. Anne Marie Moss, who is Canadian, replaced Annie Ross in the vocal trio Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross.

JUNE 27TH: Alec Wilder would not have been greatly displeased by the concert given in his honor at Carnegie Hall this afternoon: he always knew that beauty is rare, and that praise gracefully given is even rarer. He would have threatened not to come but at the last would have appeared backstage or out front, dressed in his summer uniform—a rumpled linen jacket, gray trousers, moccasins. He would have roared in disbelief at the huge drawing of his head fastened to a baffle at one side of the stage, and the length of the concert would have made him restless. He would have been annoyed by some of the liberties taken with his music (the double-time passage inserted by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral in "It's So Peaceful in the Country"), and he might have disagreed with some of the selections. He might also have been mystified by the evening's refusal to swing—to get up off its somewhat sanctimonious rusty-dusty and go. But many things would have pleased him: the amount and variety of his music that was performed (about two dozen songs, including "Baggage Room Blues," "A Long Night," "Who Can I Turn To?," "Lovers and Losers," "Mimosa and Me," and "Blackberry Winter;" two woodwind-octet numbers; the third and fourth movements of Suite No. 1 for Horn, Tuba, and Piano; all of the Jazz Suite for Four Horns; and all of the Suite for Baritone Sax, Horn, and Wind Quintet, written for Gerry Mulligan); the complex, tough chords that Marian McPartland used at the beginning of her solo on "Jazz Waltz for a Friend," written for her; the adept octet performances (by Walter Levinsky, Wally Kane, Raymond Beckenstein, Dennis Anderson, Don Stewart, Kenny Werner, Paul Meyers, and Edwin Schuller) of "Such a Tender Night" and "Kindergarten Flower Pageant;" the quality and strength of Mabel Mercer's voice on "Did You Ever Cross Over to Sneden's;" the snap that Gunther Schuller, conducting, got out of the horns in the Jazz Suite for Four Horns; Jackie Cain's straight, sad "Remember My Child;" Stan Getz's reverential, equally mournful "Where Do You Go (When It Starts to Rain)?;" and the stately, handsome readings, one muted and one open-horn, by the trumpeter Joe Wilder of "Trouble Is a Man" and "Blackberry Winter." Most of all, he would have relished the fact that the concert belonged as much to its performers as to him. He once said, "Players tend to like what I write; composers don't. Composers think of performers as necessary evils . . . But I consider the written music only a guide. The notes suggest, they tell only part of the story. I'll take half the credit, and all the rest goes to the performer. Performers! Those great, beautiful people are my saviors." Loonis McGlohon produced the program.

Praising the living is even harder work. Tonight, in Carnegie Hall, at "Buddy Rich: A Retrospective" (produced by the jazz writer Burt Korall), the drummer was lionized not so much for his drumming as for his show-business attributes. There were photographs of him as a child star (second in income only to Jackie Coogan), as a teen-age whiz in Joe Marsala's band, and as Tommy Dorsey's twenty-two-year-old wunderkind. He and Mel Tormé, who was the master of ceremonies, bantered, and there was a funny bit of slapstick between Rich and a Zildjian from the Zildjian cymbal factory, who was trying to give him an award. He did a short tap dance with Honi Coles, and he beamed while his daughter Cathy sang with his big band. He played number after mechanical number with the band. He played one long solo, and it was—aside from brief passages near its end involving his cymbals and his drum rims—ponderous. What we did not hear was the tasteful, electric performer who surfaces in small-group situations—particularly in duos and trios and quartets. Sixteen years ago, at the old Newport festival, Rich opened a concert by sitting in with Teddy Wilson. On "Somebody Loves Me," he accompanied with great delicacy on wire brushes, then took a long-legged, spidery solo with his sticks which told more about his powers than anything tonight.

JUNE 28TH: Early this evening, at Alice Tully Hall, Eileen Farrell and Mabel Mercer rendered thirty songs in such a way that words and music became a continuum: words were music, music words. Seated regally side by side, they seemed, in their ease and artlessness, to be at the very center of music—a pair of goddesses telling us what all songs should sound like. Ten numbers were done as easy duets, and each singer did about ten numbers alone—Eileen Farrell standing or seated, Mabel Mercer always seated. Eileen Farrell kept her great voice within the bounds of her songs, allowing herself to soar only in "Over the Rainbow." Mabel Mercer sang two of her songs and did the rest parlando, and near the end of the concert she read A. A. Milne's "Vespers" and Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The



MStevens

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DUTCH DOOR

Ballad of the Harp-Weaver," her voice both bleak and triumphant at the ballad's close:

> There sat my mother
> With the harp against her shoulder,
> Looking nineteen,
> And not a day older,
>
> A smile about her lips,
> And a light about her head,
> And her hands in the harp-strings
> Frozen dead.
>
> And piled up beside her
> And toppling to the skies,
> Were the clothes of a king's son,
> Just my size.

Eileen Farrell spoke at the beginning of the evening of how, as a music student in the early forties, she first heard Mabel Mercer sing, and of how Mabel Mercer had been a part of her life ever since. This contagiousness, experienced by so many, is one of New York's choice secrets.

June 29th: We had the avant-garde at five and nine at Avery Fisher this evening, but the old guard, brought in to restore law and order at the end of the nine-o'clock concert, was routed. The first concert had two groups—an octet led by the tenor saxophonist David Murray (commonly of the World Saxophone Quartet), and a septet led by the reedman Henry Threadgill (commonly of Air). Murray's group included Bobby Bradford on cornet, John Purcell on alto saxophone, Craig Harris on trombone, John Hicks on piano, and Steven McCall (also of Air) on drums. Its music was surprisingly conservative. The opening and closing ensembles were played either freely or in a slightly out-of-focus unison, the tempos were distinct, and the soloists rested on organ chords or brief riffs. The soloists summoned up Albert Ayler and Ornette Coleman and Roswell Rudd and Cecil Taylor. It was good to hear Bradford, who worked with Coleman almost thirty years ago in Los Angeles, and who plays with a pleasant lyrical edge. Threadgill's group, made up of Harris, Olu Dara on cornet, Brian Smith and Fred Hopkins (Air) on bass, and Pheeroan Aklaff and John Betsch on drums, was more adventurous. After two brief ensemble numbers, it went into a half-hour fanfare that sounded roughly like this: the drummers began with long, smooth snare-drum rolls; the horns offered a martial figure, and then parodied it; one bassist, playing arco, did a unison figure with the trombonist, and the trumpeter played a mournful figure backed by chords from the trombonist and the alto saxophonist; the drummers rose up slowly behind a succession of brief solos, finally reaching a smashing climax, which gave way to short horn punctuations and a sudden, slamming end. It was a loud, funny, lyrical, hyperactive piece.

The World Saxophone Quartet opened the second concert. In addition to David Murray, it has Oliver Lake and Julius Hemphill on alto saxophones and Hamiet Bluiett on baritone saxophone. The group has grown more sedate since its first festival appearance, three years ago, when it indulged in funny Stepin Fetchit stage business and heavy parodying of Duke Ellington and Guy Lombardo. The parody remains, and so does the avant-garde fretwork of scrambled ensembles, animal-noise solos, and weak key centers, but the quartet has become hooked on sumptuous reed sounds. It doubles constantly, and tonight we heard these combinations: bass clarinet, two soprano saxophones, and alto clarinet; two tenor saxophones, a soprano, and a baritone; three flutes and a bass clarinet; tenor, soprano, alto, and baritone saxophones; and three tenor saxophones and a baritone. The group, unbowed by such richness and variety, delivers these instrumentations in a swashbuckling, aggressive way. Perhaps it is telling us how much it digs those old, statuesque sounds—those old sounds it also loves to parody—of Harry Carney and Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins and Johnny Hodges.

The second half of the concert was taken up by four reedmen who, however slyly and glancingly, had been parodied by the World Saxophone Quartet. They were Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and Jimmy Giuffre, and they were meant to be a re-creation of one of Woody Herman's late-forties Four Brothers saxophone sections. (Getz, Sims, Herbie Steward, and Serge Chaloff formed the first one.) But they seemed fatigued by the idea, and the only freshness came from ballad solos by Getz and Sims. The rhythm section consisted of Ben Aronov on piano, Frank Tate on bass, and Shelly Manne on drums. Manne was so busy tatting and sewing and knitting back there that sometimes the brothers couldn't get a sound in edgewise.

June 30th: There was a meandering, bucolic quality to "Salute to Pres," at Carnegie Hall tonight. It might even have pleased Lester Young, a reflective, poetic country man. (He died in 1959, at the age of forty-nine.) The evening began with a showing of Gjon Mili's 1944 short "Jammin' the Blues," in which Young, abetted by Harry Edison, Illinois Jacquet, Sid Catlett, and Jo Jones, plays a couple of blues, his round, convex, Oriental face turned by Mili's closeups and moody lighting into a huge moon. Then Ira Gitler, a producer of the concert and its master of ceremonies, read a tatterdemalion poem he had written about Young. The last stanza goes:

> He was a cat who was really laid-back
> His audience was always soulfully paid-back
> He floated like a butterfly and stung like a bee
> Long before the coming of Muhammad Ali.

Gitler went on to read a history of Young's life taken from some of his old liner notes and printed like a score in the festival program. Now and then, he paused and there was music—first by a big band that included Harry Edison, Jimmy Maxwell, Vic Dickenson, Eddie Bert, Allen Eager, Al Cohn, Budd Johnson, John Lewis, Bucky Pizzarelli, Milt Hinton, and Oliver Jackson. It played "Every Tub," "Jive at Five," "Jumpin' at the Woodside," and "Broadway," and was joined midway by Zoot Sims and Stan Getz. The band also did "Lester Leaps In," but it was sandwiched between two recordings—Count Basie's 1936 "Evenin'," which was Young's first record date, and "Countless Blues," a 1938 small-band session on which Young plays clarinet. The big band departed for the evening, leaving its rhythm section, and Sims and Johnson did a soprano-saxophone duet on "I Want a Little Girl." A six-saxophone version of "Tickle-Toe" followed (Cohn, Sims, Eager, Getz, Johnson, Buddy Tate). The famous Holiday-Young sequence from the 1957 "Sound of Jazz" television show came next, and the concert wandered into a different pasture. A group made up of Edison, Tate, Dickenson, Pizzarelli, Hinton, Teddy Wilson, and Roy Haynes played three numbers that had nothing to do with Young, and Teddy Wilson did two piano solos, backed by Hinton and Jo Jones. (The

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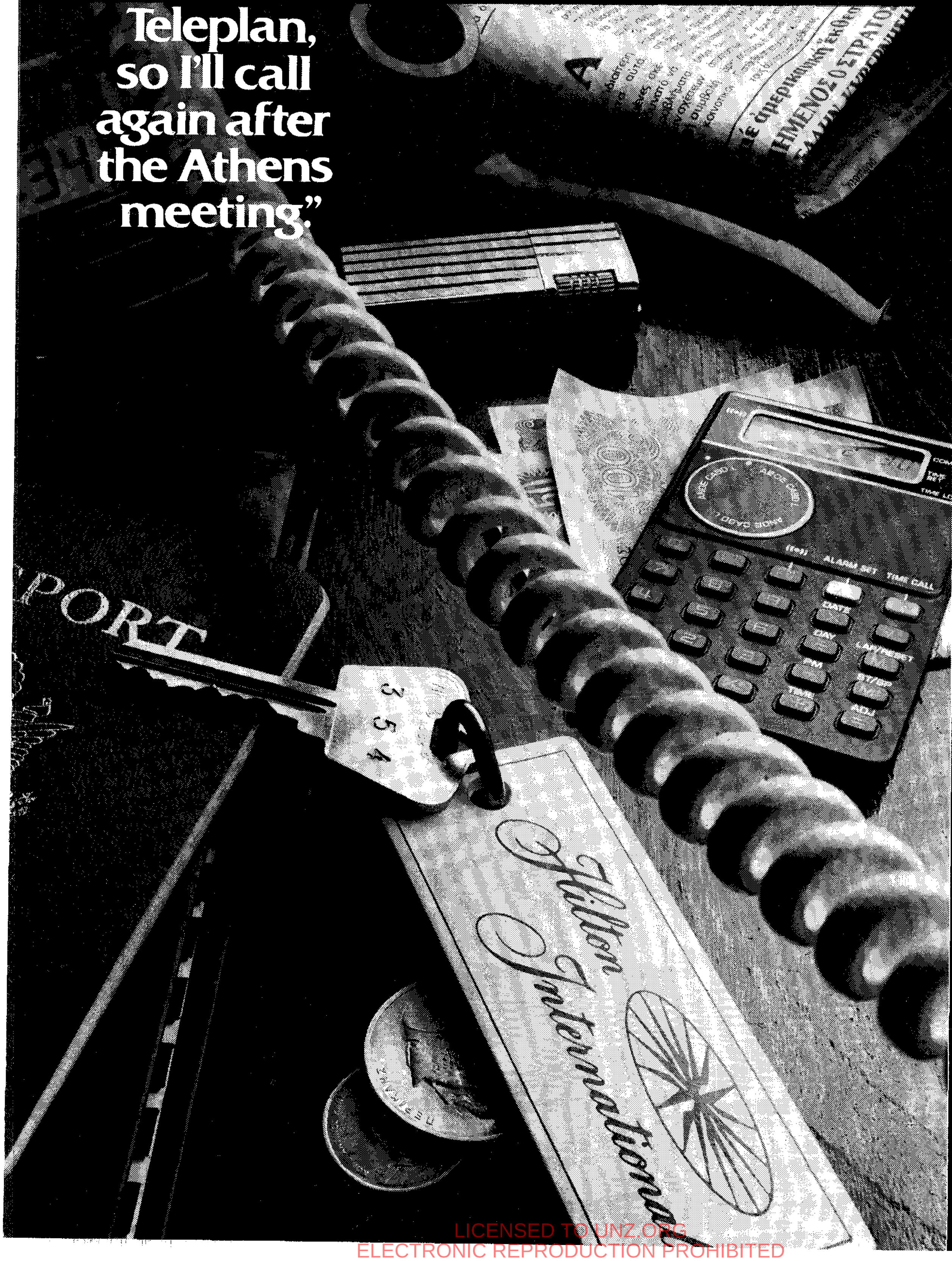

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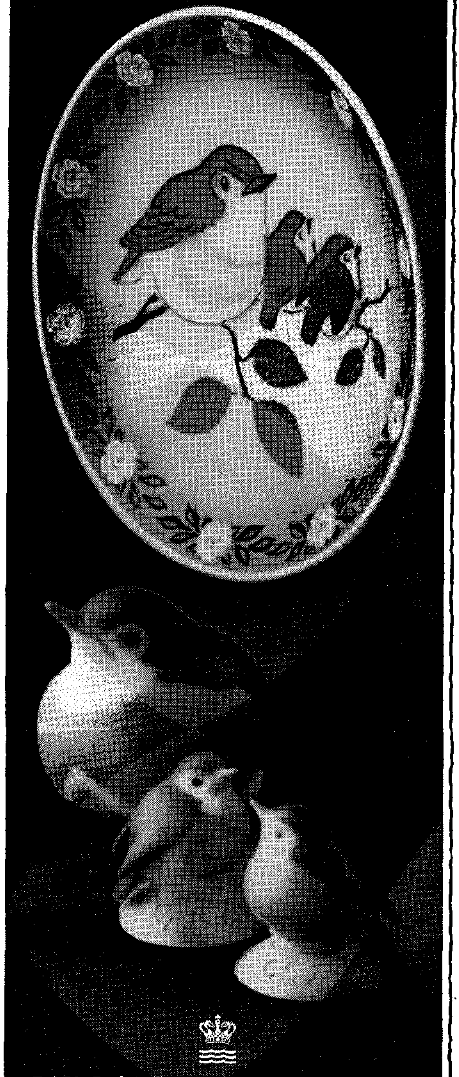

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

rhythmic tussling in the three small-band numbers was fascinating. Wilson plays directly on the beat; Haynes, a frenetic bebop drummer, scatters accents everywhere; and Edison, Dickenson, and Tate like to play behind the beat.) Young reappeared during the concert's last five numbers. These were an exceptional "These Foolish Things" by Sims and an equally fine "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" by Getz; small-band versions of "D. B. Blues" and "Jumpin' with Symphony Sid;" and a 1943 Young recording of "I Got Rhythm," done on the Signature label with Bill Coleman, Dicky Wells, Ellis Larkins, and Jo Jones, and notable not for Young's uninspired solos but for Wells' two whooping, triumphant choruses.

The celebration by themselves of sixteen supposedly young and unknown musicians at Carnegie Hall earlier in the evening was overcrowded and inconclusive. At least eight of the musicians are not unknown, and some are far from striplings. These were Chico Freeman on tenor saxophone, Wynton Marsalis on trumpet, James Newton on flute, John Purcell on alto saxophone, Craig Harris on trombone, Jay Hoggard on vibraphone, Anthony Davis on piano, and Hamiet Bluiett. It was difficult to judge most of the truly unknown players in their allotted time. These were Ronnie Burrage on drums, Kevin Eubanks on guitar, John Blake on violin, Daniel Ponce on percussion, Bobby McFerrin on vocals, Paquito D'Rivera on alto saxophone, Abdul Wadud on cello, and Avery Sharpe on bass. But the fact that most of them are romantics came through clearly. Their compositions dream, and their improvisations are lush and close. They have startling techniques, but they also seem to have an understanding of the emotional freight that the great jazz performers have carried forward from generation to generation. The bias of most of the sixteen is toward the recent avant-garde; absent from the proceedings were such equally gifted but more conservative young players as the pianists Fred Hersch and Lee Ann Ledgerwood and the guitarists Emily Remler and Howard Alden. And where was Wynton Marsalis's brother Branford, a tenor saxophonist and possibly a more interesting player than the smooth, cool Wynton?

JULY 2ND: The Swiss pianist and composer George Gruntz and the American poet and playwright Amiri Baraka have written a jazz opera called "Money," and about a third of it was given its world première tonight at the La Mama Annex. (The entire opera, in eleven scenes and using eighty performers, lasts four hours.) The music, played by a fourteen-piece onstage band that included Gruntz (conducting and playing piano), Chico Freeman, Frank Gordon (trumpet), Howard Johnson (tuba), Janice Robinson (trombone), Cecil McBee (bass), and Billy Hart (drums), is attractive and swinging, and Gruntz uses it imaginatively: the recitative and songs (none reach the level of arias) are backed with organ chords and by soloists, playing singly or together, and by various rhythmic combinations. The band is a constant and welcome presence. But Baraka's libretto is embarrassing. It deals loosely with the romantic affairs and careers of a black singer (Vea Williams) and a black saxophonist (Chico Freeman), and a rich white American (Sheila Jordon) and a Russian diplomat (Kenneth Bell). Castro comes to power, Malcolm X is murdered, and there are bitter mentions of Ike and McCarthy and busing and freedom marches. There is too much recitative. Why not allow the singers to improvise their delivery, even improvise some of the lines? Why not allow the instrumentalists and singers to improvise together? Why not start again?

The seventy-three-year-old Oklahoma pianist Jay McShann closed the late-afternoon solo concerts in the Forum Room by playing and singing a dozen blues and standards. McShann is a better pianist than he generally lets on (his harmonic patterns on "Sweet Lorraine," " 'Deed I Do," and "Tenderly" were surprisingly fresh and original), but how fine it would have been to have Ray Charles sit down at the piano by himself and play and sing.

Earlier in the week, Dolo Coker, a fifty-four-year-old California-based pianist, appeared in the Forum Room and, in the course of half a dozen numbers, demonstrated his fondness for Art Tatum, Red Garland, and Bud Powell. He is a heavy pianist, and he uses thick chords and hard, short Bud Powell runs to force emotion out of the piano.

JULY 3RD: Bob Wilber's new group, The Bechet Legacy, is an attempt to perpetuate the music of the great New Orleans clarinettist and soprano saxophonist. Using Mike Camico on trumpet, Mark Shane on piano, Mike

Peters on guitar and banjo, Reggie Johnson on bass, and Butch Miles on drums, Wilber plays loose adaptations of Sidney Bechet recordings, and, with his unique ability to get inside the musical skin of musicians like Bechet and Johnny Hodges and Johnny Dodds, he does them very well. In some ways, he surpasses his idol. He curbs Bechet's headlong vibrato and keeps his melodic trajectories closer to earth. He is more polite. Bechet dominated every ensemble he played in, forcing trumpet players to blow themselves purple or stand aside and bathe in the glorious waterfall of his soprano saxophone. The Bechet Legacy gave a concert this afternoon in the Guggenheim's fine auditorium, and, with Chuck Riggs sitting in for Miles, played "Cake Walking Babies from Home," "Kansas City Man Blues," "Roses of Picardy," "China Boy," "Blues in Thirds," "Love for Sale," "Summertime," and "Oh, Lady Be Good!" Wilber also did half a dozen of Bechet's own songs, all of them lyrical, inward, and minor-sounding. Riggs' foot-pedal work was heavy, and so were his unimaginative snare-drum figures, both in his accompanying and in his solos. He should have remembered what Sid Catlett did two-thirds of the way through Bechet's recording of "Summertime"—shifted from wire brushes to a carpet of press rolls with his sticks. It lifted the recording from a good one to a magisterial one.

The singer Sylvia Syms suggested to George Wein last winter that he include in the festival a concert of songs by American women. Wein agreed, and we heard the ramshackle results at Avery Fisher tonight. Sylvia Syms, Carmen McRae, Carrie Smith, Bill Henderson, and Chris Connor sang the songs, Zoot Sims and Dizzy Gillespie improvised on them, and Mike Renzi (piano), Jay Leonhart (bass), and Shelly Manne accompanied. (Only about half of the women songwriters were identified, and we were never told whether they had done the music or the lyrics or both. Nearly all the songs are collaborations, but in the attributions below just the women involved are mentioned.) Carmen McRae remains locked within her mannerisms (the forced melismatics, the steplike phrasing, the dull, brassy voice). One of her five songs was unidentified, two were undistinguished, one was "Some Other Spring" (music by Irene Wilson Kitchings), and the last was Billie Holiday's "Billie's

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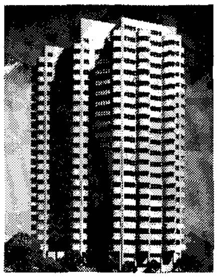

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Blues." Zoot Sims played "Fine and Dandy" (music by Kay Swift), "I'm in the Mood for Love" (lyrics by Dorothy Fields), and an unidentified ballad. Carrie Smith's five numbers included "That Ole Devil Called Love" (music and lyrics by Doris Fisher) and Bessie Smith's "Back Water Blues." Bill Henderson, suffering from Avery Fisher nerves, didn't stop oversinging until his final number, "If They Could See Me Now" (lyrics by Dorothy Fields). Chris Connor is one of Anita O'Day's progeny, and she sang two songs by Peggy Lee, Ann Ronnell's great "Willow Weep for Me," and songs by Bertha Scott and Dorothy Fields. Dizzy Gillespie did "Lullaby of the Leaves" (music by Bernice Petkere) and "The Way You Look Tonight" and "On the Sunny Side of the Street" (both with lyrics by Dorothy Fields). With the time almost gone, Sylvia Syms finally came on for "You Oughta Be in Pictures" (music by Dana Suesse) and "Them There Eyes" (music and lyrics by Doris Tauber), and everyone joined hands for a loose-wigged "How High the Moon" (lyrics by Nancy Hamilton). Renzi and Manne were busy busy all evening.

JULY 4TH: Mediocrity burns slowly, so it took a long time to get through the Lionel Hampton concert at Carnegie Hall tonight. Hampton's seventeen-piece big band did eight numbers, among them a semisymphonic "Moonglow" and a Japanese folk song. Then it was jam-session time. Hampton played some blues with Freddie Hubbard, Clark Terry, Al Grey, Phil Woods, Sonny Stitt, Arnett Cobb, Roland Hanna, Milt Hinton, and the drummer George Kawaguchi, and some ballads with Teddy Wilson, Dizzy Gillespie, and Stan Getz, plus the Hampton big-band rhythm section. The last number was an eight-cylinder "Flyin' Home."

The departing patrons were besieged in the lobby after each major festival event by girls attempting to hand out Kool cigarettes. Their footwork was pretty good, and sometimes it took broken-field running to get past them. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Rep. Dan Mica, D-West Palm Beach, voted to kill the housing subsidy by returning it to committee, while Rep. Dan Mica, D-West Palm Beach, voted to preserve it.
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Well done.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

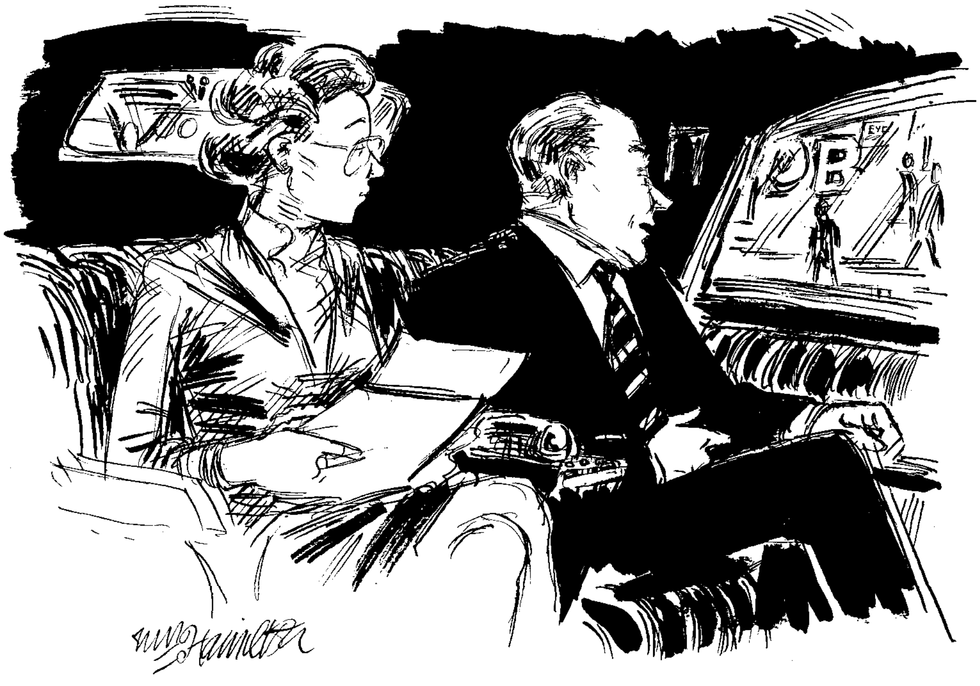
## *Comedy Without Impulse*

IF you're not in a frame of mind to see the world in a funny light and you're writing, directing, and starring in a comedy, you're lucky to achieve whimsicality, which is what Woody Allen has got in "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy." Having reached a doomy dead end in his last picture, the 1980 "Stardust Memories," he's attempting to get a new lease on humor—something that isn't easy to do and can't be faked. And Woody Allen has an extra problem, something that he apparently can't help: he looks down on humor. I don't know that I've ever seen such a refined sex comedy; it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on the track. Even when Woody Allen thinks in terms of boudoir farce, he's looking over his shoulder at Ingmar Bergman. "Stardust Memories" was a terminal movie about Woody Allen; this one is only about Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." And the characters in the Bergman film had much more at stake.

This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host, though you don't feel his presence as strongly as in the other films he has starred in. The host works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. He and his wife (Mary Steenburgen) have invited her cousin, a world-famous genius professor (José Ferrer) with a grand manner, who is to be married this weekend. Like Bertrand Russell, the professor is known as a man of reason, a pacifist, and a free thinker in sexual matters; his worldly and glamorous young fiancée (Mia Farrow) already shares his bed. The host has also invited his best friend, a doctor (Tony Roberts), who when he can't persuade his mistress to duck out on her husband for the weekend asks the nearest nurse (Julie Hagerty) to accompany him, and though they have never before exchanged a word, she accepts enthusiastically. The couples are, of course, no sooner introduced than they begin to regroup.

If there's a theme, it's the conflict between the professor's contempt for metaphysical speculation (he thinks metaphysicians are "too weak to accept the world as it is") and the host's trafficking in psychic gadgetry like the spirit ball, which lights up and makes sputtering noises when spirits are near. The group is rather amusing, and for a while the film seems saucy and fairly promising (when we learn, for example, that the prof and his fiancée met at the Vatican). Viewers may feel that everything must be building toward a big, explosive joke. But nothing really develops—not even the clashes that are prepared for. Nothing busts loose. When the host's spiritualist toy functions as a camera obscura and reveals a pair of ghostly lovers in the woods near the house, the characters' reactions to the vision are so mild and unsurprised you'd think that these people were accustomed to weekends with much more elaborate spook shows. During the apparition, I expected the comedy to be in what each of the six people thought he saw and why, and in who was frightened or upset or delighted. And I expected some of them to see far more in the vision than others did, and thought they might talk and argue about what had happened. Surely the host would be excited, and feel triumphant at having proved his point even to the rigid, pragmatic professor. And maybe the prof would be shaken and try to explain the vision away by claiming it was a hallucination. But the scenes that followed were so limp I didn't know if this was the first time that the host had had results or if these spirits were the usual after-dinner entertainment.

As a writer, Woody Allen doesn't seem to play with the possibilities in the characters. He has written the professor so that he's merely a pompous ass. It's fine if the two younger men think that's what he is, but couldn't there be something else in him for the women to respond to? If this horny eminence hadn't been so formal and manicured—if, perhaps, he'd been a scruffy, paunchy old charmer with dirty fingernails and a seductive line that the prettiest girls always fell for—wouldn't there be more shape to the antagonism? There's no fun in a one-sided contest; like Bergman, Allen makes the man of reason a straw fool. He's Bertrand Russell but a dummy. And once again Tony Roberts is Woody's best friend. The doctor is supposed to fall insanely in love with the prof's fiancée, but there's no depth in his lunacy—he's up there on the screen just to be the star's best friend and to betray him. When the doctor confesses that he has slept with his friend's wife, it's as if material from some earlier Woody Allen picture were being replayed—hasn't Tony Roberts made this confession to Woody Allen before? We're living through Woody Allen's repetition compulsions. The three actresses—Mia Farrow, Mary Steenburgen, and Julie Hagerty (she was the stewardess heroine in "Airplane!")—are all



*"Miss Watson, what the hell is falafel?"*

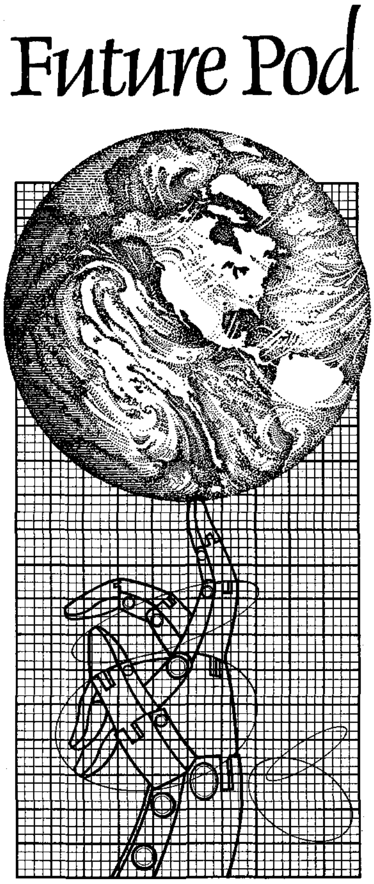
lovely and talented comediennes. But they're all the same soft type—slender and lyrical, breathy-voiced, intimate, quirky. This is a movie with three Annie Halls.

Julie Hagerty has a beautiful naïve deadpan and a way with lines—she presents herself as the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures. At the same time, this nurse is so avid for sex that if the porch swing propositioned her she'd leap for it. Hagerty is able to create more of a character than the two others by staying inside this sweet, warm, and simple façade; she's the best thing in the movie. Mary Steenburgen doesn't have enough to do (she's certainly the least assertive—and least busy—of hostesses), and though she fusses over her husband lovingly, she's handicapped because Hagerty is playing the role Steenburgen usually plays, and also because no one is chasing her. (The scenes in which she's entangled in her long skirts and petticoats while trying to jump on her husband are the sorriest slapstick that Allen has ever put in a movie.) Mia Farrow is the femme fatale of the piece. But the director seems to take it for granted that we all know how ravishing she is, because he doesn't set up her scenes to demonstrate it. We don't even get the radiant closeups of her that could show us the exact second in which the doctor is smitten. The fiancée has lived in Paris and is meant to be highly advanced in her attitude toward sex (she admits to having had perhaps twenty lovers), and the two other women are determinedly uninhibited. These three childless women talk very openly, yet even when the wife asks the nurse for sex information the subject of how to keep from getting pregnant is never mentioned. In a picture in which the host's contraptions are featured, mightn't the women bring out their gadgets, charts, what have you? *Something* is needed to subvert this film's distanced, sherry-sipping tone.

As a director, Woody Allen doesn't appear to have much feel for decisive moments—for the onset of passion, or for midsummer madness, either. We hear the men trying to set up trysts, but, amazingly, the director doesn't give us any clues to why each man wants the woman he does; if the men didn't talk about their infatuations we'd never know of them. Essentially, the game of sexual musical chairs is seen only from the men's point of view: the men make their moves, and there are almost no contrary desires on the women's part. They are willing to oblige, and this easily available sex constricts the film's comic possibilities. (Nobody's frustrated for long.) But why has the professor been made an advocate of unfettered intercourse if the picture isn't going to show that the old goat has had the freedom that the two younger men have dreamed of? In having all three men follow their urges and having all three women so soft and pliable that the only thing they want is sex (they don't care with whom), Allen is pre-Shakespeare—he's pre-everybody. And he nullifies the comic advantages of the costume setting.

The dialogue isn't in period, but it isn't consistently out of period, either. And it isn't dialogue, exactly; it's more like a decoction of dialogue—as if the dialogue had leaked out, leaving only a summary of itself. What the characters say has next to nothing to do with the action; it's somnambulistic talk. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. His writing here may remind you of the sort of intellectual character in a Chekhov play of whom another character would say, ironically, "He's burning with new ideas." When the theme that's set up dwindles away, the picture is left with nothing but a belief in frolicking, happy sex. The message arrives a little late. (This isn't a great time for promiscuity; newly discovered infections are giving it a bad name all over again.)

You feel that there was no pressing reason for Woody Allen to make this film—not even the pleasure that some directors find in making movies. Visually, the film is too studied and painterly to have been made in a lighthearted mood. I began to long for a little of the messiness of his early pictures; who can be funny in tableaux that suggest the Nelson Rockefeller collection of imitation works of art? Woody Allen is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (The only time he looks at home in the countryside is when he's walking along talking to one of the women with the same sort of conversational closeness that he has in his other movies when he walks with a girl down a city street.) In one scene, he pays homage to Jean Renoir's enraptured "A Day in the Country" by having Tony Roberts sit high in the fork of a tree while a girl leans against the trunk, but in



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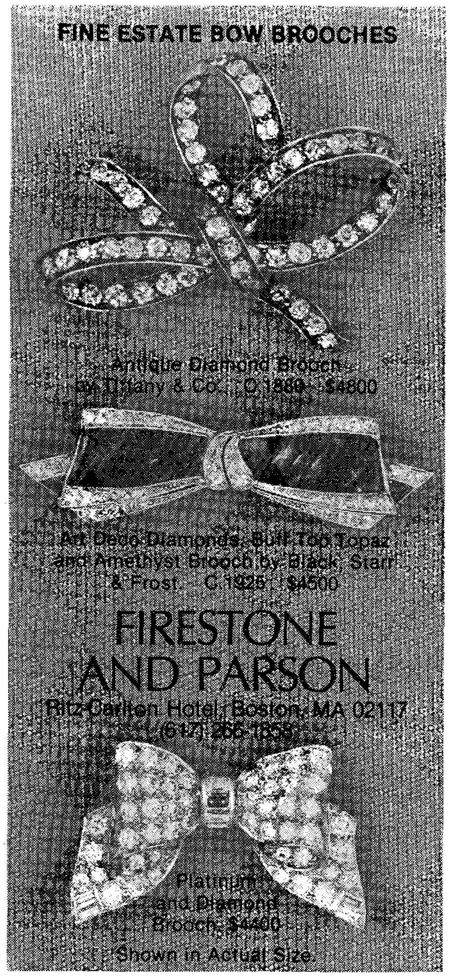
the Renoir film the seduction was momentous—it had fear and trembling in it. This film—with its awful title, like the package label on a generic—is devoid of feeling. There isn't anything in it to react to.

When a Woody Allen film doesn't provide much in the way of jokes to laugh at, there are bound to be people who feel that genius has stepped in. I'd hate to think that he doesn't want to fight this.

IF you're in a depressed state and you're playing a lovable, affectionate fellow, you're likely to develop the sickly, slack smile that disfigures Al Pacino in "Author! Author!" I am deducing the depression from the self-conscious smile; I can't think what else could account for that sagging, false winsomeness. At times, his teeth seem to be stranded on the screen, left behind. Pacino has never been one for easygoing, everyday charm; he has played comedy in other movies, but it was bitter or dark-toned or absurdist, as in "Serpico" and the scenes in "Dog Day Afternoon" when he was turned on by the crowds outside the bank and started to strut and show off. Here he's trying to be a playwright who's a genial, normal jokester, and though he reads his lines very skillfully, he can't seem to get the message to his face or his body. He's like a man who's looking for something and has forgotten what; he prowls, distractedly. And when he tries for warmth, his hangdog expression and five-o'clock stubble make him look as if he's going to sink through the cracks in the sidewalk. There are lots of them—this is a New York movie. Actually, all the men in it and some of the women, too, have blue shadows on their faces; you'd have to conduct an extensive search to find a movie with scuzzier lighting. (If people could be locked up for aesthetic crimes, the cinematographer, Victor J. Kemper, would have been put away long ago.)

The director, Arthur Hiller, has made more than twenty pictures, but he must keep his eyes closed on the set. There's no consistency of judgment or taste in a Hiller picture, and often they run downhill, as this one does. "Author! Author!" is blotchy in just about every conceivable way. The script, by Israel Horovitz, has trim, funny lines but also terrible, overingratiating ones, and some of the worst ideas and the most doddering, bonehead situations to be seen on the big screen in years. Horovitz, who has said in interviews that the movie is semi-autobiographical, makes the playwright hero a terrific talent and an object of adoration by children. Horovitz is maudlin about this character based on himself, and the movie is shaped to demonstrate what a wonderful human being the hero is—he has kept his values while achieving success in the corrupt big city. Most of the scenes in which the playwright is shown in his dealings with his producer (Alan King), the director who is fired (André Gregory), the director who is hired (Bob Dishy), and the investors (Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding) have a quick, satirical snap. Alan King has ripened as an actor in the last few years; here he's a shiny-eyed comic dynamo with gleaming choppers. As the blowhard producer, he has an insincerity that immediately communicates itself—his too hearty enthusiasm and too rakish smile bring energy even to his few and flabby lines. But there's a gaping difference in quality between these scenes—in which everybody lies as a matter of course—and the one in which the playwright chases after his wife (Tuesday Weld), who has casually gone off with another man, leaving behind her four children by three earlier husbands. In the first half, the dialogue has a real sense of give-and-take, but then the film follows up on all the stuff we're not interested in. The playwright also has one child of his own, and by the time he is hauling kids onto the roof of his Greenwich Village house to protect them from being dispersed to homes they don't want to go to, "Author! Author!" has turned into a *Times Magazine* article on male parenting.

While enshrining the father, the film scores points against the mother for her hateful selfishness. But since Tuesday Weld (who looks more like a china doll than ever) plays the sort of dissociated person who is poised and appears reasonable but is totally crazy underneath, it doesn't make much sense for the husband to be shocked that she doesn't behave like a responsible person. Hasn't he ever noticed that she's crazy? He says he's in love with her; we certainly don't share his infatuation—as far as viewers are concerned, she's a dead issue once she has left. But she keeps being dragged back into the movie. And whenever Hiller drenches us in sincerity by showing the suffering she causes the children, who crack jokes when their hearts are breaking, the movie becomes a shambles. He must think that audiences will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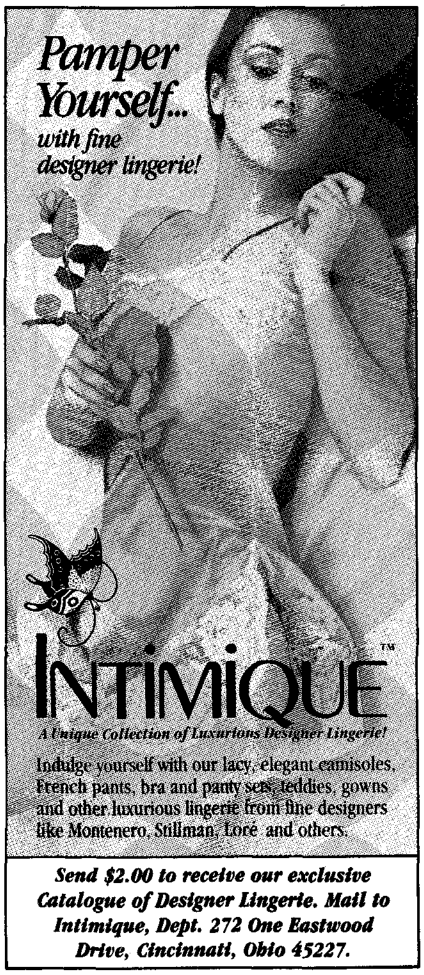
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be good-natured enough to laugh when scenes are intended to be funny whether they're funny or not; maybe he hears a laugh track in his dreams. Dating the Hollywood star (Dyan Cannon) who's appearing in his play, Pacino can't have dinner with her at Elaine's without taking some of his children along. "Arthur" got by with scenes almost as dumb as this one, but Dudley Moore brought his elfin élan to them, and it helped to carry the audience over the most dismal moments. Pacino does some very clever things, but his proficiency can't alter the vibrations he gives off. With that depressive, burned-out underlayer in his performance, you don't believe that he's such a madcap and so full of love for the kids that he'd haul them to Elaine's. (It might take more than élan to make you accept that as funny anyway.)

"Author! Author!" is an indefensibly bad movie, but I didn't mind seeing it. There's something fascinatingly berserk in Horovitz's mixture of good and bad writing. The movie is often cloying, and there are passages of pure muck, such as the one in which our hero explains why he's such a great guy with the kids: he was an orphan. But it does have those fast-moving theatre scenes, and Dyan Cannon, though she drops out too soon, has her big, tough, loose grin (this film has more than its quota of teeth), and she gives her scenes an infusion of spirit; you can feel the audience response when she's onscreen—it's the way people in the thirties used to rouse themselves from apathy when Joan Blondell showed up. There are a few nifty bits, such as a bag lady (Florence Anglin) with a Bronx Irish accent who inspects herself in a mirror on the street, and there's a bewildering oddity: as the playwright's son, Igor, a boy comic (Eric Gurry) gives an accomplished performance of the wrong kind; he's ready to host a roast. And there's the mystery of Al Pacino: What happened to the intensity and the quick rhythms he had just a few years back? You could see emotions smoldering in that dark face. It doesn't even look like the same face anymore. It's pasty, as if he'd vacated it.

—PAULINE KAEL

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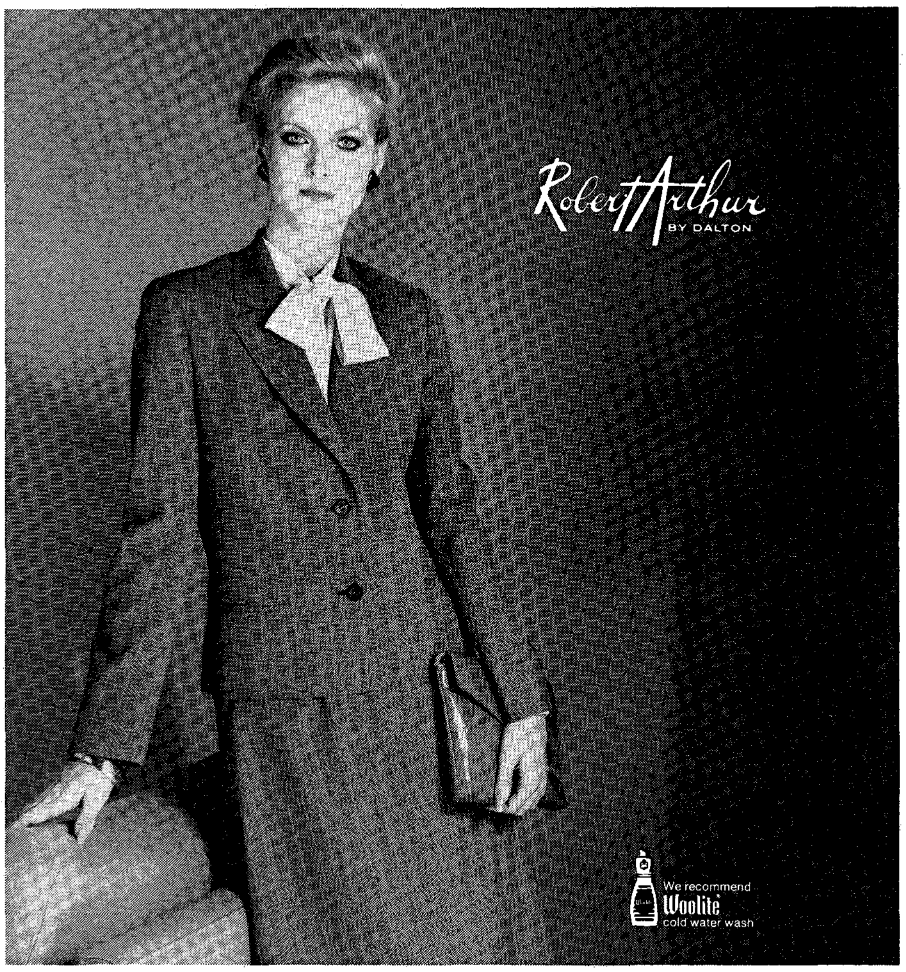
"There's no justification for splitting Dover from Wilmington," Hamilton said. "It's opening up a box that lets Pandora run wild."—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

And she's such a tomboy anyway.



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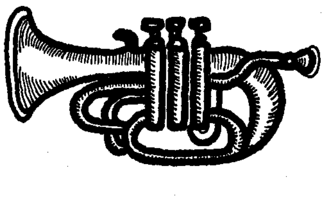
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Challenge*

ROUGHLY speaking, there are two ways of approaching Handel's operas. They might be called the historical and the dramatic. The first was favored by Charles Burney, who in his "History" treated the operas as strings of individual airs—one tune after another, assigned to singers, not to characters—and was practiced by Mario Bernardi and Frank Corsaro as conductor and director of a "Rinaldo" staged this summer at the Ottawa Festival. The dramatic approach has been championed notably by Winton Dean, whose "Handel and the Opera Seria" provides recurrent texts for any writing and thinking on the subject, and by Peter Sellars in the celebrated production of "Orlando" that ran for forty performances in Cambridge last year and this. It starts in the conviction that Handel, as Dean puts it, "was not only a great composer; he was a dramatic genius of the first order," and that "the music of no other dramatic composer comes closer to Mozart in its detached but penetrating insight into human nature, its capacity to make a profound statement in a frivolous or comic situation, and its peculiar mixture of irony and pathos, solemnity and grace, tragedy and serenity." Alan Kitching, who staged fifteen Handel operas in that belief, between 1959 and 1975, mostly in the little Unicorn Theatre, in Abingdon, England, has chronicled the adventure in "Handel at the Unicorn," wherein he formulates a radiant "credo by negatives" that begins "The operas are *not* all alike" and mounts, clause by clause, to "the plots . . . are *not* any more absurd than Shakespeare's."



When Burney defended the Italian opera against the taunts of Addison and Steele, it was as music with trimmings:

> Let it be remembered by the lovers of Music, that opera is the *completest concert* to which they can go; with this advantage over those in still life, that to the most perfect singing, and effects of a powerful and well-disciplined band, are frequently added excellent acting, splendid scenes and decorations, with such dancing as a playhouse, from its inferior prices, is seldom able to furnish.

It can hardly be denied that most men of Handel's day viewed opera thus, giving their first attention to the singers and the spectacle. So Mr. Bernardi and Mr. Corsaro can claim period authenticity for their undramatic treatment of "Rinaldo." In Ottawa, excellent acting was in short supply, but there were some accomplished singers, a powerful and well-disciplined band, scenes and decorations of uncommon splendor, and such dancing as a playhouse is seldom able to furnish. More: on scholarly grounds the pair can claim Handelian precedent for chopping up and rearranging the score and for throwing in numbers from other operas. Handel himself did so through a series of "Rinaldo" revivals, until twenty years after the première he put on a version that Dean calls "a monumental example of the artistic vandalism Handel often practiced on his own works after the ardour of composition had cooled." The Ottawa vandals simply took things a stage further.

Still more can be conceded: that "Rinaldo," Handel's first opera for London, is not one of his strongest or most consistent dramas. Its scenarist and producer, Aaron Hill, had "resolv'd to frame some Dramma, that, by different Incidents and Passions, might afford the Musick Scope to vary and display its Excellence, and fill the Eye with more delightful Prospects, so at once to give two Senses equal Pleasure." He subordinated character and plot to spectacle. Armida makes her entrance "in the Air, in a Chariot drawn by two huge Dragons, out of whose Mouths issue Fire and Smoke." Act III has three battle scenes, the first waged on a magic mountain "horridly steep, and rising from the Front of the Stage, to the utmost Height of the most backward Part of the Theatre; Rocks, and Caves, and Waterfalls, are seen upon the Ascent, and on the Top appear the blazing Battlements of the Enchanted Palace, guarded by a great Number of Spirits." Except in the grove scene of Act I, where a flageolet and two recorders warble deliciously in accompaniment to Almirena's "Augelletti," the scene painting was scarcely reflected in Handel's music. "Rinaldo" was composed—and in large measure compiled from hit numbers in earlier compositions—chiefly to display the versatility and prowess of the composer and his cast and the scenic resources of the theatre. That is accepted opinion. I try to think it true. But the more I contemplate the original, 1711 score of "Rinaldo" the more I find that Handel, if less consistently than later, already practiced his rare dramatic virtues. "Rinaldo" *is* shapely. Its scenes are coherent. It has a plot. Crusader and pagan forces are ranged. Personal intrigues (as in Tasso) then distract the captains from their great enterprise: the liberation—or, in the other camp, the defense—of Jerusalem. The characters live and grow, moving through trials and adventures toward the last battle, when the Holy City is won, and Armida (as in Tasso, but here with unhappy abruptness) becomes a Christian.

I wait to see a production of "Rinaldo" conceived on those lines. Perhaps the Metropolitan Opera will present it when, in January, 1984, the Ottawa "Rinaldo" comes to New York, as a gift from the Canadian people to mark the Met's hundredth anniversary. Physically, it is a handsome gift indeed. America has already seen one beautiful, spectacular staging of "Rinaldo"—Houston's, in 1975. Ottawa's, designed by Mark Negin, a stage artist well known in Canada and in Britain, is more beautiful and more spectacular still. The costumes—cut, sewn, embroidered, painted, and plumed by the Toronto firm of Malabar—are eighteenth-century extravagances brought luxuriously to life. The sets combine old techniques of sliding wings and aerial entrances with modern trucking, and (except once in Act III) fulfill the Handelian requirement that a front curtain should not fall between scenes.

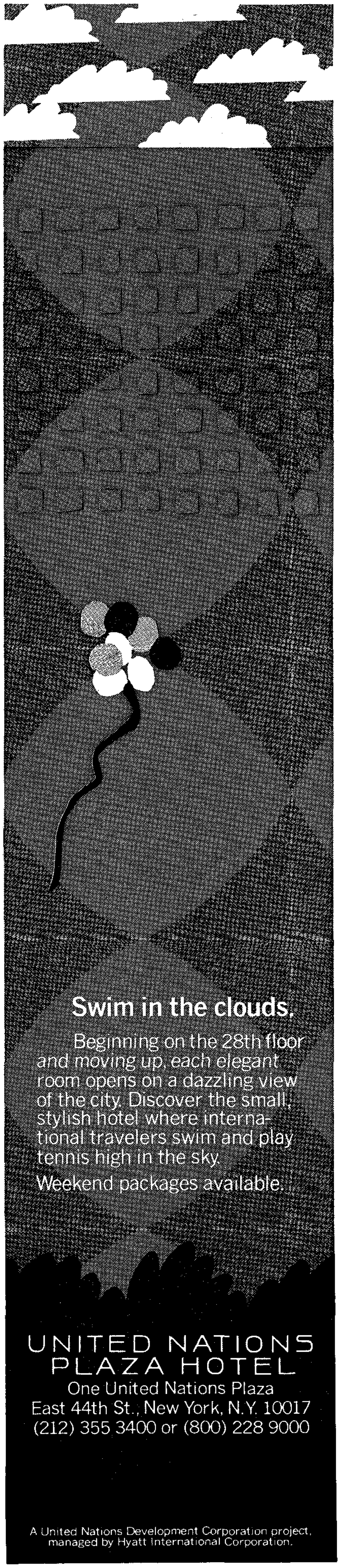
From spectacle, rather than from the score, the plot, or the singers, Mr. Corsaro took his cue. His principals were a corps of dancers and tumblers. During the overture, they practiced sword drill. Then two of them changed into hippogryph costumes to draw in Argantes' chariot, and Samuel Ramey, the Argantes, sang his "Sibillar gli angui d'Aletto" to accompany their preening and prancing. (He had a formidable whip in his hand; it was good-natured of him not to use it to whip the steeds into stillness, so that the audience could pay attention to *him.*) Then all donned gryphon garb, to reel, writhe, and faint in coils around the singers of the subsequent airs. (Handel's score was choreographed by Eugene Collins.) They changed back into decorative military gear for the final battle: eight golden, near-naked Christian warriors engaged with eight blue-clad Paynims while Marilyn Horne, the Rinaldo, stood aloft on one side to sing "Or la tromba" as an accompaniment to their exuberant display of leaps and somersaults. Perhaps modern operagoers do care more about the show than about the score, the plot, and the singers: the Ottawa spectators did not hesitate to clap their hands together and drown the music when anything delighted their eyes. It was fun, but it was not enough: not for anyone who expects more of opera than "the completest concert;" who believes that Handel was a dramatist; who discerns a touch of "Così Fan Tutte" in Armida's feelings for Rinaldo and Argantes' for Almirena, and a touch of "Fidelio" in Rinaldo's heroic constancy; who thinks that "Rinaldo," precisely because of its slightly shaky dramatic structure, calls for even more sensitive dramatic direction than the later operas do.

The edition used was that prepared by Martin Katz for Miss Horne and Houston, improved in Ottawa by the restoration in Act II of an original Argantes air in place of the "Lotario" alto air that Handel dropped in one season when Francesca Bertolli sang Argantes. The original "Rinaldo," published by Chrysander, contains thirty-one airs and three duets. In Ottawa, fourteen airs were done complete, and one was done nearly complete. Three more were represented by first sections only. Both sections of Armida's "Ah! crudel!" were heard, but not consecutively and without da capo. An air from "Partenope" was added for the hero (replacing Rinaldo's celebrated "Il Tricerbero humiliato"). Two of the duets were complete, the third was abridged, and a fourth duet, from "Admeto," was added. The oddest feature of this edition was the dismemberment (even if in 1731 Handel set some precedent for it) of the scene generally deemed the finest of all, which closes Act II. Armida, her amorous siege of Rinaldo repulsed in a resolute duet and G-major air, breaks into a passionate accompanied G-minor recitative. She meant to bewitch him and then scorn him; instead, she has fallen victim to his beauty. She mourns the impotence of her charms, meditates fearful revenge, breaks off with a cry of "Ah! no, he is too fair," and sings the slow, lovely G-minor "Ah! crudel!," which is wound through with oboe and bassoon obbligati and cradled in six-part strings. Its central section is a presto in violent contrast. Armida then assumes Almirena's form, so that if Rinaldo returns he will embrace her. Her plan misfires. Argantes enters, and Armida is further humiliated: she discovers that he—the king who owes everything to her mighty aid—also loves Almirena. She closes the act with a brilliant G-major air, "Vo' far guerra," swearing vengeance on those who wrong her. (Handel used to adorn it with improvised harpsichord episodes, some of which were subsequently published.) The great sequence (shorn of a "Vo' far guerra" da capo) can be heard on the CBS recording of "Rinaldo," with Jeanette Scovotti as Armida. In Ottawa, Armida's "Ah! crudel!," as mentioned, was broken into two, and its bits were dropped into Act III. "Vo' far guerra," the finale, did not end the act, which continued with the Rinaldo-Armida duet and then with Rinaldo's "Cara sposa." Now, "Cara sposa," which Rinaldo should sing in Act I, when Armida and her horrible monsters have carried off his bride, is a beautiful air. Handel himself thought it one of his two finest (the other being "Ombra cara," in "Radamisto"). But it is not a finale. It is the E-minor centerpiece of another tonally coherent, dramatically dynamic sequence: one that begins with Almirena's "Augelletti," continues with a love duet for Almirena and Rinaldo, and—when Armida has struck, and bliss has changed to lament ("Cara sposa") and then to resolve—ends with Rinaldo's whirlwind "Venti, turbini," the first-act finale. (The outer airs of the sequence are both in G, but Miss Horne, adopting a transposition Handel made in 1731 for Senesino, sang "Venti" in F.)

The campaign for Handel, Dean wrote, "will not be finally won . . . until our professional opera houses at last get down to tackling his operas in productions that do justice to their large-scale design, involving music, drama, scenic spectacle, and sometimes ballet in a comprehensive unity." I have not seen Britain's latest fully professional productions: the English National's "Giulio Cesare," the Welsh National's "Rodelinda" (soon to be followed by a "Tamerlano"), Kent Opera's "Agrippina," all of which play in repertory. Ottawa's "Rinaldo," like Houston's, had plenty of scenic spectacle. Like Houston's, and like the City Opera's "Giulio Cesare," it wrecked the large-scale design. Music and such drama as there was formed no part of a comprehensive unity.

The role of Rinaldo was composed for Nicolini, whom Addison, no friend to castrati, called "the greatest Performer in dramatic Music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared on a Stage." Steele, otherwise an enemy to opera in Italian, found Nicolini intelligible, since "every Limb, and every Finger, contributes to the Part he acts, insomuch that a deaf Man might go along with him in the Sense of it." I doubt whether a deaf man could have gone along with the sense while watching Miss Horne's impersonation, for in breeches roles, at least, she seems to have renounced any aspiration to act. Her Met Rosina last season had character, but Rinaldo was a beplumed, self-propelled sound-making machine. Miss Horne strode onto the stage, planted herself firmly, and uttered. The sounds were remarkable for their fleetness, their accuracy, and their power. The dark, admirably steady, sometimes almost ventriloquial timbre was fascinating, but on occasion a Billingsgate quality got into it. Singers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were commonly appraised as much for their acting as for their vocal prowess. Must we of the twentieth century be less exigent?

The Almirena was Benita Valente. Her singing was sweet-toned and attractive, if not quite pure or true enough. Her musicianship was faulty. The da capo of "Bel piacere" (a pretty Act III piece, light relief before the rigors of the final battle, but here displaced to serve as Almirena's entrance air) was not so much decorated as recomposed; the unison line became a two-part invention. In the da capo of "Lascia ch'io pianga," Miss Valente produced not an adorned version of the lovely melody but a dull descant to it. "Augelletti" was prettily sung, but Mr. Corsaro drained the charm and destroyed the drama of the scene by bringing three costumed recorder players onstage and turning Almirena's rapt soliloquy into a cute little concert number. As in Houston, Noelle Rogers was Armida, and Mr. Ramey Argantes. John Alexander was Godfrey. (The role, composed for a



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woman, is better taken by one.) A blunt assertion that the cast had little idea of Handel style must be qualified by the observation that it was evidently doing, with efficiency and accomplishment, what the director, the conductor, and the editor had set it to do. Recitatives were sluggish, sung "oratorio-style," in full voice, with protracted vocal cadences and espressivo delays. The instrumental cadences hung fire in the now discredited manner. An amplified harpsichord worked overtime to fill the holes between phrases with arpeggio rolls. The orchestral playing, on modern instruments in a deep modern pit, lacked clarity of texture, sharpness of articulation, and liveliness of line.

There is, fortunately, plenty of time before the show comes to New York for all concerned to think harder about "Rinaldo" and treat it rather more seriously. Time to prepare a more faithful and more effective edition, closer to the 1711 drama: an edition that—even if modifications are introduced to show off individual singers—preserves the dynamic movement of the original and sets the great airs in their dramatic contexts. Time to study a more convincing, less Victorian manner of Handel performance in such recordings as Sigiswald Kuijken's of "Partenope" (Harmonia Mundi), Jean-Claude Malgoire's of "Rinaldo" and "Serse" (CBS), Alan Curtis's of "Admeto" (EMI). Time for the Met orchestra to consider Baroque orchestral practice and discover a compromise by which something of its spirit and style can survive performance on modern instruments. The Ottawa artists seemed to have blundered like strangers into Handel's realm of enchantment, emotion, and pageantry. They responded with enthusiasm and with their own skills to the marvels they found there, and what they did, despite the misunderstandings and the mishandlings, was enjoyable. The public thrilled to it. The 1966 City Opera public thrilled to "Giulio Cesare." Handel's operas are strong enough to take a battering and come to port in triumph. But for how long will our big companies leave unlearned lessons that decades of dedicated Handelians have taught? Was the Cambridge "Orlando" staged in vain?

OTTAWA is an attractive summer city. The halls, terraces, restaurant, and café of the National Arts Centre, beside the sunny Rideau Canal, make a good festival place. This year, Szymanowski's centenary was celebrated in recitals and concerts. The other operas staged were "Die Entführung" and "Lucia." The Mozart was pleasingly done by a young cast. Mr. Bernardi, conducting, and David Alden, directing, approached the masterpiece with confidence in the composer. It was given almost uncut (a few bars fell from the Act III duet) and in the right order. More dialogue than usual was retained, and in clear German it was tellingly spoken. The richness, the freshness, the seriousness, and the humor were done justice to in a poised, intelligent, and loving presentation. (Blonde's "Durch Zärtlichkeit" became an "ironing" aria, but that was the only lapse into stock business.) On the first night, Erie Mills, the Blonde, and Michael Myers, the Belmonte, pushed their characterizations a shade too insistently, but both gave promise of relaxing into elegant, stylish performances. Costanza Cuccaro's soprano flowed freely, accurately, and purely through the intricacies of Konstanze's music. Some of her rhythms needed firming. Her demeanor, hampered, perhaps, by a hot-looking voluminous black velvet dress, was less than aristocratic. But she was affecting. Bernard Fitch, who sang small parts at the City Opera a decade ago, was a delightful, unconventional Pedrillo. He shaped phrases with precision, individuality, and wit, in a tenor small and true. A new bass, Gunter von Kannen, from the Zurich Opera, was a sonorous and lively Osmin. Donald Bell was a grave, dignified, yet formidable Pasha. The Met's ugly scenery, with its absurd sliding doors, had been borrowed, and it sat awkwardly on the Ottawa stage. The performance was dedicated to the memory of Robert Prévost, a distinguished Canadian stage designer, and an obituary note in the program cited a remark of his that bears thought: "If the audience applauds the moment the curtain goes up . . . then the design is a failure." —ANDREW PORTER

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Westport loses the services this week of two of its proudest institutions: Maureen Boylan and Angelo Cuseo. A Town Hall stanchion, Maureen worked for five first selectmen and an assortment of politicians for 26 years.—*Letter in the Westport (Conn.) News.*

Then she was discovered by I. M. Pei.

# THE THEATRE

## *Trashing Coward*

OF all the failings that a director may manifest, the least excusable is a lack of confidence in the merit of the work he is putting on the stage. If he doesn't trust the author's words to sustain and carry forward the action of a play, a director, in mounting panic as the rehearsals proceed, is apt to punch up the lines with exaggerated readings and then—what counts as a far graver offense in the directing of comedy—to impose upon the plot a number of gratuitous, laugh-provoking sight gags not to be found in any published text. George C. Scott is the star of Noël Coward's "Present Laughter," at the Circle in the Square, and he is also its director. As the star, he demonstrates what a superb actor he is; as the director, I'm sorry to say, he betrays Coward at almost every turn, making a ramshackle, knockabout farce à la George S. Kaufman, or even à la Olsen and Johnson, out of a comedy that depends—and depends with perfect safety—upon the nimbly calculated cleverness of its dialogue. (Let me note at once that the audience among which I sat approved enthusiastically of this trashing of Coward; especially in the second of the three acts of the play, every vulgarly hammy stunt that the cast fell back upon brought down the house. The production will no doubt meet with success; its defect lies in its not being the play that the author wrote.)

The leading role in "Present Laughter," originally played by Coward, is that of an aging actor, Garry Essendine, who has many of the characteristics that Coward himself was often accused of possessing: vanity, cattiness, manipulativeness, and an inability to love. Since Coward nearly always wrote for himself and about himself (and in this case evidently relished depicting himself through his enemies' eyes), he took care to emphasize what amounted to his greatest skill as an actor—his timing. With the exception of Jack Benny, I can think of no one who could cause a line to gain a more convincing appearance of wit and meaning by sheer postponement. One recalls the first act of "Private Lives"—surely the most brilliant first act of any comedy in English—and one is grateful that a recording exists of Gertrude Lawrence and Coward speaking as Amanda and Elyot. Coward squeezes the last drop of humorous effect out of their breathtakingly simple give-and-take as they glance out over the moonlit English Channel and the Duke of Westminster's yacht:

> AMANDA: China must be very interesting.
>
> ELYOT: Very big, China.
>
> AMANDA: And Japan—
>
> ELYOT (*after the most pregnant of pauses*): Very small.

Scott and the rest of the cast have thrown Coward's exquisite timing to the winds; save for Elizabeth Hubbard, who, as Essendine's wife, makes a valiant attempt to remain faithful to Coward's intentions, they achieve their effects with the force and grace of pile drivers. As a Scandinavian housemaid, Bette Henritze is so inept that even an appropriate accent proves beyond her powers; as a Cockney manservant, Jim Piddock spends the evening racing back and forth across a stage ideally unsuitable for such a play. In the role of an aspiring playwright, Nathan Lane gathered up incessant laughter and applause; his performance struck me as grotesquely amateurish. Poor Edward Conery, cast as a man infatuated with a pretty and sexually importunate woman, often seemed closer to childish tantrums than to lust. The scenery, by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, is amusing enough, though no amount of talent can hope to outwit the grisly physical challenge of the Circle in the Square; the pleasing costumes are by Ann Roth; and the lighting is by Richard Nelson. "Present Laughter" has weathered the years with unexpected vigor and aplomb; someday I hope to see it where it belongs—behind a proscenium arch, and in the hands of people who believe that a playwright's words are worthy of respect.

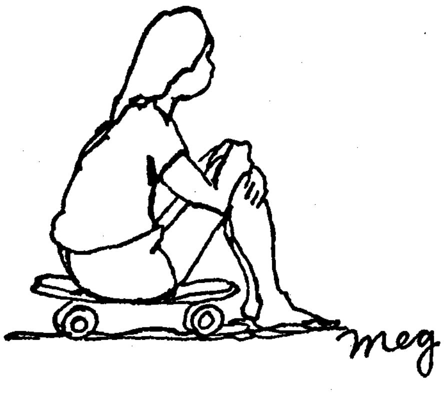
—BRENDAN GILL

# THE SPORTING SCENE

## PEBBLE BEACH AND THE OPEN

THERE are few experiences in sport that can compare with the thrill that the average golfer or the skillful golfer receives when he plays a famous course for the first time. Golf courses vary immensely as to how hard or how easy they are to comprehend for the first-time visitor. For example, the Old Course at St. Andrews, a sea of erratically rolling duneland, is replete with holes that give a golfer little or no clue in determining the correct line from tee to green. On many holes, a drive that whistles down the center of the fairway may end up in a pot bunker that is hidden from view at the tee. For another thing, there is no sure way of reading the undulations on many of the vast greens. When you study your line to the cup, what looks to be a definite break to the right turns out to be a slight swerve to the left. The Old Course must be memorized. There is no other way to learn the position of the hazards and the speed and roll of the various areas of each green. Inasmuch as this requires months of practice and application, the sensible procedure for a visitor is to take a caddie. Even then, the course manages to muffle a good deal of its personality. On the outgoing nine, your caddie will point out the salient features to aim at and the right club to use, and you must trust him. The same is true on the incoming nine, on which, after playing the loop, the golfer heads home, the old town looming in the distance like a watercolor of some medieval city. Down this stretch, the target that the caddie gives him on his drive and some of his other shots is more often than not a church steeple or an ancient building made of stone of a distinctive color. I once played a round with Willie Turnesa, a golfer of international stature, during which his drive on the thirteenth finished at the base of a rise so abrupt that all he could see was the sky. His caddie was resourceful. "Hit the middle of that big cloud," he said, pointing, as he handed Turnesa a 5-iron. Turnesa hit the ball exactly where he was told to, and when he climbed the bank and peered at the green, a hundred and seventy yards away, his ball was sitting eight feet from the pin.

On the other hand, when a golfer plays an exceptionally frank, straightforward course—three excellent examples would be Muirfield, near Edinburgh; Portmarnock, outside Dublin; and Royal Melbourne, outside Melbourne—the individual holes clearly disclose the perils he faces and the precise route he should try to take from tee to green. Nevertheless, when one plays these three courses, it is still advisable to take a caddie, for they are linksland courses, and, what with the shifting winds off the ocean, distance is harder to gauge than it usually is on inland courses. (Linksland is the stretch of sandy soil deposited by the sea as it receded slowly over the centuries. The soil drains well and produces splendid turf for golf.) Most of the other genuinely great courses lie about midway between St. Andrews and the likes of Muirfield, Portmarnock, and Royal Melbourne in the clarity with which they present themselves. In any list of the top courses in this country, the following would surely be included: Seminole, in North Palm Beach; the Augusta National, in Augusta, Georgia; Merion, on the edge of Philadelphia; Pine Valley, which is also close to Philadelphia; the Lakeside course at Olympic, in San Francisco; and Pebble Beach and Cypress Point, both of which are on the Monterey Peninsula, roughly a hundred miles south of San Francisco. In their separate ways, the challenges that each of these courses offers are stated explicitly, but it never hurts to have put in some time becoming acquainted with the subtleties of the land. The key to the endless fascination of golf is that it is the only game played on natural terrain—or, at least, on land that, however unpromising it was originally, has been fashioned to resemble attractive and interesting natural terrain. The finer the course, the more enticing the shots it asks the golfer to play. Moreover, on a great course on which many championships have been held there is an invaluable bonus: history comes to life every step of the way, and a golf pilgrim is continually reminded of the feats of the celebrated players who trod the same holes long before him.



ALL of this is by way of leading up to the fact that if there is any one course that is generally regarded as being the most dramatic in the world, and quite possibly the best, it is Pebble Beach, where the United States Open Championship was played last month, and carried off by Tom Watson after a tremendous duel with Jack Nicklaus that was decided by one of the most breathtaking shots in Open history. The official designation of the course is the Pebble Beach Golf Links, and this is odd, since it is not a true linksland course. It is made up of eight holes perched atop craggy headlands that overlook Carmel Bay and of ten fairly difficult, if less spectacular, holes, which are commonly referred to as the "inland" holes, although most of them lie within a driver shot of the bay. The moving force behind the creation of Pebble Beach was Samuel Morse, a shrewd, farsighted entrepreneur, who had been the captain of the Yale football team in 1906. In 1914, when he was in the employ of the Pacific Improvement Company, a subsidiary of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Morse got to know and appreciate the unspoiled grandeur of the Monterey Peninsula, with its pine-covered hills and its rockbound coastline. His assignment at the time was to liquidate the company's holdings on the peninsula and on the land adjoining it. He decided instead to form a firm of his own, the Del Monte Properties Company, and bought a tract of seven thousand acres of this land, including seven miles of coastline, for one million three hundred thousand dollars. Among the assets Morse acquired was the Del Monte Hotel, an immense Victorian structure above Monterey Bay, which at one time possessed—far more than any other West Coast spa—something of the cachet of Newport. Attached to the hotel was the pleasant if obsolescent Del Monte golf course. Morse had the astuteness to realize that the hotel had seen its best days, and that in order to attract the wellborn and well-to-do from San Francisco and elsewhere

*"Gutsy lady, meet another gutsy lady!"*

• •

who might purchase property and build homes on the Monterey Peninsula a much more modern golf course was necessary—preferably one with such a superlative layout that its fame would quickly redound throughout the world.

To this end, Morse, instead of selling his prize property on the high cliffs above Carmel Bay for plush private estates, as most real-estate developers would have, reserved it for the golf course. In 1918, he made a startling decision. He did not approach either Charles Blair Macdonald or Donald Ross, the two outstanding golf-course architects in the country, or any other golf-course architect of reputation, to design his course. He entrusted this considerable responsibility to Jack Neville, a real-estate salesman who had worked for the Pacific Improvement Company and had continued with the Del Monte Properties Company. A tall, laconic man with a nice dry wit, Neville had won the California State Amateur Championship several times and was rated to be as good an amateur golfer as there was on the West Coast, but he had never built a golf course before. He set about his task with no fuss whatever. He walked the site daily, spending most of his hours mulling over how to use the extraordinary land above Carmel Bay to maximum advantage. After three weeks, he settled on the way that the holes he had in mind would be routed. He got it absolutely right. His inspired plan went like this: The first three holes would swing inland and then back toward the bay. Holes four, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten followed along the edge of the cliffs. The fifth, a par 3 framed by woods, did not. Holes eleven through sixteen were inland holes, but the seventeenth returned to the bay, and the entire left side of the eighteenth, a long par 5, was bordered by the rocks, sand, and water of the bay. The course was completed in 1919. The golfers who played it came away stunned by its scenic beauty and the cornucopia of astonishing golf shots it offered.

It is well worthwhile, I believe, to describe in some detail the eight holes along Carmel Bay which Neville visualized and executed so brilliantly. The first one that the golfer meets is the fourth, a par 4 that is 327 yards long. Despite its shortness, it is a worrisome hole. Along its right side, a cliff about twenty-five feet high drops down to a rocky beach. Since such features have a particularly powerful subconscious effect on people wearing spiked shoes, most golfers hook or pull their tee shot far to the left, into the rough or into a bunker. Even if his drive stays on the left side of the fairway, the golfer faces a touchy shot: he must feather a soft pitch just over a frontal bunker in order to stop it on the green, perhaps the smallest of the eighteen—and the greens at Pebble Beach are smaller than those at any other of the world's great courses.

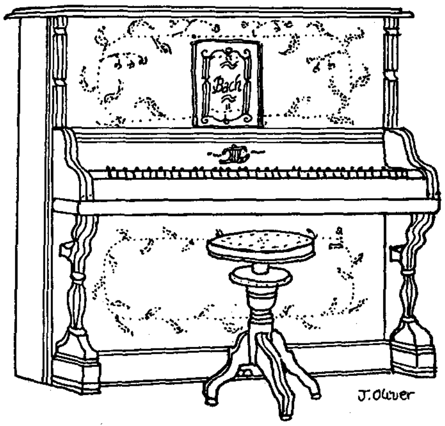
The sixth, a par 5 that measures 516 yards, presents a similar problem. Off the tee, the golfer must avoid the right side of the fairway, for it is bordered by a cliff that ranges from thirty-five to sixty feet high. Most golfers, in their concern to avoid this hazard, again play their tee shot farther left than they had intended to, and many drives wind up in a long trap that hugs the left side of the fairway. This complicates matters. Approximately three hundred and fifty yards from the tee, the fairway climbs a sudden hill nearly fifty feet high, to a plateau, at the end of which the green is situated. On a windless day, a big hitter can reach the green in two, but for the average golfer, unless he finds the fairway off the tee, a 6 is a most acceptable score. The tee on the short seventh, a mere 110 yards, is set about five yards below the level of the sixth green but at the edge of a cliff almost seventy-five feet high. When the golfer is addressing the ball on the tee, he has no protection from the sometimes fierce winds as he attempts to hit and hold the tiny, heavily bunkered green, far below him. On stormy days, when the wind is buffeting the rocks just behind the green and sending spray high into the air, a 3-iron is not too much club for a professional. On quiet days, a pitching wedge will suffice.

After this, the course begins to get tough. In playing the eighth, where the tee is only a short distance from the seventh green, the golfer, who has now turned around to face inland, must produce a long, controlled drive to reach the high land at the top of the hill that he had approached from the opposite direction when he was playing the sixth. From the tee on this 433-yard par 4, he takes in the cliff rising sharply along the right side of the fairway. When he has climbed to the top of the incline—a good drive will finish there—what may very well be the most awesome sight in golf awaits him. Here the cliff plunges straight down a hundred and fifty feet or more into Carmel Bay. He sees this and also notices that up ahead the fairway jogs slightly to the left, but what transfixes his attention is the sight of the eighth green in the distance, across the waters of an inlet of the bay. The green is guarded by a cortege of five bunkers, but it actually doesn't need any of them, since it sits just beyond the continuing cliffline, approximately fifty feet high at this point. Depending on the weather, the tournament-calibre golfer, who will usually choose to lay up off the tee with a long iron or a 3-wood or 4-wood, is usually left with a carry of between a hundred and seventy and a hundred and ninety yards across the inlet on his second shot. The average golfer, of course, having hit a somewhat shorter or more errant drive, most times faces a longer carry on his second if he chooses to go for the green. To pull it off, he must summon nothing less than a career shot. He should give it a whirl nonetheless. After all, if he manages to get home in two he will have something to talk about for the rest of his life. On the other hand, if he is working on a tidy round and scoring well, prudence dictates that he take a long or middle iron for his second and play a conservative lay-up shot down the fairway as it begins to bend to the right and follow the curve of the inlet. He will then be in position to hit the green with a firm pitch on his third.

The eighth leaves a golfer emotionally exhausted, but he must pull himself together quickly in order to cope with the ninth and tenth, two extremely exacting par 4s—467 and 424 yards long, respectively—that continue southeast along the bay, which is on the right. On these two holes, the cliffs have dwindled to thirty feet, but this is enough to deter the golfer from flirting with the right side of the fairway. In addition, on both holes the fairway slopes from left to right, and, with the greens set close to the cliffs, hitting them in the regulation number of strokes in a swirling wind is no easy matter. I would guess that the eighth, ninth, and tenth constitute the most difficult succession of three par 4s in golf.

Pebble Beach has a formidable finish. The seventeenth and eighteenth return to the bay, and they can be destructive. The green on the seventeenth, a par 3 that is 209 yards long from the back tee, is situated on a rocky point that juts into the bay. The eighteenth is regarded by many experts as the premier finishing hole in golf. It curves like a scimitar along the bay, which flanks the fairway on the left. Out-of-bounds stakes patrol the right side practically from tee to green. As if the hole weren't stiff enough with these constraints, there are other hazards, such as clumps of trees and bunkers, that come into play with a strategic niceness. Then, there is the wind. Some days, it blows in so ferociously off the water that experienced golfers feel that the safest course is to aim their shots out to sea and let the wind bring them back onto the fairway.

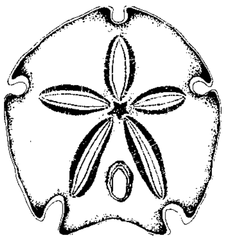
The only trouble with emphasizing the grandeur of the seaside holes at Pebble Beach is that this may promote the impression that the inland holes are rather ordinary. They are not. The opening three holes are a short par 4 followed by a flat par 5 and another short par 4. Though original and provocative, they present good opportunities for birdies. As a matter of fact, the trick to scoring well on Pebble Beach is to get through the first six holes a shot or two under par, for, regardless of his skill, the golfer is almost certain to give a few shots back to par over the last twelve holes. Granted, life becomes a little milder after you walk off the tenth green, but each hole on the inland stretch from the eleventh through the sixteenth requires fastidious shotmaking. On the par-4 eleventh, for example, the drive must be placed on the left side of the fairway in order for the golfer to command the opening to the green on his approach. On the twelfth, a fairly long par 3, the surface of the green is hard and unreceptive, and the only way to stop a long iron or wood there is to hit the kind of shot that reaches the apex of its parabola above the green and floats down softly. On the thirteenth, a 393-yard par 4, the wide right side of the fairway beckons, but the tee shot should be played close to the large bunker on the left side, for otherwise you cannot come into the canted green from the correct angle. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth also require knowledge and control. The greens, slippery and fast, as are all the greens at Pebble Beach, are full of quirky slopes and breaks, and you must place your tee shot—and on the par-5 fourteenth your second shot as well—with a good deal of care in order to be able to stop your approach on the proper part of the green in relation to the pin, and so avoid finding yourself in a position where there is almost no escape from taking three putts. All in all, the inland holes, with their emphasis on finesse, complement the seaside holes perfectly.



BEFORE Neville worked his wonders on the marvellous land that Morse had set aside, there had never been a golf course quite like Pebble Beach. On the West Links at North Berwick, one of the older Scottish courses, there are a few cliffside holes. The green on the first is on an abrupt plateau twenty-five feet or so above the southern bank of the Firth of Forth. The second and third holes hug the shore, but the land drops quickly down from the high tee on the second and is only five feet or so above the water. Then, there is the fourteenth, the elegant hole called Perfection—a drive and about a 6-iron—on which the green is near the edge of a cliff some fifteen feet above the firth. At the beginning of the second nine, when the course heads back to the clubhouse, four other holes are situated close to the firth, but substantial hillocks and sand hills block off the sight of the water, and the golfer is hardly aware of its proximity. The course at Dunbar, near North Berwick, and the one at Stonehaven, twenty miles south of Aberdeen, also have some enjoyable cliffside holes. At Ballybunion, the renowned Irish course that winds through towering sand hills above the Shannon estuary, there are cliffs of a more heroic size, but they come into play on just three holes, and then only tangentially. After the First World War, when golf underwent a tremendous boom, Charles Blair Macdonald created Mid Ocean, the first course built in Bermuda. Formally opened in 1921, Mid Ocean is an imaginative layout, but for most golfers it proved to be a disappointment. They had assumed that such a lavishly publicized course on such a storied island would surely feature several arresting holes adjacent to the Atlantic, including a few in which the handsome coral cliffs were involved. Not at all. For example, the first three holes occupy a strip of land fairly close to the Atlantic, but the water is largely hidden by stands of trees, and when it is visible it plays a strictly decorative role. The only time a golfer really experiences the sensation of being next to the water at Mid Ocean comes when he walks onto the tee of the eighteenth, a grand finishing hole, where, just behind the back markers, the land drops vertically fifty or sixty feet to the ocean.

After the Second World War, the Ailsa course at Turnberry, in Ayrshire, Scotland, which is laid out over a glorious expanse of duneland along the Clyde estuary, and which during the war had been converted into an airfield for the R.A.F. Coastal Command, was revived and revised most successfully by Mackenzie Ross. Seven holes in a row—the fourth through the tenth—move along the coast, but for the most part a continuing ridge of duneland shuts off the view of the sea. The best-known hole, the ninth, has a tee that is set on a high, isolated crag, and it demands a fairly long carry over water to reach the fairway, but there were many other opportunities at Turnberry to build tees and greens at the water's edge, which were not utilized. I don't know the reason for this, but my guess is that in Scotland—and throughout the British Isles—improving on nature to this extent has not been seriously considered, because of the expense involved and because to do so would be impractical: on stormy days, holes that had been constructed too close to the sea might be inundated and damaged.

One course on which the popularity of Pebble Beach must have had an effect is Cypress Point, its neighbor on the Monterey Peninsula, which was completed in 1928. Cypress Point has an almost incomparable variety of holes: ordinary seaside holes, duneland holes, typical inland holes, pine-lined holes that climb and descend rolling hills, and, for good measure, three cliffside holes—the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth—which make magnificent use of the course's chunk of jagged coastline. Alister MacKenzie, who designed Cypress Point, was such a talented golf-course architect that he must have sensed on his first exploratory stroll of his acreage the possibilities of that wild corner where the Pacific beats against the cliffs, but if somehow he did not, the existence of Pebble Beach just a few miles down the road would certainly have thrust it into his mind. While there are a number of other courses around the world that have one or two or three memorable holes poised on cliffs by the sea, the only course that truly merits comparison with Pebble Beach is Campo de Golf Cajuiles, designed in the early nineteen-seventies by Pete Dye, on the southeastern shore of the Dominican Republic. As at Pebble Beach, a total of eight holes are strung along the sea, some of them with greens or tees built only a few feet above the water, others marching along coral cliffs, which Dye's Dominican crews patiently hammered into a workable substratum for the tees, greens, and fairways. On seven of these eight holes, it is necessary for the crack golfer to attempt risky carries across water on his tee shot or approach shot in order to match par. Campo de Golf Cajuiles lacks the dimensions and the majesty of Pebble Beach, but it is a remarkable achievement—a striking Caribbean version of the original.



And what about Jack Neville? After the smashing success of Pebble Beach, one would think that the world would have beaten a path to his door. For various reasons, this did not happen. He collaborated with George Thomas III on Bel Air, a superior course in Los Angeles, and, at Morse's request, he laid out plans for a number of other courses, none of which were ever built. Much later on, he designed a second nine holes at Pacific Grove, a nearby municipal course, and assisted in the design of the Shore Course of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. All this time, he adhered to his old routine, selling lots for Del Monte Properties and living simply, almost forgotten. He was rediscovered in 1972, when the U.S. Open was held at Pebble Beach for the first time. Nearly eighty-one years old then, he remained modestly in the background during the championship, but there was no question that the tardy recognition he received as the man behind the masterpiece meant a great deal to him. He died at eighty-six, in 1978, not long after a banquet in his honor was held on the peninsula.

DOWN through the years, Sam Morse ran his beloved Pebble Beach as a home course for the residents of his private duchy and as a resort course for visitors—primarily those who were vacationing at the Del Monte Lodge, a hotel overlooking the eighteenth green and Carmel Bay, which was built to replace the old Del Monte Hotel. Technically, Pebble Beach was (and still is) a public course—the only public course, incidentally, on which the U.S. Open has been played—but, being well off the beaten path, in its early years it was seldom uncomfortably crowded. With few exceptions, a golf course's status depends to a large extent on whether or not it has been the scene of important tournaments. For instance, whenever the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, which conducts the national championships in Great Britain, adds a new course to the rota of courses over which the British Open is played, this is tantamount to conferring knighthood on that course. A similar prestige accrues to courses in this country that are selected by the United States Golf Association for the U.S. Open. From the day that Pebble Beach was unveiled, knowledgeable golf hands thought that it would be a perfect venue for our Open, but it was not chosen until 1972 because the course lacked one fundamental requirement: it was not situated near a major center of population, and the general feeling was that an Open held there would not attract enough fans and bring in enough money in gate receipts to balance the considerable expense of staging the championship. The first significant tournament held at Pebble Beach was the 1919 California State Amateur Championship, which, incidentally, was won by Jack Neville. The site added incalculably to the event, and the California Golf Association was able to arrange for the championship to be played there annually, as it continues to be. In 1929, the course played host to its first national championship, the United States Amateur. This was quite a coup, for until then no national championship had been held west of Minneapolis. In those days, the Amateur was looked upon as Bobby Jones' personal championship. He had reached the final the five previous years and had won it four times. The 1929 Amateur is probably best remembered for the fact that Jones was eliminated in the first round, after a rousing match with the then unknown Johnny Goodman, who beat him one up over eighteen holes. The 1929 Amateur served to make golfers throughout the country much more conscious of Pebble Beach. Photographs of many of its spectacular holes appeared in newspapers from coast to coast and in magazines with a national circulation.

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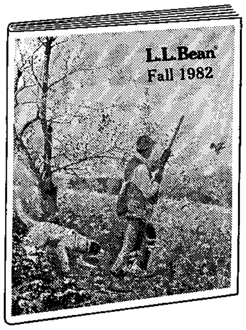

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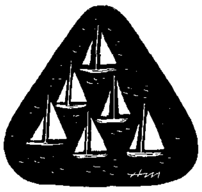
grow. The United States Women's Amateur Championship was played there twice—in 1940 and 1948. The U.S. Amateur returned there in 1947 and again in 1961, when the young Jack Nicklaus dominated the proceedings from start to finish. There is no question, though, that the event that made Americans, non-golfers as well as golfers, aware of Pebble Beach was the annual P.G.A. Tour tournament that Bing Crosby devised and ran. Its official designation is the National Pro-Am, but it is usually referred to simply as the Crosby. Inaugurated as a thirty-six-hole competition before the war at Rancho Santa Fe, near San Diego, it was shifted to the Monterey Peninsula by Crosby in 1947. That year, it was extended into a fifty-four-hole tournament, with the golfers playing one round at Cypress Point, one at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, and one at Pebble Beach. The critical year was 1958. The Crosby was further extended into a seventy-two-hole tournament, with the final round, appropriately, taking place at Pebble Beach. That winter, the Crosby became one of the first tournaments on the P.G.A. Tour to be televised nationally. From the start, it drew huge audiences. The presence of some movie stars in the lists and Crosby's personal popularity had a great deal to do with this—he did much of the commentary, fully indulging his penchant for polysyllables—but the main reason, I would have to believe, was the effect on the viewers of Pebble Beach's overwhelming beauty.

Judith Shahn

Apart from its high television ratings, the Crosby attracted large galleries. This undoubtedly led the U.S.G.A. to review its earlier position that holding the Open at Pebble Beach was too much of a financial risk, but for several other reasons as well the organization was ready to accept the invitation that Sam Morse tendered in 1966 and to agree, after some discussion, to hold the Open at Pebble Beach in 1972. In 1968, Morse and his son-in-law, Richard Osborne, who was associated in business with him, called in Frank D. (Sandy) Tatum, Jr., a San Francisco lawyer, to be responsible for the part of the course preparation which was the obligation of the Del Monte Properties Company. Tatum was an ideal choice for this assignment. When he was in his teens, he had spent his summer vacations working as a laborer on construction crews in Los Angeles, his home town, to accumulate enough money to play in the California State Amateur. "I'd blow it all in one wonderful week at Pebble Beach," he once told me. "It was one of the most intelligent things I've ever done." An able golfer, Tatum won the National Collegiate Championship in 1942, when he was at Stanford. At Oxford, which he attended as a Rhodes Scholar, he was a member of the university golf team. Few people of my acquaintance know as much about golf or are as exuberantly passionate about it. As a longtime admirer of Pebble Beach, he knew that no changes had been officially authorized since H. Chandler Egan was asked to strengthen the bunkering in the green area on some holes before the 1929 Amateur, but he also knew that bit by bit, from 1929 on, as has happened at many courses, the physiognomy of individual holes had been altered by greenkeepers and work crews, and, in the case of Pebble Beach, by understandably spotty maintenance during the Second World War. Tatum concluded that the soundest procedure was to get in touch with Jack Neville and to restore any features of the original layout that Neville thought were significant but that somehow or other had disappeared over the years. Neville suggested restoring the following: the bunker at the front left corner of the first green, which made the approach shot more exacting; the bunker in the drive zone to the left of the fourth fairway, which he felt would work best if it was elongated into an L shape and carried into the fairway, and, additionally, if a small pot bunker was placed in the angle of the L; and the bunkering on the left shoulder of the hill on the sixth, which influenced the playing of the second shot. Neville also recommended that the bunker on the edge of the right rough in the drive zone on the sixteenth be deepened, so that a golfer couldn't play a relatively routine recovery onto the green from it. He also felt that this bunker would pack more trepidation if it edged toward the fairway. Later on, P. J. Boatwright, Jr., the executive director of the U.S.G.A., came out to supervise the Association's part in preparing the course for the championship—a job he has done for years with enormous skill. Along with putting into effect such standard procedures for the Open as narrowing the fairways and letting the rough grow tall and dense, Boatwright proposed changes on the ninth and tenth that Tatum and Neville heartily concurred in. Both holes, exceptional par 4s, were playing extremely short at that time. The burned-out rough on the high, or left, side of their fairways was playing as hard as stone, with the result that on a solidly hit tee shot the ball would get so much bounce and roll if it landed there that the golfer would have nothing more than a wee pitch for his approach. On the ninth, new bunkering was established in the drive zone where the rough met the high side of the fairway. On the tenth, a new championship tee was built, on the left side of the ninth green, to add some length to the hole, and on the left edge of the fairway, some two hundred and thirty-five yards out, a long, irregularly shaped bunker that could not be carried was added. The effect of the new bunkers on these two holes was to force golfers to play for the fairway to the right of the hazards, and this put increased pressure on them.



The 1972 Open turned out to be everything that one had hoped it would be. The course played hard but well on the first three days, under blue skies and a warm sun and with a refreshing breeze coming off the water. It played perceptibly harder on the fourth, and last, day, when the golfers had to deal with a gusty wind that stirred up whitecaps in the bay. The 1972 Open had been expected to provide one of the most rigorous championship tests in years, and it did. For instance, Jack Nicklaus, who either was tied for the lead or held the lead from the first round on, posted a winning total of 290, which was two strokes over par. Only half of the hundred and fifty-two starters broke 80 on each of the first two rounds. On the windy fourth day, no one broke 70, and only two players broke or equalled par, 72. On that final round, there were several memorable moments. The first came when Nicklaus was playing the tenth. He held a comfortable lead at this point, but his tee shot sailed out to the right, over the cliff, and down onto the beach. His third shot could well have done the same thing, but it stopped at the brink of the cliff. Nicklaus was extremely lucky to get out of the hole with only a double-bogey 6. Not long after this, he botched up the par-3 twelfth and was faced with sinking an eight-foot putt for a bogey 4. At that same moment, Arnold Palmer, who had played a good, stubborn Open, was on the fourteenth green lining up an eight-foot putt for a birdie. If Palmer made his putt and Nicklaus missed his, Palmer would move into the lead by a stroke. It went the other way: Palmer missed and Nicklaus holed. On the fifteenth, Nicklaus nailed down his victory with an authoritative birdie. He went on to birdie the par-3 seventeenth when his 1-iron shot hit the flagstick on its first bounce and stopped six inches away. This is the shot that most fans who saw that Open remember.

There was no question after the 1972 Open that the championship would be returning to Pebble Beach. Before it did so, this year, a number of changes in the ownership, condition, and atmosphere of the golf course took place. Following Sam Morse's death, in 1969, the Del Monte Properties Company was reorganized. Under the new management, the role of Pebble Beach was altered. It was regarded primarily as a source of income. The cost of a greens fee rose steeply, as did the cost of renting a golf cart. The golf course was also looked upon as a principal attraction for luring visitors to the Del Monte Lodge—which, inevitably, was renamed the Lodge at Pebble Beach—and for selling lots on the peninsula. In 1976, the Del Monte Properties Company became the Pebble Beach Corporation, and three years later it was sold to Twentieth Century-Fox. Along with Pebble Beach, the old Del Monte course and Spyglass Hill, a new Robert Trent Jones course, which was completed in the mid-nineteen-sixties, were included in the purchase. (Twentieth Century-Fox had an abundance of capital at its disposal at this time, chiefly because of the colossal profits racked up by "Star Wars.") In 1978, no fewer than fifty-six thousand rounds of golf were played over Pebble Beach. This total was attained by starting the groups of players off the first tee at nine-minute intervals. The average round took six hours, and under the constant tramp, tramp, tramp and whack, whack, whack the course took quite a beating. The installation in 1977 of a web of garish asphalt cart paths hardly improved its appearance. In 1979, a more

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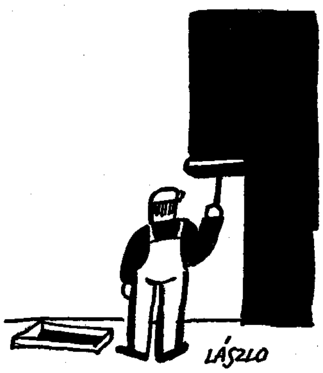
enlightened attitude toward the course was observable. That year, the interval between starting times was increased to twelve minutes—a change that reduced the number of rounds to forty-two thousand. Pebble Beach gradually began to look like its old self again. This was due in a large measure to the work of John Zoller, an accomplished golf-course superintendent, who was appointed director of golf operations in 1978. (Before coming to Pebble Beach, Zoller, who had studied turf management at Ohio State, had been the course superintendent at the Eugene Country Club, in Oregon, for eighteen years, and then the course superintendent, and later the general manager, at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. In 1980, Zoller became the executive director of the Northern California Golf Association, and, shortly after this, Tim Berg, who was also trained at the Eugene Country Club, was hired to be both the course superintendent and the professional at Pebble Beach.) One other change was in the offing. In June, 1981, Marvin Davis, a Denver oil man, bought Twentieth Century-Fox. Davis then formed a partnership with the Aetna Life & Casualty Company, and at the present time they operate holdings on the Monterey Peninsula and at Aspen, Colorado—ski runs, a ski school, a ski shop, and several restaurants. This year, the division that runs Pebble Beach hiked the greens fee at the course, which in 1979 had been raised from fifty to sixty dollars, to seventy dollars.

Pebble Beach underwent only minuscule changes in the months before the 1982 Open. After a visit to the course before preparations for the championship began, Tatum, who had meanwhile served as president of the U.S.G.A. in 1978-79, had a pair of recommendations to make. He believed that the shallow splash bunker that had been constructed before the 1972 Open in the angle of the L-shaped bunker on the fourth hole should be replaced by a classical pot bunker, sharp-sided and deep, since Neville had had that type of bunker in mind. And he believed that Neville had meant the bunker in the drive zone on the right side of the sixteenth hole to be more daunting from the tee and more punishing to play from. These changes were made. Apart from this, the 1982 Open course was really the same course that was played ten years before. This is evidenced by their over-all lengths: 6,812 yards in 1972, 6,825 yards this year.

THE 1982 Open turned out to be one of the great Opens of all time. Before play got under way, there was a good deal of speculation about the chances of Craig Stadler, Severiano Ballesteros, Ray Floyd, who was on a hot streak, young Bobby Clampett, Tom Kite, David Graham, the defending champion, and a number of other players in the starting field of a hundred and fifty-three, but the two men at the center of most discussions were Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson. No other golfer has played Pebble Beach as well as Nicklaus. In addition to winning the 1972 Open there, he scored his second victory in the U.S. Amateur there, in 1961, when he was twenty-one, overwhelming his opponent in the semifinals 9 and 8 and his opponent in the final 8 and 6. Aside from this, he has won the Crosby three times—in 1967, 1972, and 1973. Nicklaus's successes at Pebble Beach have been due in a large measure to his being that rare golfer a power hitter with an instinctive sense of shotmaking. When he has been a bit off his game, he has been able to convert mediocre rounds into acceptable ones, because, first, he is an exceptional putter, as we have begun to appreciate more and more in recent years, and, second, he can concentrate under the strain of the big test like few other athletes.



This uncommon amalgam of abilities explains why Nicklaus has won many more major championships than any other golfer—nineteen in all: two U.S. Amateurs (1959, 1961); four U.S. Opens (1962, 1967, 1972, 1980); three British Opens (1966, 1970, 1978); five Masters (1963, 1965, 1966, 1972, 1975); and five P.G.A. championships (1963, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1980). A proud man who is rightfully aware of his prodigious record, Nicklaus wanted very much to win the 1982 Open, for several reasons. Now forty-two and showing signs of slowing down, he was eager to bring his total of major victories to an even twenty. Then, too, if he carried the day at Pebble Beach he would become the first player to win our Open five times. (Willie Anderson, Bobby Jones, and Ben Hogan have also been four-time winners.)

As for Watson, he is the finest hitter of the golf ball to come along since Nicklaus's heyday. Over the past seven years, he has won five major titles—the British Open in 1975, 1977, and 1980, the Masters in 1977 and 1981. Watson is subject to spells of wildness, especially off the tee, but when he is in top form he can be dazzling. For a man of only medium size—he is five feet nine and weighs a hundred and sixty pounds—he drives the ball an astonishing distance, frequently more than two hundred and eighty yards. Around the green, he can improvise all kinds of stunning shots—a talent he has had since he was a boy. He is probably the outstanding bunker-shot artist since Gary Player. An attacking putter, he tends to be overbold, leaving himself plenty of those grisly four- and five-footers after running his approach putt past the cup, but he has streaks when he holes long ones from all over the place. Watson wanted to take the 1982 Open as badly as Nicklaus. Now thirty-two, he had failed in eight previous attempts to win it, although he was in a position to do so at Winged Foot, in Westchester, in 1974; at Medinah, outside Chicago, in 1975; and at Baltusrol, in New Jersey, in 1980. He knows only too well that since the mid-nineteen-twenties our Open has been the game's most important championship, and that a golfer cannot expect to be ranked among the great players in history, whatever his other accomplishments, unless he has won at least one Open. Many of us had begun to wonder whether the Open would always elude Watson, and I can well imagine that these same thoughts have gone through Watson's mind every day the last five years. Like Nicklaus, he has a special fondness for Pebble Beach. During the years he was attending Stanford University, which is only seventy miles or so away, he would hurry down to the Monterey Peninsula whenever he had a free weekend, and revel in the challenge of the course. Like so many young golfers who hoped for a career in the game, during his college days Watson used to fantasize about winning the Open while he was out on the course playing a round—"Tom Watson is now tied for the lead. To win this championship, he will need at least one birdie on the remaining holes. He has his work cut out for him. . . ." Watson was particularly prone to these fantasies when playing Pebble Beach.

As it turned out, in its final stages the 1982 championship was fought between Nicklaus and Watson, and was resolved by one of the Open's most exciting climaxes. It deserves to be described in some detail, but a few aspects of the first three days of play should be mentioned in order to set the scene properly for the stirring dénouement.

ON Thursday, the day of the opening round, a fairly strong west wind swept over Pebble Beach. In the morning, the skies were gray and the air was chilly, and waking up to greet the new day brought one all the delight of rising in Glasgow in December. All during the morning and the afternoon, clouds from the fog banks in the bay rolled across the course. Apart from the fact that after the opening day the wind was appreciably gentler, the weather remained much the same throughout the tournament. The skies were generally overcast, and only now and then could one see the sun breaking through in Carmel Valley, fifteen miles away. It is testimony to the beauty of Pebble Beach that under such bleak conditions the course looked as handsome as ever. It was in first-class shape for the championship, the greens swift and smooth, the fairways tightly knit and resilient. The rough was not as high as it usually is in the Open, but it was thick, wiry, and sufficiently punishing. In one respect, Pebble Beach had a different mien: the bunkers were heavily fringed with shaggy, tall grass, which waved in the wind and gave the course a sort of Scottish look.

The tournament had hardly started on Thursday morning when Danny Edwards, a seasoned touring pro from Oklahoma, ripped off an eagle and three birdies to go five under par on the first six holes. As noted earlier, the first six holes at Pebble Beach are eminently birdieable, but one seldom tears through them the way Edwards did. However, after he had gone to six under par with a birdie on the eleventh, he double-bogeyed the fourteenth, bogeyed the sixteenth, double-bogeyed the seventeenth, and eventually had to settle for a 71, one under par. The lowest score that day was 70. There were two of them, one by Bill Rogers, the 1981 British Open cham-

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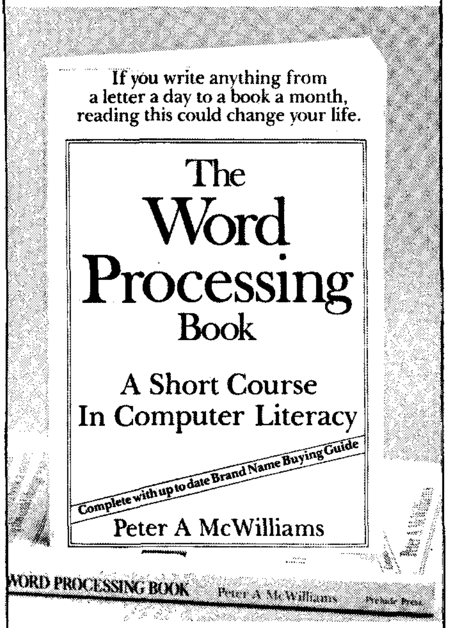
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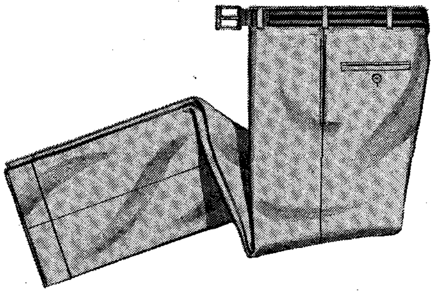

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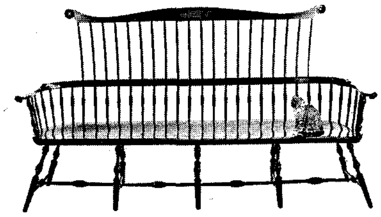

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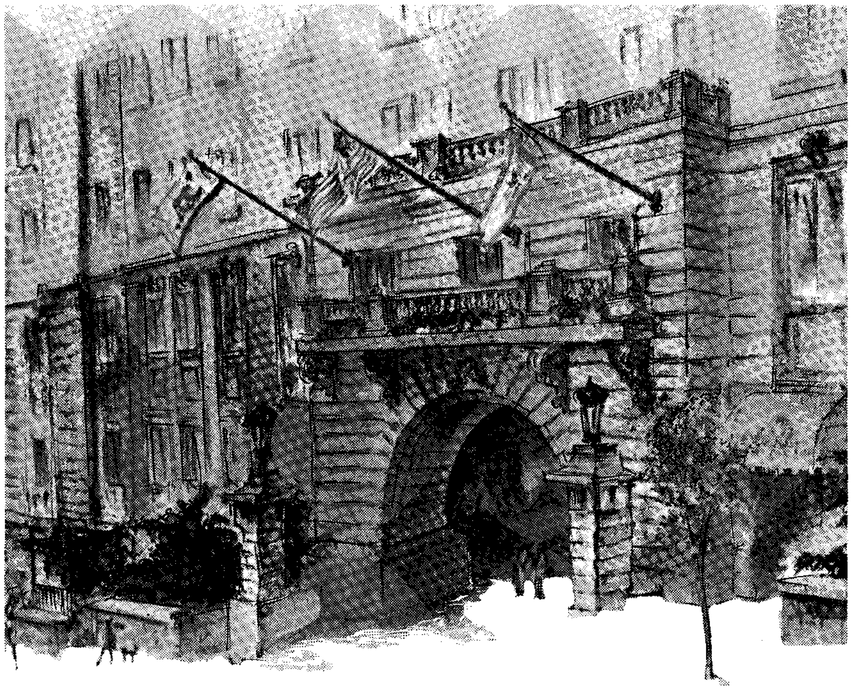
pion, and the other by the veteran Bruce Devlin, a transplanted Australian who now lives in Houston. No one had looked for Devlin to make this much of a splash. Now forty-four, he is best known in the golf world these days as a commentator on the tournaments that NBC televises. Not many people remember that in the nineteen-sixties and the early nineteen-seventies he was one of the top dozen players in the world. When I think back to the period between 1955 and 1975, only two golfers come to mind who had the stuff to win a major championship but somehow didn't. Devlin was one, and Mike Souchak the other.

IN the second round, on Friday, Devlin, instead of quickly fading from contention, birdied three of the last four holes for a 69, a total of 139, and a two-stroke lead at the half-way mark. Another pleasant surprise was the performance of Nathaniel Crosby, the twenty-year-old son of Bing Crosby. Smitten by golf at an early age, Nathaniel—everyone refers to him by his first name—is a slim, nice-looking, intelligent, and intuitive young man who attends the University of Miami. Last September, he astounded everyone by winning the U.S. Amateur Championship. His swing was so unimpressive that most observers felt there had to be at least a thousand better amateur golfers in the country. In many of his matches in the championship, including the final, he fell behind his opponent and seemed certain to be beaten, but he has courage and abiding determination, and in one crisis after another he produced the crucial shot or holed the vital putt and survived. Since the Amateur, he had done nothing to speak of. However, as the Amateur champion he automatically qualified for the Open, and he was paired on the first two rounds with two other automatic qualifiers, David Graham and Bill Rogers. This was a most attractive threesome, and I walked the second round with them. On the opening day, Nathaniel had shot a 77, which was not a bad score, but in order to make the thirty-six-hole cut, which seemed likely to come at either 150 or 151, he was faced with the necessity of playing a much lower round. I must confess that I did not anticipate golf of the quality he showed us. His technique had improved considerably since last summer. The arc of his swing was wider, his tempo slower and more rhythmic, his extension through the ball more assured. Indeed, there was little to choose between the shots he played and those of Rogers and Graham. Through the first thirteen holes, he was two under par. If he could stay close to that pace, he would almost surely qualify to play the last two rounds of the championship.

The fourteenth hole at Pebble Beach is a 565-yard par 5 that breaks acutely to the right in the drive zone and swings up to a very firm green, whose high left side, protected in front by a deep bunker, sits about ten feet above the fairway. In tournaments, the pin is almost always positioned on the left side, and so it was that day. Nathaniel's tee shot just failed to carry the bunker in the angle of the fairway, and he proceeded to play the hole about as badly as it can be played. He caught the lip of the bunker with his second shot. His third, from the bunker, was well out, but he hit his approach shot thin and it finished short of the green on the right side of the fairway. His fifth shot, a pitch with his wedge, rolled over the back of the green into deep rough. He tried to dig the ball out with his wedge but barely advanced it. He was on in seven with a deft wedge flip two and a half feet from the cup, but he missed the putt, and that gave him a 9. Now, according to my computation out on the course, in order to have a chance of making the cut he could not afford to drop another stroke to par. What a superb job he did! Quietly regathering his poise and his purpose, he played the last four holes flawlessly. On the par-4 fifteenth, he was on the green in two, twenty-two feet from the pin, and rolled in the putt for a birdie. He was on in two on the sixteenth, a dogleg par 4, and got down in two putts from about twenty-four feet. He had a crack at a birdie on the hazardous seventeenth, the 209-yard par 3, when he put his tee shot twelve feet past the pin, but his putt slipped by the cup. On the eighteenth, the par 5 that edges along Carmel Bay, he hit the narrow fairway with his drive, as he had done on both the fifteenth and the sixteenth. Safely on the green in three, he stroked his approach putt inches short of the cup, and tapped in for his 5. That was a 73 and a thirty-six-hole total of 150. Bob Sommers, the editor of the U.S.G.A.'s *Golf Journal*, who is often a walking companion of mine at tournaments, thereupon lifted his shooting stick and speared the air in exultation. "A 73 with a 9!" he exclaimed. "I won't forget this soon. You know, Nathaniel played so well after that disaster on the fourteenth that he could have birdied three of those last four holes." Nathaniel's 150 enabled him to make the cut, which came at 151. Only one other amateur, Corey Pavin, made it—at 151.

Nathaniel Crosby completed the tournament with creditable rounds of 76 and 77, and his four-round total of 303, a stroke lower than Pavin's, earned him the low-amateur honors. There is no knowing whether he will go on to become a truly outstanding tournament golfer, but I venture to predict that whatever he chooses to do he will do well.

THE way to play a seventy-two-hole stroke-play championship is not to try to win it on the first three rounds. The main thing is to be patient those first three days, passing up the flamboyant or outright dangerous shot even when you may feel in your bones that you can bring it off. Your aim should be to be in a position at the end of the third round where you can win the championship on the fourth round. At Pebble Beach, both Watson and Nicklaus, working hard and carefully, played themselves into excellent position after fifty-four holes. Indeed, Watson, with rounds of 72, 72, and 68, for a total of 212, was tied for the lead with Rogers. He had been very lucky to escape with a 72 on the second round, for he had hit a number of loose iron shots. His putter had bailed him out: he sank two twenty-footers, a twelve-footer, and an eight-footer, and missed no putt he should have made. On the third round, his iron play was much sharper, but, then, the course was considerably more docile that day. Rain had fallen during the night and early in the morning, and, with the greens soft and holding, the players could fire right at the pin. The greens also did not putt fast, even though they had been triple-cut in the morning by the mowing crew. To further encourage low scoring, there wasn't so much as a puff of breeze coming off the bay. Incidentally, the galleries were so hushed and stayed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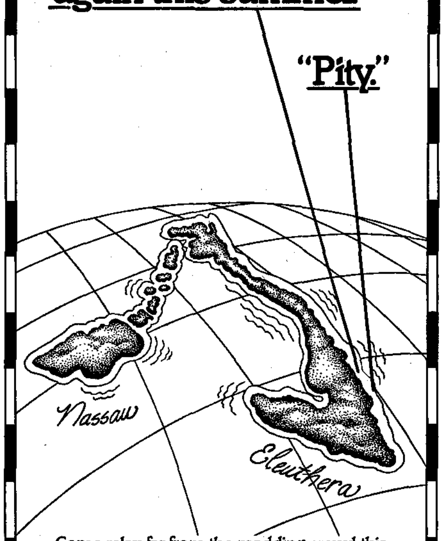

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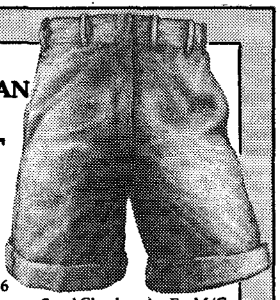

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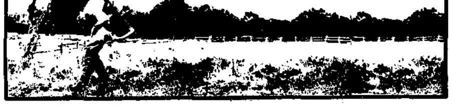


so respectfully still that whenever a golfer was playing a shot on the holes along the bay it was impossible not to notice the movement and calls of the birds. The peninsula is well known for its many feathered species, but the only ones that I, a 36-handicap ornithologist at best, could identify were the California gull, the common swallow, and, I think, the lark sparrow.

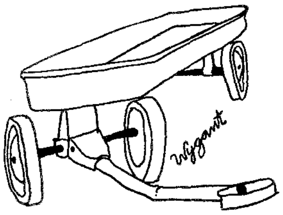
One man who failed to take advantage of the easy scoring conditions on the third day was Devlin; after a birdieless 75, he stood at 214, two strokes behind the leaders, along with Graham, Scott Simpson, and George Burns. Nicklaus (74-70-71) was a stroke farther back. On his third round, Nicklaus had also failed to seize the day, and he knew it. He had played steadily and well from tee to green but had missed many holeable putts. "I'm not disturbed at the way I'm rolling the ball with the putter," he said at the close of the round. "These greens are very difficult to read." He added, with a rueful smile, "I've only been playing them for twenty-one years, and one of these years I'll learn to putt them." Twenty-one years ago, when he was twenty-one, Nicklaus was a different kind of golfer from what he is today. A heavyset, muscular athlete, he hit the ball "with the kick of a mule," as Bernard Darwin put it, and he sent it incredible distances. One year in the nineteen-sixties, he reached the green on the 525-yard fifteenth hole at the Augusta National with a drive and an 8-iron. In 1966, when he captured his first British Open, at Muirfield, the pivotal hole was the 528-yard par-5 seventeenth, the seventy-first hole of the tournament. Playing the small British ball and helped by a slight wind at his back, he set up the winning birdie by getting home with a 3-iron and a 5-iron. Nicklaus lost some of his power in 1969, when he took off twenty pounds, and over the last decade he has placed increasing emphasis on control at the expense of distance. Today, the ball doesn't explode off his club the way it used to, but he still hits it a long way. One other thing: he is still the most fearsome fourth-round player in the game.

ON Sunday, under glum skies, Nicklaus, paired with Calvin Peete, started his fourth round at 12:38 P.M. His No. 1 son, Jackie, who is a student at the University of North Carolina, and is many inches taller than his father, was caddying for him. Nicklaus got off slowly, bogeying the opening hole, where his approach shot spun back off the green, and then missing his birdie on the second, a par 5 that is reachable in two. He appeared to be completely unfazed by this disappointing start. When he is out on the golf course during a tournament, you can practically feel the fierceness and continuousness of his concentration, and yet at the same time, despite being surrounded by pulsing thousands, he seems to be not only oblivious of the pressure of the contest but more relaxed than you and I are when we get home after work and watch the news in the living room with a drink in hand. On the third, Nicklaus holed a good-sized putt across the green for a birdie 3. That set him off. He birdied the fourth when he dropped a twenty-three-footer. For the first time in the Open, he was making some putts. He birdied the par-3 fifth after he stuck a 6-iron two feet from the pin. Continuing to roll, he birdied the par-5 sixth by reaching the hilltop green with a drive and a 1-iron, and two-putted from thirty-five feet. He birdied the seventh, the precarious 110-yard par 3, playing a crisp pitching wedge eleven feet from the pin and making the putt. His surge was stopped when he bogeyed the eighth, the hole across the inlet of Carmel Bay—here his iron to the green found the rough on the right—but, thanks to that rush of five consecutive birdies, he finished the first nine four under par for the tournament. He was in the thick of it now, tied with Watson and a stroke behind Rogers, who was the leader at that moment.

In the old days, news travelled slowly on a golf course, and the reports over the grapevine were not always reliable. Today, what with a large, well-operated leader board at nearly every hole, the players know almost instantly what their rivals are up to. Watson, paired with Rogers, certainly did. By nature a much more high-strung person than Nicklaus, he had felt a little nervous when he awakened on Sunday morning. After breakfast, he played for a spell with his two-year-old daughter, Meg, whom he adores. He then dug into two Sunday papers, taking his time as he read about the federal-budget controversy and the earthquake in El Salvador. He felt somewhat less tight when he put the papers down. He and Rogers were off at 1:05 P.M., three twosomes and twenty-seven minutes after Nicklaus. Throughout the round, Watson was two holes or a hole and a half behind Nicklaus, depending on the length of the holes they were playing. They were seldom in sight of each other.

Watson, who had started the final round four under par, turned the front nine still four under par. A bogey on the third had offset a birdie on the second. On the short seventh, he had wasted a big chance, muffing a two-and-a-half-foot putt for a birdie. This error obviously did not affect him as much as it might have, for on the eighth he made a difficult seven-footer to save his par. At this point in the round, Rogers was going through a very shaky passage, missing his pars on the ninth and tenth and, later, on the twelfth, and therewith dropping out of the race. By that time, Devlin, too, was out of it, a stout-hearted challenge by Graham was over, and the championship had become a two-man battle—Watson against Nicklaus.

In retrospect, the tenth hole looms large in Watson's eventual victory. On that 424-yard par 4 that marks the end of the glittering cliffside sequence, he managed to avoid a 5 and, possibly, a 6 or 7. This significantly changed the shape that his duel with Nicklaus took. Off the tee, he hit the narrow, slanting tenth fairway—it was only twenty-seven yards wide for the Open—but he hung his approach shot, a 7-iron, out to the right, and it found the bunker below and to the right of the green. That green is tucked close to the edge of the cliff, and if the ball had drifted a shade more it could conceivably have toppled over the cliff and down onto the beach. (Incidentally, in the distance beyond the tenth green one takes in the crescent beach of the town of Carmel, its bright white sand washed by the breaking slate-colored waves. It is something to contemplate. It looks the way one imagines the shore at Bali Ha'i might, except that one sees few people swimming, because the water is intensely cold.) From that sunken bunker on the tenth, Watson exploded to the edge of the green, twenty-five feet from the cup. Then he made the putt for his 4. This not only kept him four under par but boosted him into the lead, a stroke ahead of Nicklaus, who, minutes before, had three-putted the eleventh green from twenty feet.



Which player should one watch, Nicklaus or Watson? When in doubt, it is usually wise to go with the leader. I walked to the drive zone on the eleventh. This 382-yard par 4 runs uphill from the tee, but Watson, pumped up by holing that big putt on the tenth, whaled his tee shot two hundred and seventy yards up the fairway, at least forty yards beyond Rogers' drive. He was on with a pitching wedge, twenty-two feet from the pin. As he walked with his quick strides to the green, he acknowledged the gallery's applause with his ingenuous smile. Like Nicklaus, Watson is determined to play golf his way, and his way is to approach it as a game and to show in a natural manner his appreciation of the support that the spectators give him. The keystone of Watson's personality is his invariable honesty. This somehow comes through in his facial expression, and may explain why some people get the feeling that there is a certain vulnerability about him. It should also be noted that there is a lot of iron in his soul, for otherwise he would never have been able to accomplish the things he has. After studying the line of his birdie putt on the eleventh—close to the cup, the sidehill putt would dart from left to right—he stepped up and knocked it in. Five under par for the tournament now, a two-stroke lead on Nicklaus. Not for long. On the par-3 twelfth, 204 yards long, he left his iron shot out to the right and was bunkered. He played what was for him only an ordinary sand shot, leaving the ball fifteen feet short of the cup. He made a rather weak try for the putt. Back to four under par and a lead of only a single stroke on Nicklaus. Matters stood the same way after he parred the thirteenth. His tee shot on this hole must have been close to three hundred yards. Under tournament tension, Watson sometimes sprays the ball into trouble, because his hitting action gets too quick, but on this last round, swinging well within himself, he was clouting his drives a mile and dead straight.

The fourteenth, the long par 5 that swings to the right, proved to be another critical hole. After a good drive, Watson chose to lay up with an iron about eighty yards short of the pin, figuring that he would be able to put more backspin on a relatively full wedge than on an abbreviated wedge

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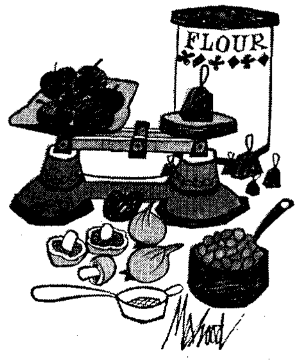
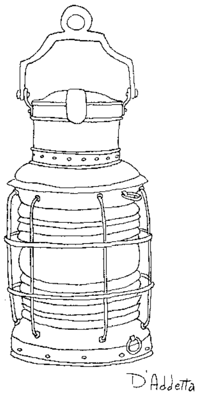
flip, and so would be able to stop the ball close to the pin, which, once again, was situated on the high left side of the green. I could not see what kind of lie he had, but, in any event, his shot had very little spin on it and rolled thirty-five feet past the pin to the back edge of the green. I think it was then—as Watson was walking to his ball—that most of us in his gallery noticed on the leader board adjacent to the green that a red 4 had gone up for Nicklaus on the fifteenth. This meant that he had birdied that hole and now stood four under par—tied for the lead. (We learned later that Nicklaus had holed a fifteen-foot putt for that birdie. The old Golden Bear is really a tough customer down the stretch in a championship.) Watson took a shade more time than usual reading the line of his thirty-five-foot birdie putt on this sleek, ripple-filled green. He hit the ball with a good-looking stroke. Halfway to the hole, the ball seemed to pick up speed. It was still moving fast when it dived into the middle of the cup. A terrific putt—especially in those circumstances. Five under par now, Watson had regained his one-shot lead over Nicklaus. Only four holes to play.

Up-and-down rounds are nothing new to Watson, but what was called for at this stage of the Open was sure, prudent golf: do nothing fancy, keep the ball in play, concentrate on hitting the green in the regulation number of strokes, get down in two well-thought-out putts. On the par-4 fifteenth, Watson was letter-perfect: on in two, down in two from twenty feet. On the sixteenth, however, the 403-yard par 4, which slides downhill as it doglegs to the right and drops to a green shut in on both sides by trees and further protected by immense bunkers, Watson made an almost fatal mistake. Off the tee, he missed hitting the fairway for the first time during the round. He started the ball off to the right, and it stayed to the right, finally plummeting down into the recently remodelled bunker in the crook of the dogleg. This is one of the two bunkers that Sandy Tatum, remembering Jack Neville's suggestions before the 1972 Open, had asked to have fortified for the 1982 Open, so that it would more accurately fulfill Neville's wish that it be both more intimidating off the tee and more difficult to recover from. Now its front wall rose straight up three feet high, the upper two feet sodded like a Scottish bunker. Talk about irony! Watson has no more fervent admirer or devoted friend than Tatum. A contemporary of Watson's father at Stanford, Tatum has been close to Tom ever since he came West to attend Stanford. Looking gravely at this bunker after it had caught Watson's tee shot, Tatum turned to some friends in the gallery and said, "That's what this bunker was meant to do." On the third round, Watson's tee shot had ended up in the same bunker, but the ball had finished at the back edge, and he was able to fly his recovery shot onto the green. On this round, though, his ball lay only a foot and a half from the base of the perpendicular front wall. Attempting to go for the green was out of the question. After some thought, Watson concluded that the best he could do was to explode out sidewise onto the fairway, which he did. The ball trickled several yards down the hillside and came to rest on a fairly severe downslope. It is not easy to put backspin on a ball from a downhill lie, and, with the pin positioned only fifteen feet from the low front edge of the green, which slopes down from back to front, backspin was necessary in order to stop the ball near the pin. Watson's third, a wedge pitch of some eighty yards, landed near the pin, but the ball had no spin on it whatever, and it rolled another fifty-five feet on up the green. At about this time, I began to wonder whether Watson should have exploded backward out of the bunker onto a flat stretch of fairway from which he could have played an approach with backspin. However, this was strictly second-guessing. His lie in the bunker had been such that he probably didn't have room enough to swing the club back and play that kind of shot. Anyway, from the high back edge of the sixteenth green he would be fortunate if he could escape with a 5. He came through with a beautiful approach putt. He lagged the ball downhill over the skiddy surface with its subtle slide to the right, and it died barely fifteen inches from the cup. He tapped in for his 5. With two holes to go, he was



again tied with Nicklaus at four under par. It could have been worse. If he had three-putted the fifteenth, he would have been trailing by a stroke. He walked to the seventeenth tee at about the same time that Nicklaus, to resounding applause, was walking off the eighteenth green and heading for the scorer's tent to check his card. Except for taking those three putts on the eleventh, Nicklaus had played an errorless second nine. From tee to green, he had thought his shots out painstakingly and had executed each shot the way he had meant to. If his putting had been up to his normal standard, he could easily have been a couple of strokes lower. He had made his birdie putt on the fifteenth, but then he had missed a shortish birdie putt on the fourteenth, and on each of the last three greens he had had a crack at a birdie from seventeen feet or less. In any event, he had given one more unforgettable demonstration of how a golfer should play the final round of a championship.



Watson won the Open on the seventeenth hole, just when it seemed that he might lose it there. On the final round, the back tee of this celebrated par 3 was used, so the hole played its full length—209 yards—into a moderate wind. (On the eighteenth, the wind was blowing across the fairway, off the bay. If it had been behind Nicklaus on that hole, and if he had got off a long drive, he might have tried to reach the green in two.) The seventeenth is a tester. The green is unusually wide and unusually narrow from back to front. It sits just above a very large front bunker. Beyond the green is a string of small bunkers, along with other trouble: the rocks and water on the left. You really cannot play for the right side of the green, because you then have to deal with the dangerous ridge that divides the green into two sections. In tournaments, the pin is almost always set on the left side. It was on this day—ten feet from the left fringe, about halfway between the front edge and the back edge of the green. Watson first thought he would use a 3-iron but then changed his mind and played a 2-iron. He hooked it a shade—or, to use the current expression, he "came over" the ball, instead of hitting under and through it. The ball finished hole-high, twenty feet to the left of the pin and eight feet from the fringe of the green, in a growth of thick, resistant rough. He would also have to cope with a downhill lie. If you were standing out near the ropes on the right side of the hole, you could not see the ball. However, Watson later explained that though it was down low, it was lying on top of the grass. "I had a good lie," he said. "I could get the leading edge of my club under the ball." Opening the blade of his sand wedge and cutting under and slightly across the ball, he hit an exquisite shot. The ball came up softly, about two feet high, and landed just on the edge of the green. Curving a foot and a half from left to right with the contour of the green, it rolled straight for the pin, hit it dead center, and fell in. The moment the ball disappeared from sight, Watson threw his arms up and broke into a wild Indian dance. The spectators packed along the seventeenth, reacting almost as immediately to this sensational birdie, which put Watson in the lead by a precious stroke, began jumping for joy and shouting and howling.

Under the circumstances, Watson calmed himself down quickly. By the time he stuck his peg into the ground on the eighteenth tee, he looked composed and confident, ready to wrap things up. A par 5 on the 548-yard eighteenth would do it. He played the hole just the way he meant to: a 3-wood tee shot down the right side of the fairway; a 7-iron laid up in the center of the fairway a hundred and thirty yards from the green; a 9-iron that sat down pacifically twenty feet behind the pin. Watson studied the green with care. His putt was a touch downhill, and he wanted to be sure he had the speed right, so that he would leave himself the shortest of tap-ins. He had no intention of trying to hole the twenty-footer, but the ball slithered into the cup. He had won the Open. He had finally won the Open. The fact that his margin of victory was two strokes was irrelevant. He had won the championship by holing his sand-wedge shot on the seventeenth when it would have been an achievement to get down in two from the rough. (I think his ball would have rolled about seven feet past the cup if it hadn't hit the pin.) That little cut pitch out of the heavy grass may well be the greatest winning shot that

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has been played in the Open since 1923, when Bobby Jones, tied with *Bobby Cruickshank as they came to* the eighteenth in their playoff for the title at Inwood, on Long Island, summoned a perfect-plus 2-iron, from a poorish lie, that rose in a high parabola over the water hazard before the green, came down on the green, and stopped six feet from the hole. The scores of the leaders in the 1982 Open: Watson, 72-72-68-70—282; Nicklaus, 74-70-71-69—284. Two strokes farther back, at 286, were Rogers, Clampett, and Dan Pohl.

NICKLAUS, after walking off the eighteenth green, watched Watson's tee shot on the seventeenth on the TV monitor in the scorer's tent. When he saw the ball hook into the thatchy rough, he felt that the percentages were heavily against Watson's getting down in two from there and saving his par. He turned his attention to checking his scorecard, thinking that now he would probably win the Open and that the worst that could happen was a playoff, if Watson somehow birdied the eighteenth. When Nicklaus next looked at the monitor, what he saw was Watson dancing across the green. His first reaction was that Watson's recovery had probably lipped out of the cup.

Twelve minutes or so later, when Watson walked off the eighteenth green, Nicklaus was waiting there to congratulate him. "You little son of a gun, you're something else," he said as they shook hands. "That was nice going. I'm really proud of you, and I'm pleased for you." The two men have enormous respect for each other. They also like each other. In the last Ryder Cup match, they were always together. Nevertheless, it took an extraordinary sportsman to do what Nicklaus did at the conclusion of a championship that, not many minutes before, he had thought he would win. There is no other loser in sports as gracious and warm as Jack Nicklaus has shown himself to be. This quality is due in part to training he received from an exceptional father and in part to Nicklaus's own character and sense of sport. He and Watson had previously fought three memorable battles down the stretch in major championships. In the 1977 and 1981 Masters, Nicklaus, trailing at the start of the final round, had mounted valiant rallies only to see Watson fight back successfully. In the 1977 British Open, Watson and Nicklaus happened to be paired on the third round. They both shot 65s. As the two leaders, they were paired again on the fourth round. Nicklaus had a 66, Watson another 65, with Watson prevailing on the final green. I can still see Nicklaus's yellow-sweatered, bearlike arm wrapped over Watson's shoulder as they came off that last green after their two-day, head-to-head confrontation.

And I am all admiration for Watson, for having the heart and the skill to play as he did under the stress of that long last hour. Now that he has at length won the championship, I am told by the experts and roving soothsayers that we will see a more majestic Watson. That would be fine. Apart from his superior personal qualities, he is one of the purest shotmakers since Harry Vardon. At the moment, though, the 1982 Open still fills my mind. I can think of only one U.S. Open since the Second World War that can compare with it in dramatic impact—Ken Venturi's triumph eighteen years ago at Congressional, on the outskirts of Washington. The 1982 Open is something to treasure. With the lone exception of that 1977 British Open at Turnberry, when Nicklaus and Watson duelled face to face over thirty-six holes—a rare combination of circumstances—I don't see how a tournament can be any better than the one we were treated to at Pebble Beach. It was just about as good as golf can get.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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Busy employer needs you to keep him on his toes & on schedule.—*Adv. in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Busy guy who works in the dark.

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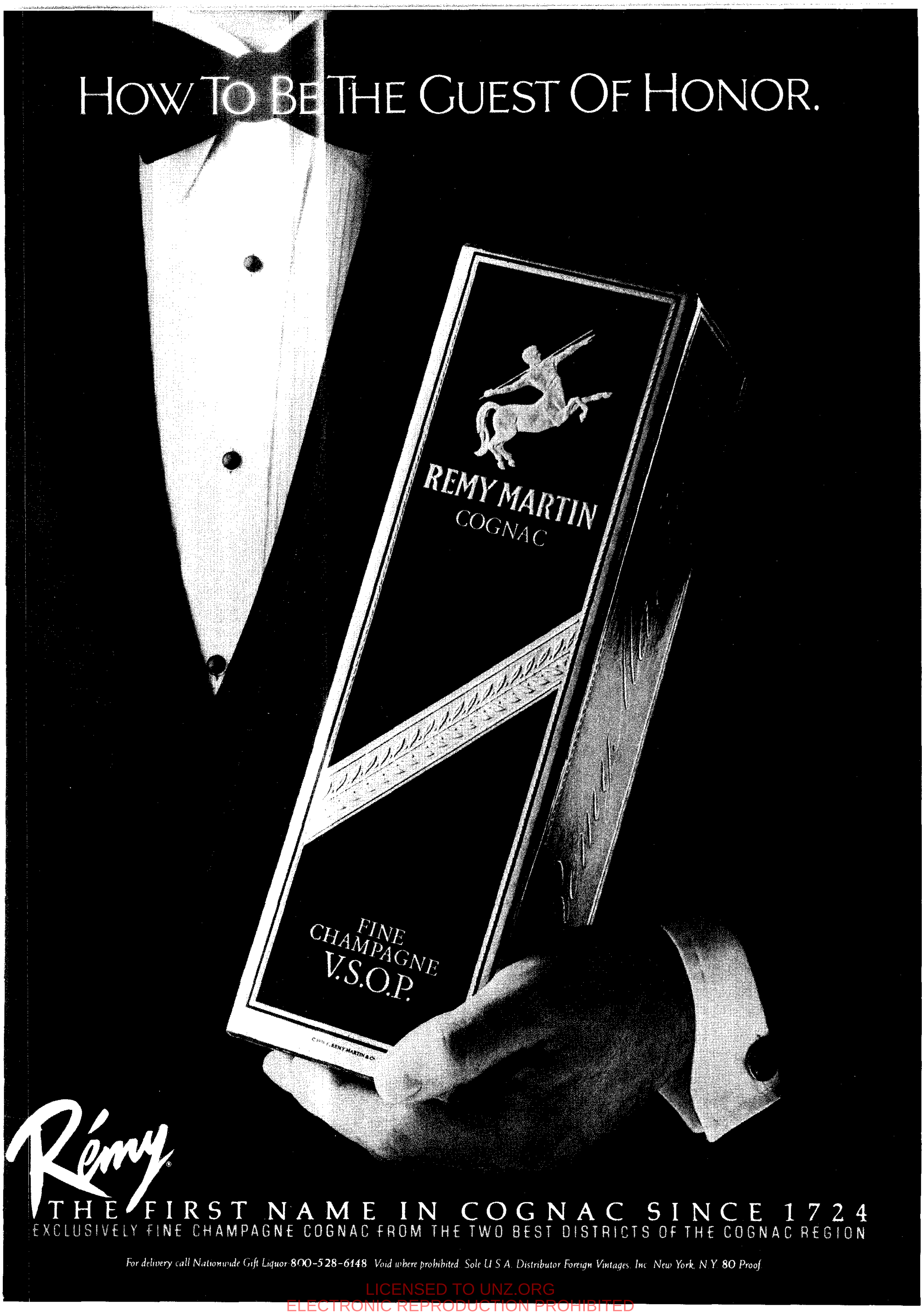
Sometimes creative people who try to do something different and original in their work are criticized strongly, and the greatness of their work is not recognized for a long time. This happened to Edouard Manet (1832-1833).—*Waterbury (Conn.) American.*

And no wonder.

•

LOST Yorkshire Terrier 9 yrs old, has no teeth, on June 26 at 36 West 56 St. Can only understand Japanese. Reward.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Well, we hang around in the West Fifties, and we can say "I know an excellent dentist" in Japanese. Don't lose hope.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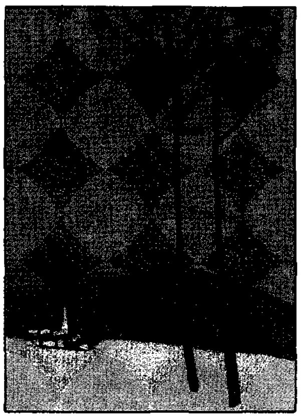

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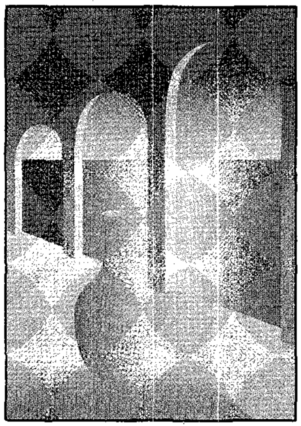

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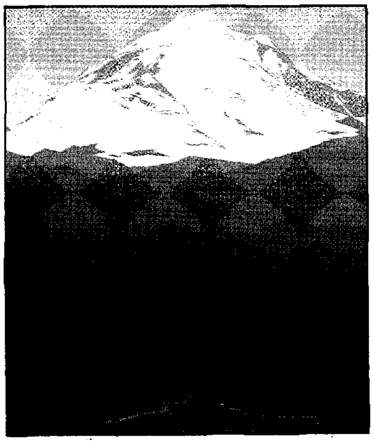

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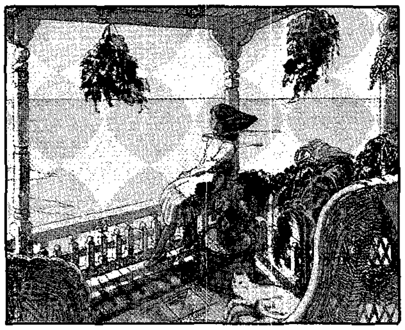

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# BOOKS

### *Justice*

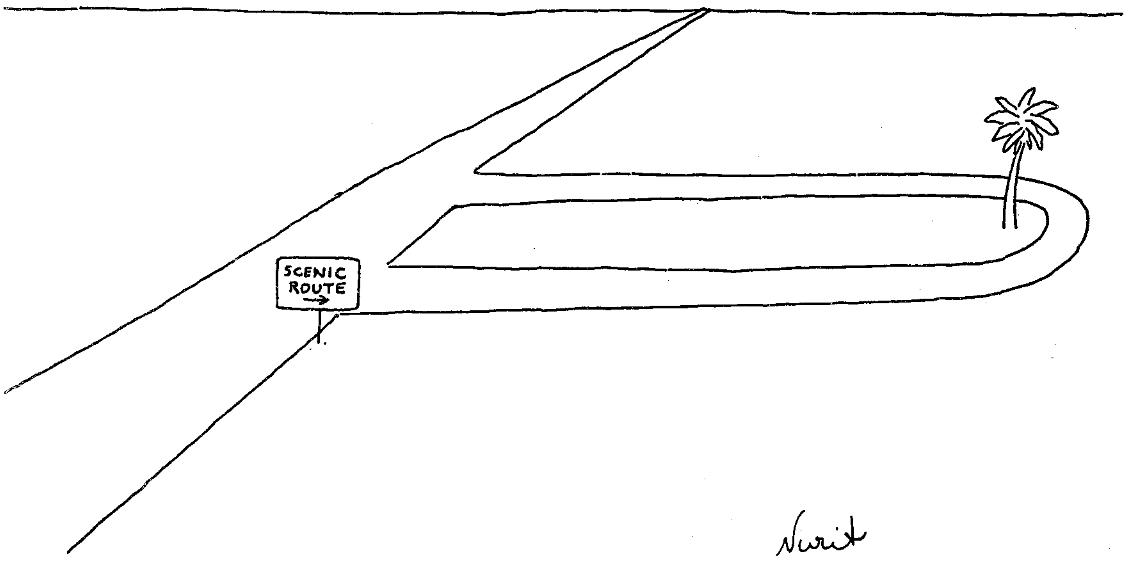
IN Scarsdale, New York, in early July of 1977, in the middle of the night, a Yale undergraduate named Bonnie Garland was viciously assaulted and killed by Richard Herrin, a young man she'd known for several years. He, too, had gone to Yale, and had graduated from there; hence the title of one recent book about this crime—"The Yale Murder" (Empire Books; $12.95), by a journalist, Peter Meyer. There was never any question about the legal guilt of Mr. Herrin. Shortly after he hit his girlfriend's skull and larynx repeatedly with a hammer, he took himself to the police and confessed. She had been asleep, he said; the two had enjoyed a pleasant evening, and as he prepared to take her life he had been careful, observant, methodical. And afterward he was not uncontrolled or in any way unreasonable.

In no time, a significant segment of the Yale community rallied to Herrin's defense: clergy and others connected with the university's More House Catholic Center; faculty members and administrative officers; and a number of undergraduates and graduates. Soon the confessed murderer was out on bail (the fifty thousand dollars was raised right away), and he took up residence, through an arrangement by the Yale clergy, with a Catholic order called Fratres Scholarum Christianarum, which runs a treatment home in Albany, New York, for young men in legal trouble. For a while, Herrin returned to a student's life. Using an alias, he took courses in anthropology at a nearby branch of the State University of New York, and played rugby there.

A well-known Manhattan criminal lawyer, Jack Litman, was persuaded to take on Herrin's defense, and in the end a Westchester County jury declared that a man who had committed an especially gruesome murder was not by law guilty of murder but, rather, guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. The defense attorney managed to convince the jury that, in the words of the judge (spoken as he tried to explain a hypothetical instance of "extreme emotional disturbance" as an extenuating factor in murder), "a significant mental trauma [had] affected the defendant's mind for a substantial period of time, simmering in the unknowing and subconscious, and then inexplicably coming to the fore."

Needless to say, the parents of Bonnie Garland, and many others as well, were outraged. The man who committed this brutal crime would be eligible for parole eight years and three months after starting his sentence. Yet another controversial murder case had been settled mainly by the persuasive presentation of an essentially psychiatric defense—here not even insanity but a severe stress or trauma that somehow "explained" the horrible course of events and, given the jury's concurrence, mitigated dramatically the punishment that would otherwise have been mandated, which was life imprisonment. This sad instance of undisputed crime and controversial punishment has also generated a second book, "The Killing of Bonnie Garland" (Simon & Schuster; $16.50), by Willard Gaylin, a distinguished New York City psychoanalyst, who has devoted much of his time to the study of legal issues and to questions of medical ethics. As might be expected, the two books cover much the same territory. Mr. Meyer, with the information he has acquired, constructs a factual story. Dr. Gaylin mixes narration of the events with verbatim interview segments and extended stretches of reflection on his own profession—its strengths, its weaknesses, and its complex relationship to American law.

What both authors tell us is that early that summer of 1977 Richard Herrin, a twenty-three-year-old graduate student in geology from a poor, uneducated Los Angeles Chicano family, came to Scarsdale with some anxiety and foreboding in order to see twenty-year-old Bonnie Garland, who had been his friend and intimate companion for nearly three years. Bonnie had finished her junior year and had just returned from a Yale Glee Club concert tour abroad. Their love affair, which had been strong for a while, was being ended by Bonnie, whose one letter to Richard from Europe—where she had become attached to someone else—did not reach him until after her



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return. For weeks, Richard had waited for letters from Bonnie, and when they were not forthcoming he struggled with the inevitable sense of abandonment and betrayal. His love for Bonnie had been exclusive and possessive. She had been going steady with him, but she was a lively, attractive girl, still quite young. Moreover, the two had not by any means had an easy time of it during their affair. Bonnie's work at Yale had suffered badly. (Richard had not done well there, either.) She had attended the Madeira School in Virginia, and had been a good student there, but she let things go while she was keeping company with Richard at Yale. Her parents became upset, and took a dislike to him. Her father was a lawyer with an international practice. Her mother was a social worker. They saw their daughter not only deteriorating intellectually but losing her vivacious, independent spirit. They found it almost impossible to talk with her boyfriend. He made little effort to be friendly, and they were far from eager to reach out for his affection. Now, to their considerable relief, Bonnie had a new boyfriend—in Mr. Meyer's words, "a handsome member of the Whiffenpoofs." A friend of hers described her situation this way: "She wanted to break off with Rich, but she thought it would destroy him completely."

The director of the Yale Glee Club, Fenno Heath, remembers that Bonnie wondered about the consequences of sending the letter to Richard from Europe, telling him she had become involved with another man: "When Richard gets this letter, he'll probably kill me," she said. He did kill her. Heath later said about Bonnie's casual, joking remark, "It will stay with me as long as I live." But Bonnie had been equally prophetic in a Valentine's Day love poem she sent to Richard:

> Before leaving, my sweet love,
> I should have to see the mountains
> walk,
> the day be forty-eight hours long,
> and the sea turn to stone.
> If all this cannot happen,
> I always want to keep you in my
> heart;
> if all this cannot occur,
> before leaving you I should have
> to die!

Though Mr. Meyer and Dr. Gaylin provide us with readable accounts of this tragedy, their books are really directed at the question of whether such an appalling crime is properly punished by an eight-year stay in prison. Each author is perplexed, and se-

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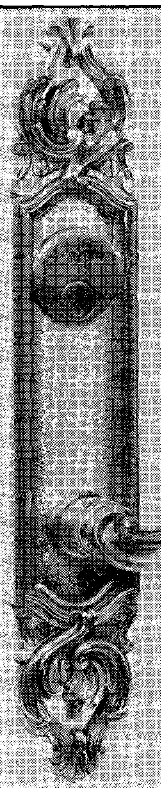
riously troubled, by what appears to be a disproportion between a crime and society's response to it. (The recent verdict in the Hinckley trial has, of course, made this issue a subject for national debate.) Both authors sense that in allowing such an outcome the law not only has changed from what it once was but also mirrors serious cultural and social changes. We express ourselves—our values and assumptions—through, among other things, the way we regard and punish our criminals. Dr. Gaylin's book, especially, offers a provocative analysis of contemporary attitudes toward the requirements of justice.

Punishment, we presume, has a threefold purpose: deterrence, retribution, and rehabilitation. A society must protect itself by signalling to potential lawbreakers that they will pay for their crimes. A society must exact some measure of sacrifice from those who have threatened its stability and hurt its people or institutions. And, for both selfish and idealistic reasons, a society ought to change the nature of its prisoners, so that they won't fall back into crime upon release, and so that, as we all would hope, they will experience transforming moral growth. Of course, any crime can be viewed through various ideological lenses. As Dr. Gaylin reminds us, Bonnie Garland's murder was to Christians an occasion for prayer, merciful attention, earnest love; to those interested in psychiatry and psychoanalysis it was an instance of peculiar psychological imbalance, serious emotional deterioration; and to those concerned with the law it was a reminder of the state's ever-present need to preserve itself from the unlawful assaults of its citizens.

Dr. Gaylin speaks, refreshingly, of "stories" rather than theories—different ways of viewing and describing a particular tragedy. For the two Yale Catholic chaplains who mobilized a quick and effective defense for Herrin, "the message was forgiveness." Not that such an old Christian message can't be put into contemporary language, and even justified by present-day notions. At one point, Dr. Gaylin was told by the Yale chaplain Sister Ramona that she "felt all of us are capable of killing someone." She was grateful that no one had "triggered" her murderous potentialities, and she had a "conviction" that "we are all lucky if we are not triggered." There is a great deal of psychological naïveté in such a view, yet it *is* basically psy-



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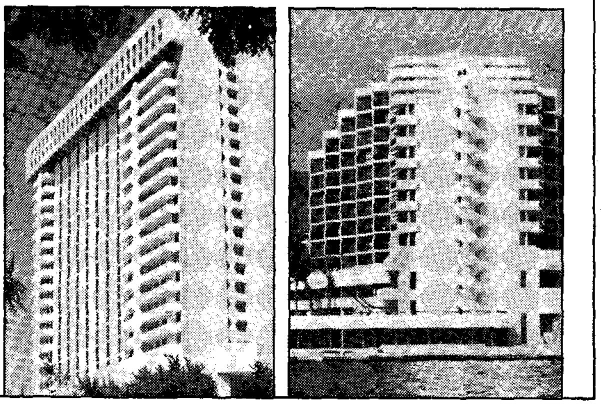

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chological as well as religious—a twentieth-century restatement, perhaps, of Christ's insistence that only one without sin is entitled to "cast a stone" at another. As Dr. Gaylin talked with his religious informants, he was struck by their passionate concern for Richard and their astonishing calmness in the face of a heinous act. "To kill an innocent girl in her sleep by bludgeoning her with a claw hammer is an innately revolting and repugnant thing," he observes. Then he asks, concerning the clergy he was interviewing, "Where was the revulsion?"

He is not sure how to answer his own question. He reminds us that Bonnie was then dead—beyond help—and that "compassion is an alternative to and protection against facing the revulsion," so compassion was naturally extended toward Richard. But Dr. Gaylin is also, one surmises, a bit revolted at a kind of self-righteousness on the part of the clergy involved—a galling moral smugness laced with the dreary banalities of pastoral counselling. For example, Sister Ramona talked of "mature faith" and showed excited amusement over Richard's choice of a lawyer: "I guess people think it's so terrible that he could have made a joke two weeks after killing a girl. My response to that was 'He's alive enough to say to another Yalie, I chose a Harvard man.' " The Garlands were not so amused. They were enraged by the active support and the sympathy that Richard was receiving from students, professors, priests, and nuns. They felt that there was something unseemly, something disproportionate, in this attention. No one from Yale or the church had come to talk to *them.* And they worried that the murderer, free on bail, would murder again—one of their other children, perhaps.

Ultimately, Bonnie's killer was spared severe punishment because the jury believed psychiatric testimony based on twentieth-century laws that stress psychological motivation and psychological causality. Many of us easily (all too easily) think of criminals as "sick." Even though the jury did not find Richard Herrin insane (a defense allowed by the law long before Freud was born), it could and did believe that Bonnie's death was the result of an impulsive act on the part of a distraught person, hence a crime worthy of substantially less punishment than an out-and-out "murder" would be. But, of course, any criminal act can be connected to traumas and stresses, to hurts and injuries. Tyrannical figures of history, even the cold-blooded assassins in the Mafia, were not born to lie and cheat and kill. Psychological determinism, so attractive these days to lawyers, among others, is a slippery and potentially ludicrous concept. It can explain everything, and therefore—since differentiation is the issue—nothing. The heart of Dr. Gaylin's strong argument against possible abuses of the law rendered in the name of modern knowledge appears in this statement:

> Two vast and yawning lacunae exist in the Freudian explanation of disease, both recognized by Freud himself close to one hundred years ago. The first is that the very dynamic explanations which are so intricately linked with pathological behavior also exist in normal behavior, so they cannot be explanations of "cause" in a disease. They are what philosophers would call necessary but not sufficient causes. Both the flasher and the actor may be explained in terms of narcissistic needs to please the mother and to gain approval, combined with a primitive residual exhibitionism. But acting, after all, is still a respectable profession, a "healthy" way to gain pleasure and gratification; whereas dropping your pants in public (opening your raincoat more likely) to entertain the passing ladies with the exquisite sight of your erection is not—at least not yet—considered acceptable social behavior.
>
> The second deficiency in the Freudian theory of disease is just as significant. Psychoanalysis, although it has struggled admirably, has never solved the problem of why, given certain conflicts from the past, one individual solves his problems by hysterical solution and another by obsessive resolution, or beyond that, why one solution is confined to the real world (neurosis), while in another individual it is necessary to abandon one's hold on reality in order to survive (psychosis). No, it is not in pathology but in the psychology of everyday life that one sees Freud at his best, and in which he is accepted most comfortably.

In the topsy-turvy world of psychoanalytic psychiatry, Dr. Gaylin observes, "the background of pathological people often sounds so normal, while the background of normal people often seems pathological." Psychiatric witnesses, however, don't make such ambiguity-filled, ironic statements to juries, and many of us who sit on juries are, unfortunately, not disposed to think of so-called "expert knowledge" with Dr. Gaylin's kind of wry detachment. We are, he says, "in the pre-kindergarten stage of understanding human dynamics and mental mechanisms," yet one of the psychiatrists called by Herrin's lawyer talked, naturally and with no embarrassment, about "our advanced understanding of the human mind." In an effort aimed essentially at winning the jury over to a psychological view of Richard (he is not crazy, but he is not "normal," like you and me), the doctor kept on telling what happened to Richard as a child "always as though it were an explanation of what was later to happen," Dr. Gaylin notes. Put differently, childhood events were, in Dr. Gaylin's phrase, "attached by a tenuous causal linkage" to the doing of a grisly murder.

At the end of his book, in a dramatic instructional effort, Dr. Gaylin presents the reader with a description of a boyhood that for all the world seems to capture the essence of Richard's youth as we have heard about it again and again. But it is the dancer Nijinsky we are being told about—by Alfred Adler, no less, writing in 1936. Descriptions of a childhood, so persuasive to us, are, at best, Dr. Gaylin insists, "an adjunct in understanding an event after the fact;" they are neither causal nor predictive statements. Some psychiatrists, Dr. Gaylin continues, become "artful dodgers." They get paid to convince judges and jurors that what ought merely to help fill out a given picture is, rather, a thoroughgoing answer: the defendant was "disturbed"—was, for all practical purposes, "temporarily crazy," even if not crazy enough to satisfy the old-fashioned, nineteenth-century M'Naghten rules for legal extenuation of a particular crime. (They had to do with the ability to know right from wrong—an ability that, presumably, no one would have denied that Richard Herrin had at the time of the murder.) In a moment of terse candor, Dr. Gaylin boldly asserts that a psychiatric understanding of Richard, though possibly useful for some future therapist of his, does not at all help "the disposition of this case." He adds, "It is ridiculous to offer dynamic factors in an insanity defense. They can never exculpate. Insanity must be defined more narrowly, and more specifically, and in the long run probably within the constricted confines of the old M'Naghten rules."

In his last chapter, Dr. Gaylin asks, "Where is justice?" Mr. Meyer wonders at the end of his book whether "justice [has] really been served." Justice must "announce our moral purposes," Dr. Gaylin says. Yes, equity is at stake; as the saying goes, the law must be administered "without fear or favor." But even when people obtain equal treatment severe

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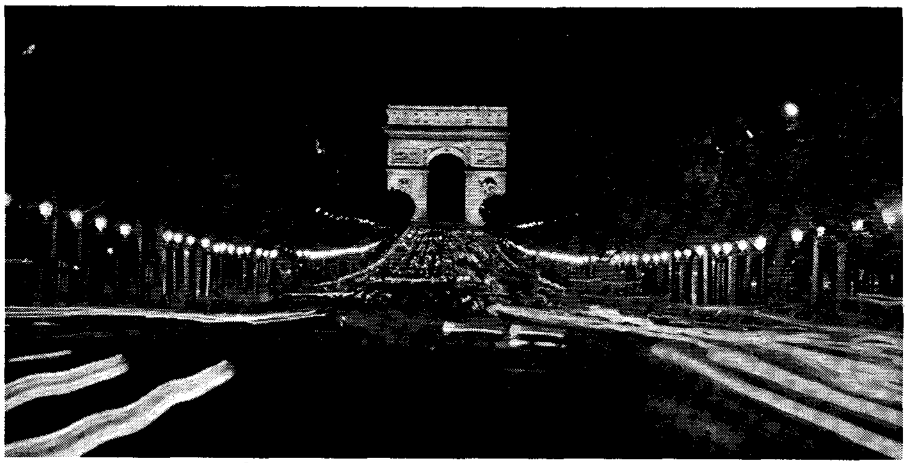

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injustices can be done. Justice has to do with the moral suitability of the law; it is, as Dr. Gaylin observes, a "broader social concept." Again and again, he wonders about Bonnie Garland: What justice was done to her, to her family, to the society that lost her and daily loses others like her? His book's title is meant to be sadly ambiguous: it refers not only to her murder but to the eradication of her cause from the minds of the many who were willingly, even enthusiastically, involved in the legal fate of Richard Herrin. She is dead. We bury her psychologically as well as physically, and proceed with our feverish attempts to comprehend the murderer's psychology. All too often, in Dr. Gaylin's words, we "romanticize the criminal, trivialize the crime, and ignore the victims." A dubious social lesson of sorts is learned, because crimes such as the one Richard Herrin committed are highly visible; they haunt the public consciousness, shape our views of what crime is and how it is treated in our courts. This one, for example, was reported on the front page of the *Times*.

In effect, Dr. Gaylin is worried that justice is not being done when psychiatry exerts the kind of influence it exerts today in many American courts. And Mr. Meyer ends his book with a similar point of view. He quotes Judge David Bazelon, of the United States Court of Appeals, who first "amended the M'Naghten rule of right-from-wrong and extended the theorem of criminal innocence" to include an "unlawful act [which] was the product of either a mental disease or a mental defect." That was in 1954. In 1974, Judge Bazelon had this to say: "My experience has shown that in no case is it more difficult to elicit productive and reliable expert testimony than in cases that call on the knowledge and practice of psychiatry." Perhaps most telling of all is Mr. Meyer's quotation of a question asked by Dr. Alan Stone, professor of law and psychiatry at Harvard Law School and a former president of the American Psychiatric Association: "How can a psychiatrist whose discipline cannot give a convincing account of free will be expected to tell the law which defendant lacks that capacity?"

Some would go further, and remind us that in this world there are hundreds and hundreds of thousands of "insane" people who have never hurt anyone but themselves; that even if we resort to the most deterministic kind of psychology we are left with the obvious difficulty that somewhere in the "unconscious" of the looniest murderer there was a distinct drive to kill or rob, or whatever, and that such an impulse asserted itself. The question, obviously, is one of responsibility—and not only that of the wrongdoer. Justice has to do with a moral view of a given set of facts. These two authors, a respected psychiatrist and a good, thoughtful journalist, argue that our society requires a kind of righteous responsibility on the part of our courts—to render punishment proportionate to crimes—which they now seem increasingly ill prepared to accept.

—ROBERT COLES

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

FELICE, by Angela Davis-Gardner (Random House; $13.50). In the winter of 1920, Mama and Papa drown at sea, and wicked Uncle Adolphe deposits young Felice in a dark and turreted convent, on Nova Scotia's Bay of Fundy, called L'Académie du Sacré Sang, where the nuns' glazed bonnets resemble "cheerfully burnt pastries" and their silver rosaries click "like glinting crossed knives in the depths of their dark skirts." A year or so later (by which time Felice has begun to study the lives of virgin martyrs and aspires to be the first saint of Sacré Sang), a tongueless man is washed up, half dead, on the shore and is nursed back to health (by a novice, amid many rumors) at the convent. While the mute recuperates, an aged, half-blind sister named Agatha begins to crack up: "Lay out the waxed linen cloths, Sisters," she declares halfway through dinner (providing the girls with a welcome distraction from their cod and potatoes), "my beatification is at hand." All this may sound like a mock-gruesome vignette by Edward Gorey, but Angela Davis-Gardner (a North Carolinian, whose first novel this is) frames these outré events within a gently affectionate story about earnest young women—Felice has plenty of friends, and is not above pranks and gossip—coming to terms with the mysteries of their own flesh, in spite of their elders' spirituality.

ETERNAL CURSE ON THE READER OF THESE PAGES, by Manuel Puig (Random House; $13.50). An old and decrepit Latin-American one-time labor organizer named Ramirez is trundled in a wheelchair around lower Manhattan (and, later, attended in his hospital room) by a youngish, left-leaning ex-professor named Larry. The story of their acquaintance, which lasts a few months, consists of a series of erratic conversations (the whole book looks like a script, minus all stage directions) in which each man helps to embroider or, alternatively, to sabotage the other's lies about his adolescence and his defunct career; to theorize about everything from paper party hats to bird behavior; and to imagine how God and His Son get along. When Ramirez' memoirs—which he encoded, while in jail, in a set of old French novels—arrive in the mail, Larry calculates that their publication could bring him fame and fortune; but he ignores the curse (see title) that is the first phrase he deciphers. Manuel Puig (an Argentine writing in English for the first time in this, his fifth novel) has a theory about fathers and sons: that they start out as each other's and become their own worst enemies. Of greater concern, and plausibility, to the reader of Mr. Puig's prose is another curse: grinding boredom, which lasts for precisely two hundred and thirty pages.

### GENERAL

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BORIS PASTERNAK AND OLGA FREIDENBERG, 1910-1954, compiled, edited, and with an introduction by Elliott Mossman; translated by Elliott Mossman and Margaret Wettlin (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). Miss Freidenberg, the poet's first cousin, wrote letters as compelling as Pasternak's. Her parents lived in St. Petersburg and his in Moscow, and the two met on vacations; at twenty, he fell in love with her, but she rejected him. She was a prickly girl who grew up into a difficult woman. She travelled over Europe before 1914 and came home to serve as a nurse in a military hospital. After the Russian Revolution, she won a university degree and worked as a teacher of classics. (Her critical studies of Greek texts seemed to conflict with commissars' theories; the editor tells us that one of her scholarly works has been posthumously published.) She lived with her aged and ailing mother, whom she dutifully tended, in a fraction of

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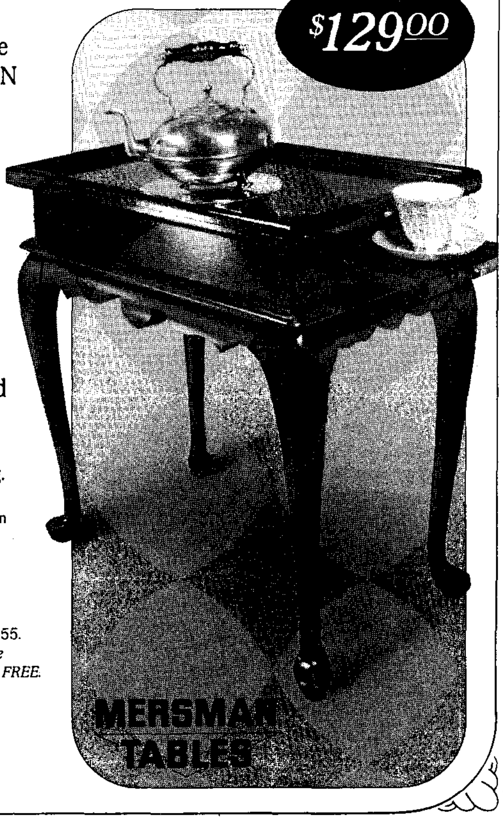

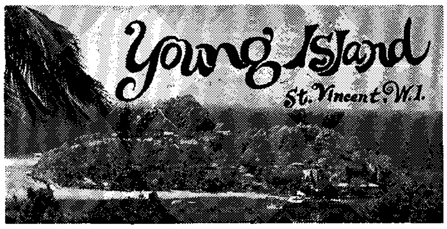

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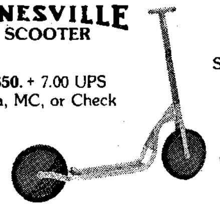

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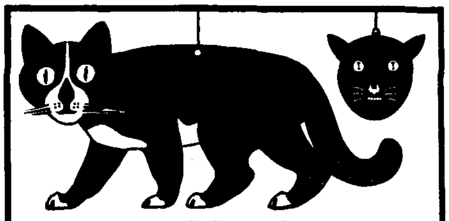

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the family's prerevolutionary apartment; her brother vanished in the purges; she survived the siege of Leningrad, and died in 1955. Mr. Mossman has included excerpts from her diary which give us a matchless view of everyday life in Stalin's Russia, and a glimpse of some of her scholarly ideas. The bitterness of their life in the thirties and forties estranged her from her cousin, but her understanding of his work—her appreciation of his genius and her pride in his achievement—may have helped restore their former intimacy; the letters of the last years are a perfect reconciliation. As for Pasternak, he is himself with his cousin, as with everyone else: naïve, stubborn, dedicated, always in love with somebody, and rarely distracted from poetry.

THE GLORIOUS CAUSE: THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1763-1789, by Robert Middlekauff (Oxford; $25). The first volume to appear in the Oxford History of the United States, this is chronologically the second in the series. (Eleven volumes, edited by C. Vann Woodward, are scheduled.) It gives us the causes of the Revolution, the confusions of British politics, and the leading personalities on both sides, together with accounts of the battles, marches, sieges, and retreats that composed the war itself. Mr. Middlekauff's energy and clarity often make us read as eagerly as if we did not know how this struggle will come out, and when he indulges in retrospect or generalization—as in a chapter on why as well as how the soldiers of both sides fought—he is illuminating.

NOTE: "The Sporty Game," John Newhouse's account of innovations and problems in the aircraft industry over the past two decades, has been published by Knopf ($14.95). The contents first appeared in these pages.

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## MOST FASCINATING SUMMARY OF THE WEEK

[*From the Grand Rapids Press*]

SUMMARY OF OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS
OF THE CITY COMMISSION

SPECIAL MEETING—May 26, 1982—1:00 P.M.

(See Commission Proceedings No. 40353)

The roll was called by the City Clerk. There being no one present, the meeting was declared cancelled.

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"When you consider that no other vodka is filtered for purity and clarity the way Smirnoff is, it's amazing Smirnoff® vodka costs just a little more than ordinary brands. And for just a little more, the businessman in me is made just as happy as the perfectionist."

**RALPH DESTINO,**
**President of Cartier, Inc.**

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.—"MADE IN U.S.A."

THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.™

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The light
of the stars.
The light
of the sun.
The light
of a lantern
by Waterford.
Fire born
of fire.
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blown by
mouth & cut
wholly by
hand,
with heart.
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